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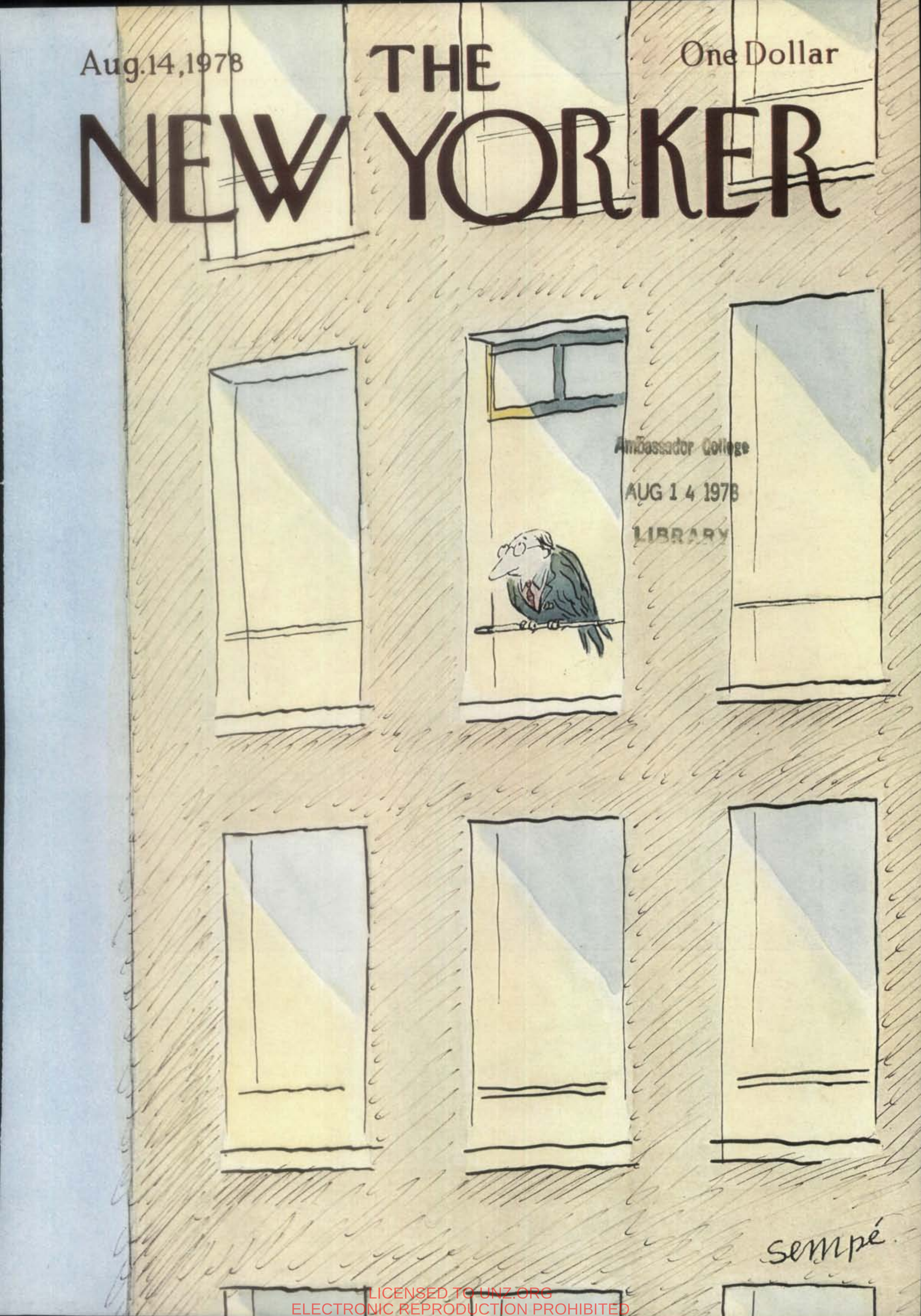

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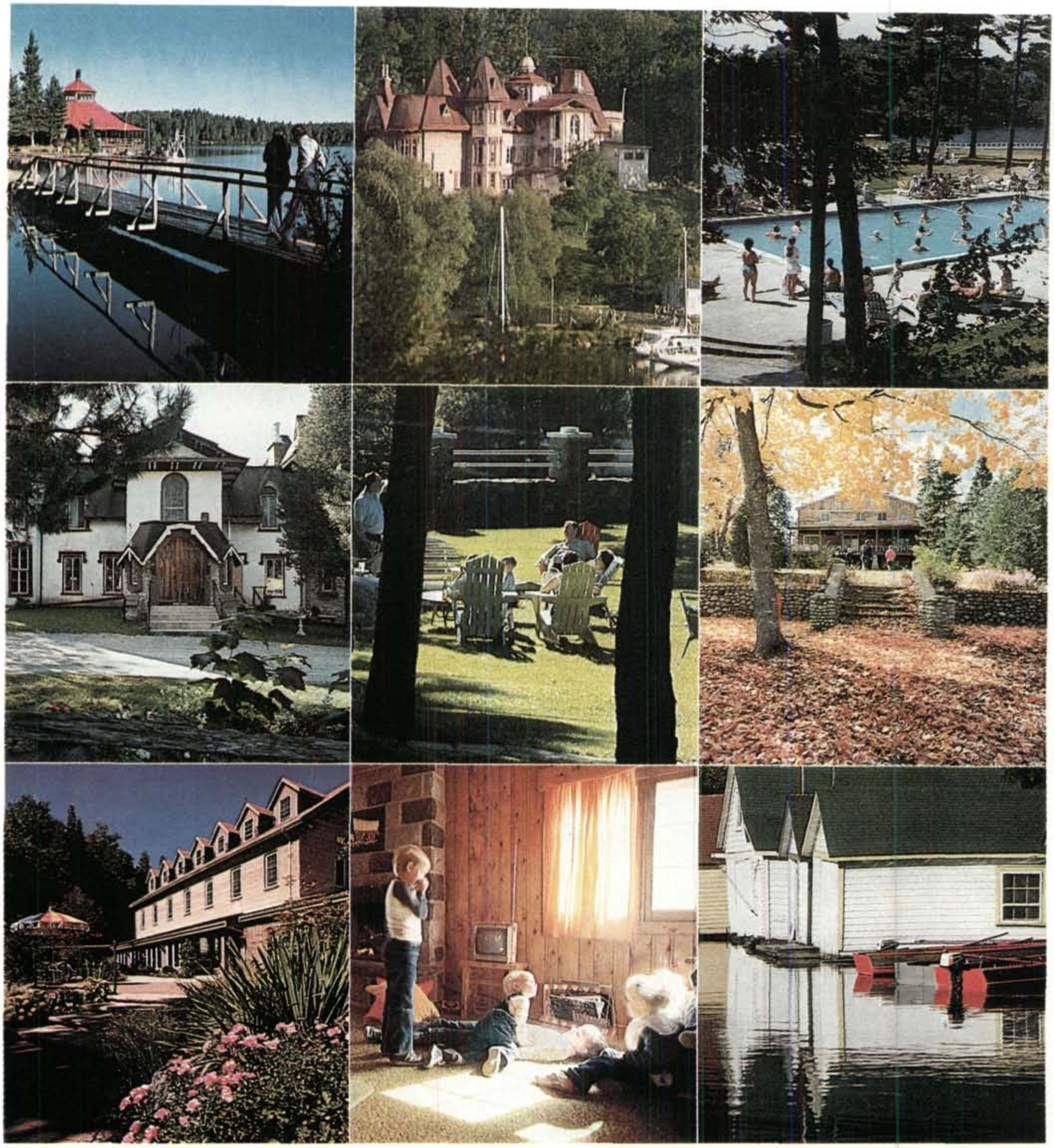

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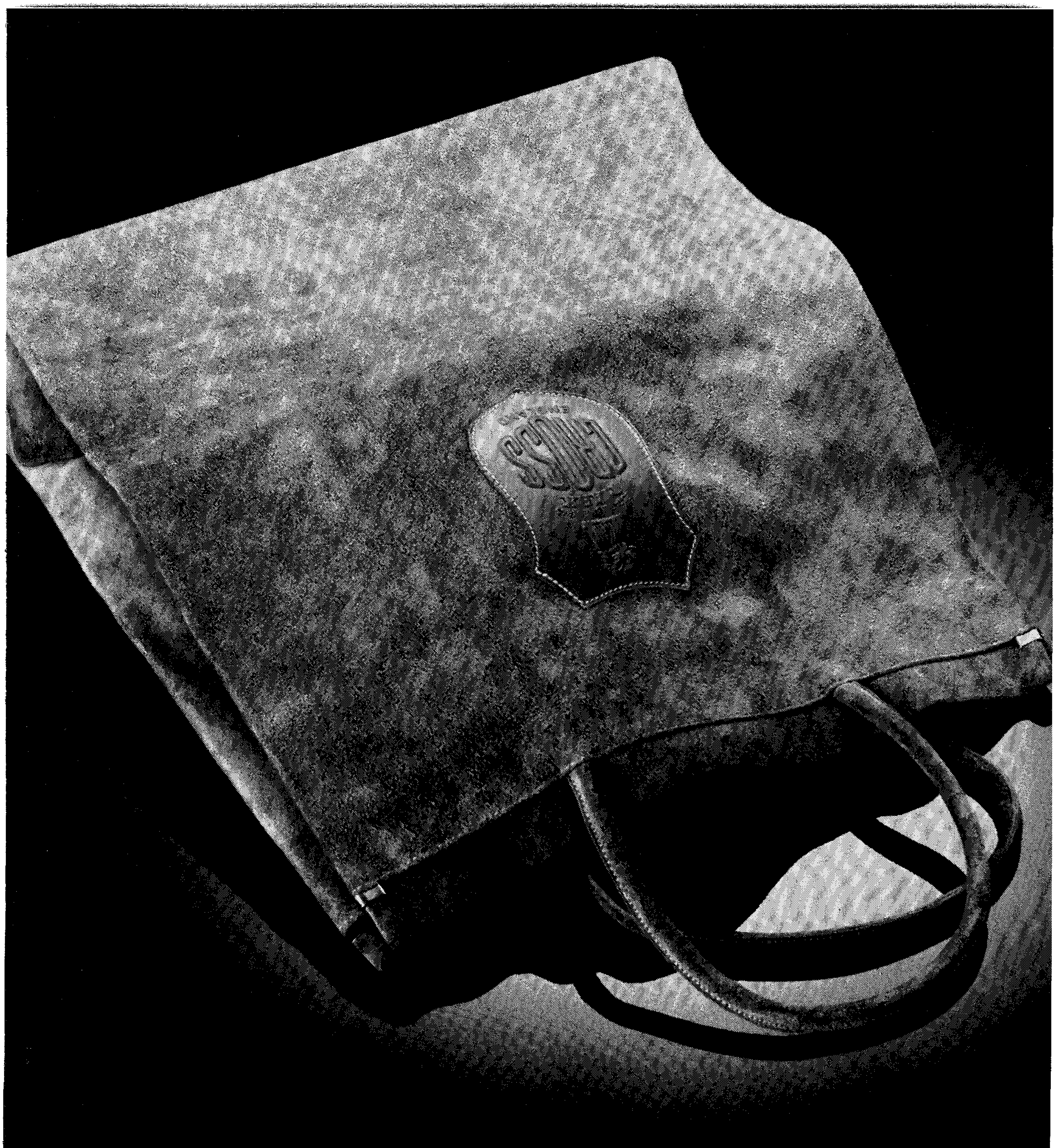

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Aug. 13, at 7:30.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Chapter Two—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A stunning cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous evening in the theatre. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Just the Immediate Family—A play by Grace Kimmins. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 242-2695. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 13.)

Man-Wo-Man—A pair of one-acters—subject as stated. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. (5/22/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 20. Free.)

Monteith and Rand—Improvisational sketches by John Monteith and Suzanne Rand. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-0177. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 19.)

Once in a Lifetime—The old Moss Hart-George S. Kaufman farce about the inanities of Hollywood in the early days of the "talkies" is intermittently very funny indeed. George S. Irving and John Lithgow are the chief heroes of the occasion, along with the director, Tom Moore. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 27.)

On the Twentieth Century—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Piano Bar—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **STAGE BLOOD:** Mondays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—A mindless, tiresome revival of a show better left on the shelf. Sammy Davis, Jr., is the star, and Marian Mercer is a valiant second-in-command. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 27.)

Timbuktu!—Georgeous costumes and sets, many lithe dancers, and the silliest book in the world. With Eartha Kitt. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tribute—A comedy by Bernard Slade upon an unlikely subject—the attempt of a dying man to establish an affectionate relationship with a priggish son. Jack Lemmon, in the leading role, gives an extraordinary performance. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—ANNIE: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,600 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father, and Barbara Coggin and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE GIN GAME:** An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and E. G. Marshall. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough, directed by Gene Saks. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Eighth Ave. and 50th St., on the site of the old Madison Square Garden. 581-9186. Wednesdays at 11:15 and 2:15; Thursdays at 11:15 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2:15 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4.)

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 9, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 20. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Aug. 10, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** leads his quartet from about ten through Saturday, Aug. 12. Then the club will be closed for vacation until September.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. Liz Corrigan has moved in to sing a bit of Rodgers and Hart, a bit of bluegrass, a bit of seventies pop, and some of the commercials she has recorded for television. She goes on at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. Janet Lawson, a young bebop-influenced vocalist, works with her quartet through Saturday, Aug. 12; Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 16-19, pianist Ray Bryant will lead a trio. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: Singer and songwriter Jesse Winchester will perform Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 15-16, have been reserved for **JOHN HARTFORD,** who is tall, deep-voiced, as healthful as granola, and as slick as neat's-foot oil, and for **GEORGE GERDES,** a folksinger-humorist who leads a good, tight mid-sixties-folk-rock quartet; and jazz-soul singer Patti Austin will appear on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19, opposite pianist Monty Alexander's trio. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **EDDIE GOMEZ** handle the piano-bass duties through Saturday, Aug. 12. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An elegant second-floor night club that seems to overlook Rio, Corcovado, and the outlying suburbs—it's all done with cleverly angled mirrored walls that reflect small electric lamps placed around the room. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and a vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH

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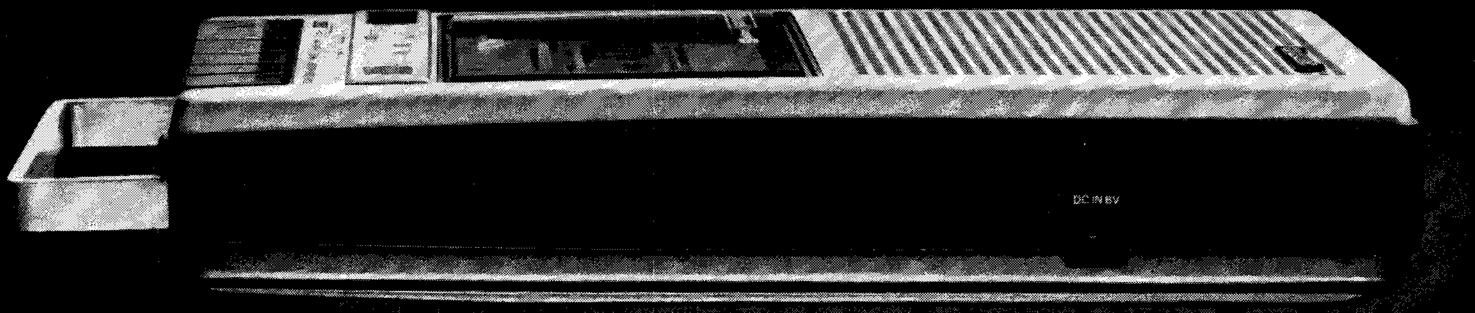

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4-1600)—Pianist Monty Alexander's trio works out at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays. Dining.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences here look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage, affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**JOE TURNER,** a first-edition stride pianist—he's in his early seventies and was a contemporary of Fats Waller and other Harlem players fifty years ago—has moved in to play solo piano and sing. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music weeknights at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight, and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, and it's sometimes hard to hear the music. Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** is here leading a trio Mondays through Fridays. Music from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Aug. 15, trombonist **EDDIE HUBBLE** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Aug. 13, tenor saxophonist **TED BROWN** will lead a quintet, from eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman start out at seven. Mondays and Tuesdays, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS,** and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Trumpeter and flugelhornist **TED CURSON** works with a quartet that plays uplifting material which—although it's only a couple of steps beyond old-reliable hard bop—sounds wonderfully contemporary. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the resident legend, performs with assistance from drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

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Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The atmosphere here doesn't *really* reproduce such important Austin hangouts as Scholz's beer garden or Armadillo World Headquarters, but it's one of the few places in town where expatriated Texans (and other people, too) can wear Bermuda shorts and cowboy hats, listen to progressive country-and-Western music, and feel right at home. Rock-and-roll groundbreaker and guitarist **BO DIDDLEY** is on hand, playing his classics—"Bo Diddley," "Mona," "Who Do You Love?," and others—through Thursday, Aug. 10. On Sunday, Aug. 13, and on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 16-17, Texas humorist Kinky Friedman, who passes himself off as a Jewish cowboy, will be onstage. Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 14-15, have been set aside for rock singer and guitarist Elliott Murphy. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Les Mareyeurs, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE,** a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist **RON MARKOWICZ** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **JAY MC SHANN,** who led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, has returned to this bandstand. McShann no longer has a big band, but he still has a bead on Kansas City music—i.e., the blues. Drummer **JOE MORELLO,** bassist **JACK SIX,** and tenor saxophonist **HAL ASHBY** help him out. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12, electric-keyboard player Charles Earland will play with his group. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—In a city chock-full of cabarets, this club stands out as the last of the sixties Village coffeehouses. The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed, but the club now has a liquor license, and even brings in non-folkie performers now and then. On Wednesday, Aug. 9, **BABY JANE DEXTER,** who sings Porter, Dietz and Schwartz, Dylan, and Newman, will perform. Mondays are given over to the Widespread Depression Orchestra, a ten-piece band that plays music from the thirties and forties. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 15-16, will belong to soul singer Esther Phillips; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 17-19, country-rock singer **MARSHALL CHAPMAN,** who has a wonderful, deep voice and a Johnny Cash-like way of phrasing a song, will be here with her band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **SY OLIVER** orchestra soars Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be put off by the new blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Gotham, a male vocal trio with an act that leans heavily on Boswell Sisters hits from the thirties and on similar tired, campy material, finishes up on Sunday, Aug. 13. On Tuesday, Aug. 15, actress Butterfly McQueen will begin singing here. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—**BOBBY COLE,** a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a singer with a hoarse, raspy voice, is found upstairs, in a quiet, formal room far from the Vegas-style doings on the first floor. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Bassist **RON CARTER** and his stunning sidemen—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—perform Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 10-12. Music from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter and occasional vocalist **CHET BAKER** leads his quintet through Sunday, Aug. 13; on Monday, Aug. 14, pianist **NINA SHELDON** and saxophonist **GERRY NIEWOOD** will co-pilot a quartet; and on Tuesday, Aug. 15, solo pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will move in for five nights. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be Laurel Canyon Boulevard, but this showcase club features a *lot* of West Coast-influenced rock bands every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—**ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** (formerly known as Dollar Brand), the South African solo pianist, will perform through Sunday, Aug. 13; on Tuesday, Aug. 15, composer, arranger, and jazz theorist **GEORGE RUSSELL** will bring in his youthful, awe-filled nineteen-piece band—which includes **WARREN SMITH, LEW SOLOFF, JOHN CLARK, TERUMASA HINO, STANTON DAVIS,** and other outstanding players. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon, who also knows what he's doing, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in famous swing musicians. Through Friday, Aug. 11, trombonist and

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The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

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guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM** will be in charge of a quartet; and on Saturday, Aug. 12, trumpeter Franc Williams' Swing Four will return. Live music from nine nightly, except Mondays, when the management presents jazz-history sessions on film, records, or slides.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin's Band—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Thursday, Aug. 10, at 11, and Friday, Aug. 11, at 10 and at midnight.

Piano Pinnacle II—The trios of Walter Davis, Jr., Barry Harris, and Duke Jordan. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Aug. 12, at 7 and 9:45.)

Novella Nelson—With others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Louis I. Kahn (1901-74)—Early architectural sketches, together with later drawings in pastel, pen and ink, charcoal, watercolor, and pencil, made during his travels in Europe and Egypt. Through Sept. 9. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open daily, except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Hovsep Pushman (1877-1966)—Paintings and prints by an Armenian-American specialist in still-life. Through Friday, Aug. 18. (Grand Central, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Twenty-four self-portraits by this celebrated Austrian draftsman, nearly all of them pencil drawings or watercolors. Through Aug. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: "New Forms in Sculpture" has works by Douglas Abdell, Arman, Fred Eversley, Nancy Leeds, and Hubert Long. Through Saturday, Aug. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)... **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works by eighteen artists who showed with the New Museum before it settled down in its present quarters. Among them are Jonathan Santlofer, Marianne Stikas, and Brenda Goodman. Through Aug. 31. (Opens at noon.)... ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Some of those that are open pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.)... **FAR GALLERY**, 22 E. 80th St.... **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.

Alfresco Sculpture—At Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus: **CHAIM GROSS**, bronzes, and **LILA KATZEN**, metal pieces in a variety of sizes.... **NED SMYTH:** Multi-part concrete pieces positioned around the plaza in formal arrangements. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)... **ARTHUR WEYHE:** A huge free-form sculpture, remotely resembling a Coney Island roller coaster and incorporating tree trunks the size of telephone poles. The site is a large plaza affording a sweeping view of the East River. (Waterside, accessible to visitors by a footbridge across the East River Drive at 25th St.)... **GEORGE SUGARMAN:** "Yellow Ascending," a twenty-four-foot sculpture of enamelled welded-steel units, erupts from a base in front of City Hall.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Doisneau / George Krause—A group of photographs of twentieth-century artists (Léger, Steinberg, Picasso) stand out in a show of a hundred works by this Parisian photographer. / Studies of nudes, most of them surreal. Through Friday, Aug. 18.

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(Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Henry Jackson (1843-1942)—Photographs of waterfalls and rock formations. Through Friday, Aug. 18. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Adam Clark Vroman (1856-1916)—More than sixty vintage platinum prints of Indian reservations in Arizona and New Mexico at the turn of the century. Through Friday, Aug. 18. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

American Photography Since 1960—The shift in photography from the documentary to the expressionistic, from the public event to the private is the basis for an exhibition of about two hundred works mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. Close to a hundred photographers are represented. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: More than a hundred and sixty nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs from the collection of Sam Wagstaff, which includes such names as Julia Margaret Cameron, Robert Frank, Doris Ulmann, and William Eggleston. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 7, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. The first is of a hundred and twenty-five prints that **EDWARD WESTON** gave to his sister, Mary Weston Seaman, over a period of years.... ¶ The second show is called "The Great West, Real/Ideal," and it ranges from Betty Hahn's color-screen prints of the Lone Ranger and Tonto, to Ansel Adams' sharp-focus wilderness scenes, to Geoff Winningham's pictures of plastic culture in Houston. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1.... ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Ninety portrait drawings, impromptu for the most part, of twentieth-century artists and writers. Through Sept. 24.... ¶ An exhibit of etchings by Jim Dine. Through Sept. 5.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show of contemporary American photographers. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. During August, Friday and Saturday evenings, starting at 8, will be taken up by "performance artists" (the live-action wing of conceptual art).

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, collages, and reliefs of the Italian abstractionist Alberto Burri. Through Aug. 27.... ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans, from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art About Art" is a lighthearted exhibition that demonstrates how American artists appropriate the works of others for their own purposes—sometimes in homage and sometimes as a starting point but more often in fun. In this show, the favorite targets for parody, by far, are Mona Lisa (Arakawa, Halsman, Johns, Marisol, Rauschenberg, Warhol, Wesselmann) and the Stuart George Washington (Colescott, Hefferton, Lichtenstein, Rivers, Wesley, Wesselmann). Red Grooms takes off a whole gallery (the Marlborough) and some of its contents for one of his huge three-dimensional pieces. Through Sept. 24.... ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred twentieth-century drawings acquired by the museum during the past five years, by artists such as Chuck Close, Claes Oldenburg, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ad Reinhardt. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)... ¶ Informal concerts of classical and contemporary music Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Archer Collection of Pahari miniatures consists of eighty paintings of the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries, many of them portraits of maharajas and illustrations of religious epics. Through Sept. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

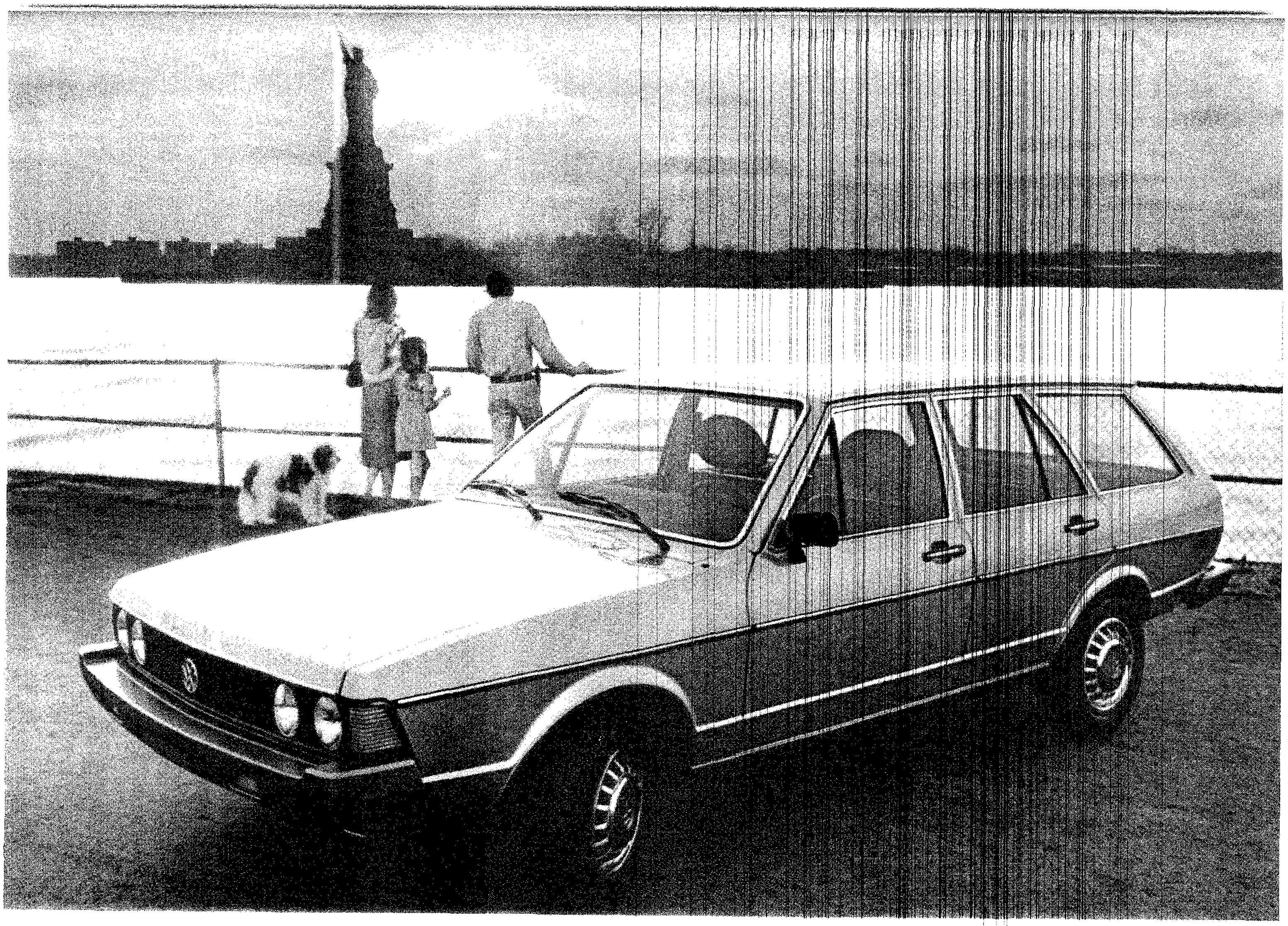
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Imperial China from the mid-eighteen-hundreds to 1912 is the subject of vintage photographs, chiefly by Europeans (Charles Weed, John Thomson, Donald Mennie among them). Portraits of the Dowager Empress and her entourage are included in a series by her court photographer. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Embroidery Through the Ages," a show of textiles reaching back to the fourteenth century, taken from the museum's collection or on loan from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)... ¶ Performances by dancers in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct.



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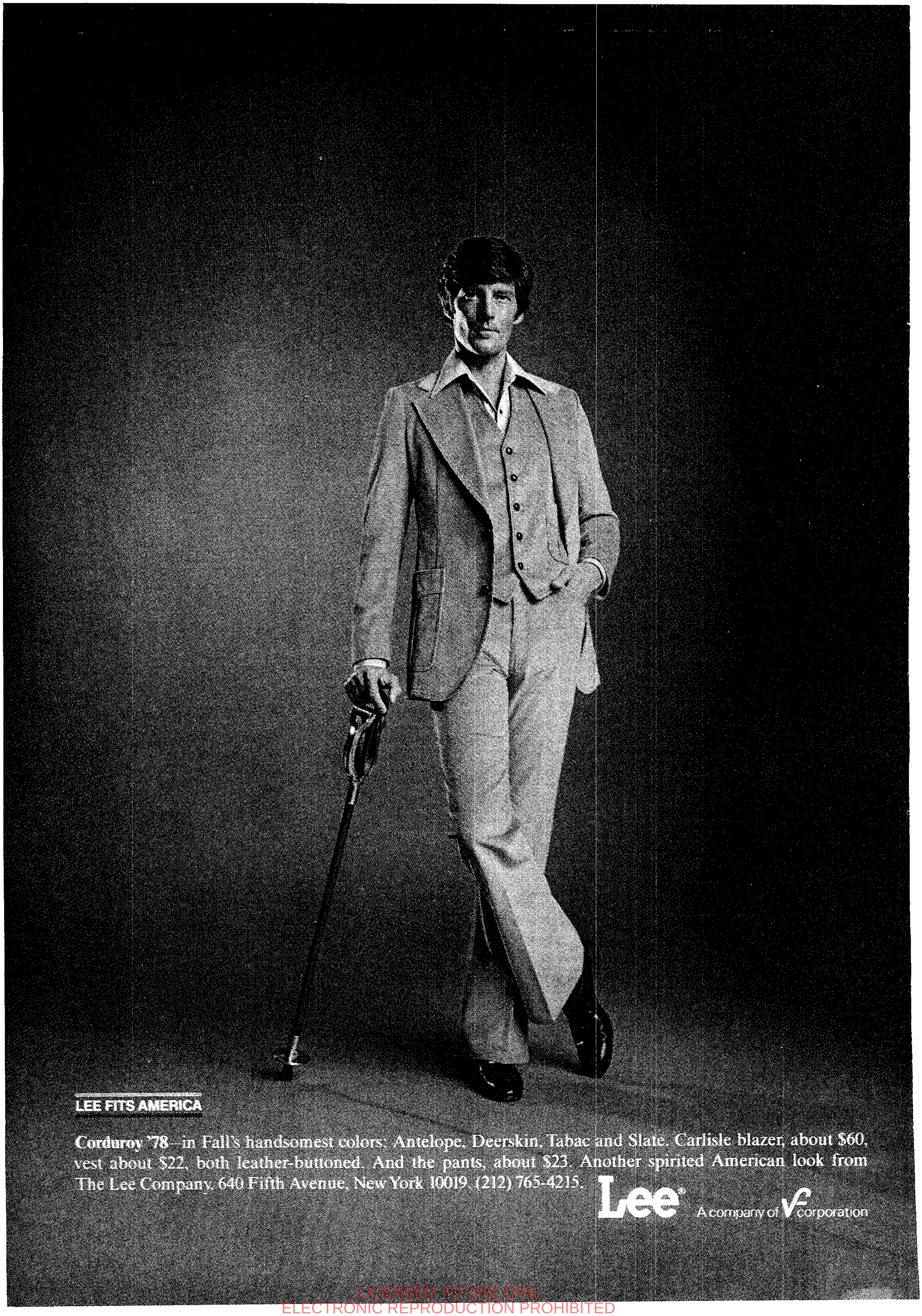

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. Programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7 (at 6:30 on Sunday, Aug. 13). Wednesday, Aug. 9: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as trumpet soloist, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 10: The Cleveland Quartet, with Mr. Ohlsson, and Laurence Lesser, cello, in a chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 11-12: Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra in a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Susan Davenny-Wyner, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Musica Sacra Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 7:30: An all-Schubert program, performed by Jörg Demus and Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Benita Valente, soprano; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and assisting strings. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 14, and Wednesday, Aug. 16: Hubert Soudant conducting the orchestra, with Lili Kraus, piano, and Mr. Stoltzman. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 15: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with André Michel Schub, piano, and Mr. Stoltzman, in a chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17: The New York Philomusica in a chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19: Antonio Janigro conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, TR 4-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 26.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing an all-Bach program. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Aug. 13, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Gunther Schuller conducting the Berkshirt Music Center Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 7: Gilbert Kalish and Yehudi Wyner in an all-Schubert program of music for piano, four hands. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Jessye Norman, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Miss Norman; Jon Vickers, tenor; and Gwynne Howell, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 2:30: Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting the Boston Symphony, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 15, at 7: A concert by Jackson Browne. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein in a recital of Bach sonatas for unaccompanied violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in an all-Schubert concert. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 9: David Zinman conducting the Boston Symphony, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Ingvar Wixell, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 26. Wednesday, Aug. 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 10: Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Veriano Luchetti, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 11: Julius Hegyi conducting a varied program, with Silvia Marcovici, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 12: Henry Mancini conducting a program of themes from TV and films. . . [**Note:** Special concerts will be given by Foreigner on Sunday, Aug. 13, at 7; by Peter, Paul & Mary on Monday, Aug. 14, at 8:15; and by Harry Chapin on Tuesday, Aug. 15, at 7.] . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 16: Robert Shaw directing an all-Brahms program, with the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17: William Smith conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting a program of Russian music; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19: Arthur Fiedler conducting a pop concert, with Earl Wild, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: The Emerson String Quartet, with Leslie Guinn, baritone; and Harriet Wingreen, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 13, at 5:30: Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Miriam Fried, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: The Waverly Consort in a program entitled "The Year 1492: Spanish Music in the Age of Exploration." . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 5:30: Paul Badura-Skoda in a piano recital. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

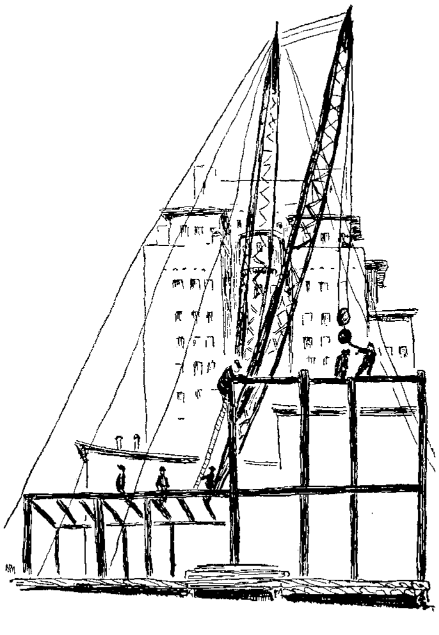
Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 12: The Boston Ballet Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 15-19: The Danny Grossman Dance Company, and Charles Moore and Dances and Drums of Africa. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 9-10, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 12, at 4:05; and Sunday, Aug. 13, at 2:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Tuesday, Aug. 15, at 8:05; Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 2:05; and Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 19, at 2:05.

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 17-20.)



Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Bernard Baruch Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 9; the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 12; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 19. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 12, and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

Pro Tennis—The first game of the quarterfinal round of the Pro Tennis playoffs. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Aug. 15, at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 23. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW,** with Raul Julia and Meryl Streep. The second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Andre Kostelanetz is conducting the first (all-Tchaikovsky) in a series of four peripatetic programs: **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Friday, Aug. 11, at 8:30. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Sarah Caldwell will conduct the second (Borodin/Berlioz) program: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW,** Tuesday Aug. 15, at 8:30. . . . **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN,** Bronx, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside, Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30.

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" (in English), with Gloria Johnson, soprano; Frank Guarrera, baritone; and others. The last in a series of productions. (Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Park—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Band, with Robert White, tenor; Robert Nagel, cornet; John Swallow, euphonium; and Sam Pilafian, tuba. The last in a series of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 15, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 9, at 6: The Kinks and Eddie Money. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 11, at 6:30: Robert Palmer and Muddy Waters. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 14, at 6:30: Chuck Mangione. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 6: Dickey Betts and the Good Rats. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 6:30: David Bromberg and the New Commander Cody Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 6:30: Peter, Paul & Mary. (Through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

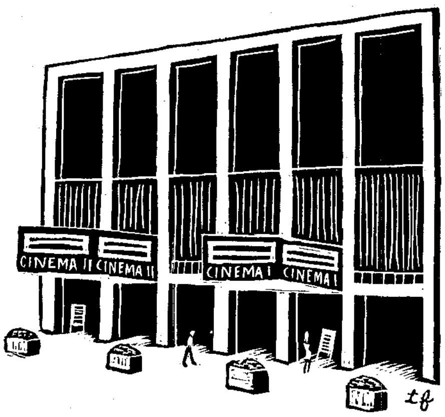
Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Irving Berlin's **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** with Lucie Arnaz and Harve Presnell. (Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5. Closes Saturday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Friday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all cooperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"1900." (The theatre will be closed all day on Monday, Aug. 14.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 15: "Star Wars."
From Aug. 16: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "Putney Swope."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 15: "Damien: Omen II" and "Psycho."
From Aug. 16: "Star Wars."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 15: "Star Wars."
From Aug. 16: "Dear Inspector."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Grease."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 10: "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."
From Aug. 11: "Heaven Can Wait."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 15: "Hooper."
From Aug. 16: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 13: "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."
From Aug. 14: "Slave of Love."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Interiors."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Eyes of Laura Mars."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Aug. 15: "Star Wars."
From Aug. 16: "Young Frankenstein."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Aug. 10: "Cat and Mouse."
From Aug. 11: "Girl Friends."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Aug. 10: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."
From Aug. 11: "Cat and Mouse."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Buddy Holly Story."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Buddy Holly Story."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Madame Rosa."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 15: "Damien: Omen II."
From Aug. 16: "Star Wars."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 15: "An Unmarried Woman."
From Aug. 16: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Cheap Detective."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Hooper."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Jaws 2."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Madame Rosa."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Hooper."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Cheap Detective."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 15: "Dear Inspector." From Aug. 16: "Young Frankenstein."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 15: "Corvette Summer." From Aug. 16: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Cheap Detective."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Magic of Lassie."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 15: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."
From Aug. 16: "Grease."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Madame Rosa."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 15: "Damien: Omen II."
From Aug. 16: "Star Wars."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Foul Play."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Foul Play."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 10: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
From Aug. 11: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Madame Rosa."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Star Wars."
Theatre 2: "Hooper."
Theatre 3: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 4: "The Cheap Detective."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 10: "Dear Inspector" and "Swept Away."
From Aug. 11: "A Woman at Her Window."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 10: "The End" and "Short Eyes."
From Aug. 11: "Damien: Omen II" and "I Will, I Will . . . For Now."

TIMES SQUARE

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Jaws 2." (†)

Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8368)
"Hooper." (†)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Buddy Holly Story." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Corvette Summer." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 3: "The Cheap Detective." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Bad News Bears Go to Japan."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Eyes of Laura Mars." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Driver."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Star Wars." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 9: "Band of Outsiders" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Sami Frey; and "Going Places" (1974), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, and Miou-Miou.
Aug. 10: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson.
Aug. 11-12: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, and Alan Feinstein; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
Aug. 13-14: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.
Aug. 15: "Nanami—Inferno of First Love" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Susumu Hani (X-rated); and "Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.
Aug. 16: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (†) and "A Special Day." (†)
Aug. 17: "Justine" (†); and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975), directed by John Huston, with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 9: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore; and "Counsellor-at-Law" (1933), directed by William Wyler, with John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, and Melvyn Douglas.
Aug. 10: "The Human Condition: Part I, No Greater Love" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.
Aug. 11: "Lawrence of Arabia." (†)
Aug. 12: "8½" (†) and "Sullivan's Travels." (†)
Aug. 13: "Falstaff" (†) and "The Private Life of Henry VIII." (†)
Aug. 14: "Dark Victory" (†); and "No Sad Songs for Me" (1950), directed by Rudolph Maté, with Margaret Sullavan and Wendell Corey.
Aug. 15: "Svengali" (†); and "The Mad Genius" (1931), directed by Michael Curtiz, with John Barrymore, Boris Karloff, and Marian Marsh.
Aug. 16: "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman" (1917), a silent film, directed by George Irving, with John Barrymore; and "To-

IBM Reports

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Helping put information to work for people paze" (1933), directed by Harry d'Arrast, with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy.

Aug. 17: "The Human Condition: Part II, Road to Eternity" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi.

Cinema Village, *22* E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 10: "Julia" (1977), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis." (†)

Aug. 11-12: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Aug. 13-14: "THX 1138" (†) and "Silent Running." (†)

Aug. 15: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa, a Soviet-Japanese co-production; and "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.

Aug. 16-17: "Alice in Wonderland" (1976) and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), both films X-rated.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515); Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 11: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" (1971), directed by Pierre Adidge, a concert tour by Joe Cocker; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.

Aug. 12-13: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "Cream's Farewell Concert."

Aug. 14-15: "Celebration at Big Sur" (†) and "*Let the Good Times Roll.*" (†)

From Aug. 16: "Beatles Around the World."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Aug. 12: "Idiot's Delight" (1939), directed by Clarence Brown, with Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, and Charles Coburn; and "Private Lives" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny.

Aug. 13-15: "The Pirate" (†) and "Silk Stockings." (†)

From Aug. 16: "North by Northwest" (†); and "After the Thin Man" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Elissa Landi, and Alan Marshall.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Aug. 10: "The Miracle Woman" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and David Manners; and "Flight" (1929), directed by Frank Capra, with Jack Holt.

Aug. 11-12: "Sisters" (†) and "Village of the Damned." (†)

Aug. 13-14: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Darling" (1965), directed by John Schlesinger, with Laurence Harvey, Dirk Bogarde, and Julie Christie.

Aug. 15: "Häxan" (1922; "Witchcraft Through the Ages"), a Swedish silent film, directed by Benjamin Christensen; and "Day of Wrath" (1943), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer, Lisbeth Movin and Anna Svierkier.

Aug. 16-17: "Meet John Doe" (†) and "Dirigible." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 9: "The House on 92nd Street" (1945), directed by Henry Hathaway, with William Eythe, Signe Hasso, and Lloyd Nolan; and "Boomerang!" (1947), directed by Elia Kazan, with Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, and Arthur Kennedy.

Aug. 10: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "Hallelujah!" (1929), directed by King Vidor, with Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney.

Aug. 11-12: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The *Woman Alone*"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Aug. 13: "Heaven Can Wait" (†); and "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Gene Tierney, Henry Fonda, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington.

Aug. 14: "Ramona" (1936), directed by Henry King, with Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Kent Taylor, and Jane Darwell; and "Clive of India" (1935), directed by Richard Boleslawski, with Loretta Young, Ronald Colman, Colin Clive, and C. Aubrey Smith.

Aug. 15: "The Gorgeous Hussy" (†); "The Bride Wore Red" (1937), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, and Billy Burke.

Aug. 16: "Christmas Holiday" (†) and "Lady on a Train." (†)

Aug. 17: "I Married an Angel" (†) and "Girl of the Golden West." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The final twelve programs in a series of films directed by Henry King: Aug. 10 at 2:30: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer, Eddie Albert, and Errol Flynn. . . . Aug. 10 at 6: "The Bravados" (1958), with Gregory Peck, Joan Collins, Lee Van Cleff, and Stephen Boyd. . . . Aug. 10 at 8:30 and Aug. 11 at 2:30: "Carousel" (1956), with Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, and Cameron Mitchell. . . . Aug. 12 at noon: "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie" (1952), with David Wayne, Jean Peters, and Hugh Marlowe. . . . Aug. 12 at 2:30: "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing" (1955), with Jennifer Jones and William Holden. . . . Aug. 12 at 8: "Tender Is the Night" (1961), with Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr., Joan Fontaine, and Tom Ewell. . . . Aug. 13 at noon: "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie.". . . Aug. 13 at 2:30: "The Bravados.". . . Aug. 14 at 2:30: "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing.". . . Aug. 14 at 6: "The Sun Also Rises.". . . Aug. 15 at 6: "Tender Is the Night.". . . ¶ Other, non-King, films scheduled during this period are: Aug. 11 at 6: "The Avenging Conscience" (1914), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Henry B. Walthall and Blanche Sweet. . . . Aug. 13 at 5: "Kiss of Death" (1947), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Victor Mature, Brian Donlevy, Coleen Gray, and Richard Widmark. . . . Aug. 14 at noon and Aug. 15 at noon: "Eyewash" (1977), directed by Rex Wilson; "Bruce and His Things" (1977), directed by Mike Haller; and "Beauty Knows No Pain" (1971), directed by Elliott Erwitt. . . . Aug. 15 at 2:30: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . Aug. 17 at 2:30: "The Yakuza" (1975), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Robert Mitchum and Takakura Ken. . . . Aug. 17 at 6: "Distance" (1975), directed by Anthony Lover, with Paul Benjamin. . . . Aug. 17 at 8:30: "Night Moves" (1975), directed by Arthur Penn, with Gene Hackman and Jennifer Warren. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Buddy Holly Story—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Gemini 1, Gemini 2, and Criterion.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Cinema I; through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting Aug. 11.)

Celebration at Big Sur (1971)—Joan Baez, Joni Mitchell, and a load of others at the 1969 Big Sur Folk Festival at the Esalen Institute. One feels like a fly caught in the works of a hi-fi set, but the scene and the mood are pacifying. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 14-15.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for Ray Stark, this has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—along with a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but it is going to be popular. (7/3/78) (U. A. East, Quad Cinema, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Christmas Holiday (1944)—The screenwriter Herman J. Mankiewicz took Somerset Maugham's novel of the same name, changed the setting from France to New Orleans, and turned it into a vehicle (more solid than most) for Deanna Durbin, who had outgrown her singing adolescent heyday. Though a bit chubby-cheeked (maturing child stars are rarely lucky in their bone structure), she's not objectionable in the role of a young singer from Vermont who marries a no-good charmer (Gene Kelly), scion of an old Creole family. The husband murders a bookmaker, and the wife blames herself for not having been a stronger influence on him; the director, Robert Siodmak, and his associates seem to take the melodrama and the sentiments unduly seriously. The wife is forced to sing in a dive, but this film was made in the days of the Code, and we have to accept her word that she is leading a degraded life, since what we see is peachy clean. Durbin gets to sing "Always" and "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," but Kelly neither sings nor dances. With Richard Whorf, Gladys George, Gale Sondergaard, and David Bruce. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 16.)

Corvette Summer—With Mark Hamill and Annie Potts, directed by Matthew Robbins. (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

Damien: Omen II—The followup to "The Omen," with Jonathan Scott-Taylor as the possessed child, now thirteen, grown in satanism from six. Directed by Don Taylor. Diabolism sells now, no doubt of it, but with films like this, one wonders why. (6/19/78) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Playboy; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 11.)

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrencian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains, and Geraldine Fitzgerald is her best friend. Edmund Goulding directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

Dear Inspector—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (New Yorker; through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Aug. 16.)

Dirigible (1931)—Popular, handsomely produced action film starring a team of he-man heroes—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. This team appeared in "Submarine," "Flight," and, finally, "Dirigible"—all three directed by Frank Capra, and all three featuring enormous, photogenic disasters. The heroine of this one was the most disaster-prone of all the movie ladies—the screamer, Fay Wray. With Hobart Bosworth, Clarence Muse, and Roscoe Karns. (Thalia; Aug. 16-17.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an off-hand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Aug. 10.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Cinema II; through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 16.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical phantasmagoria. Guido (Marcello Mastroianni), the director hero, is the center of the film's universe—the creator on whose word everything waits, the man sought after by everyone. He can do anything, and the possibilities confuse him. Just as "La Dolce Vita" confirmed popular suspicions about the depravity of the rich and gifted, "8½" confirms the popular view of the life of a *successful* genius. We see Guido's conflicts between his love for his wife, his lust for his mistress, his ideal of innocence, and his dreams of a harem, and we are given to understand that he must come to grips with himself as a precondition to "creation." The multiringed circus of "8½" is such a luxuriously externalized version of an artist's inner life that it's more like the fantasy of someone who wishes that he were a movie director—someone who has soaked up those movie versions of an artist's life in which, in the midst of a carnival or a ball, the hero receives inspiration, and dashes away to transmute life into art. It's a de-luxe glorification of creative crisis, visually arresting (the dark and light contrasts are extraordinary, magical), but in some essential way it's conventional-minded. With Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and Edra Gale as La Saraghina. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (Olympia; through Aug. 10.)

Eyes of Laura Mars—With Faye Dunaway and Tommy Lee Jones, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, and Loews State 1.)

Falstaff (1967; also known as "Chimes at Midnight")—One of Orson Welles' best and least seen movies. It is damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds, and during the first twenty minutes one may want to walk out, because although Shakespeare's words on the soundtrack are intelligible, the sound doesn't match the images, and often we can't be sure who is supposed to be talking. But then despite everything—the use of doubles in long shots, the editing that distracts us when we need to concentrate on the dialogue—the movie begins to be great. Welles brought together the pieces of Falstaff that Shakespeare had strewn over the two parts of "Henry IV" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with cuttings from "Henry V" and "Richard II," and fastened them into place with narration from Holinshed's "Chronicles" (read by Ralph Richardson). Those of us who resisted our teachers' best efforts to make us appreciate the comic genius of Shakespeare's fools and buffoons will not be surprised that Welles wasn't able to make Falstaff very funny; he's a great conception of a character, but the charades and practical jokes and the carousing and roistering seem meant to be funnier than they are. The movie does have a great Shakespearean comic moment, though: garrulous Falstaff sitting with Shallow (Alan Webb) and Silence (Walter Chiari), rolling his eyes in irritation and impatience at Silence's stammer. Though Welles' performance as Falstaff is short on comedy, it's very rich, very full. Oddly, we never really see the friendship of Falstaff and Prince Hal—played extraordinarily well by Keith Baxter—but John Gielgud's refined, monkish Henry IV gives the film the austerity it needs for the conflict within Hal to be dramatized. The film is a near-masterpiece. Welles' di-

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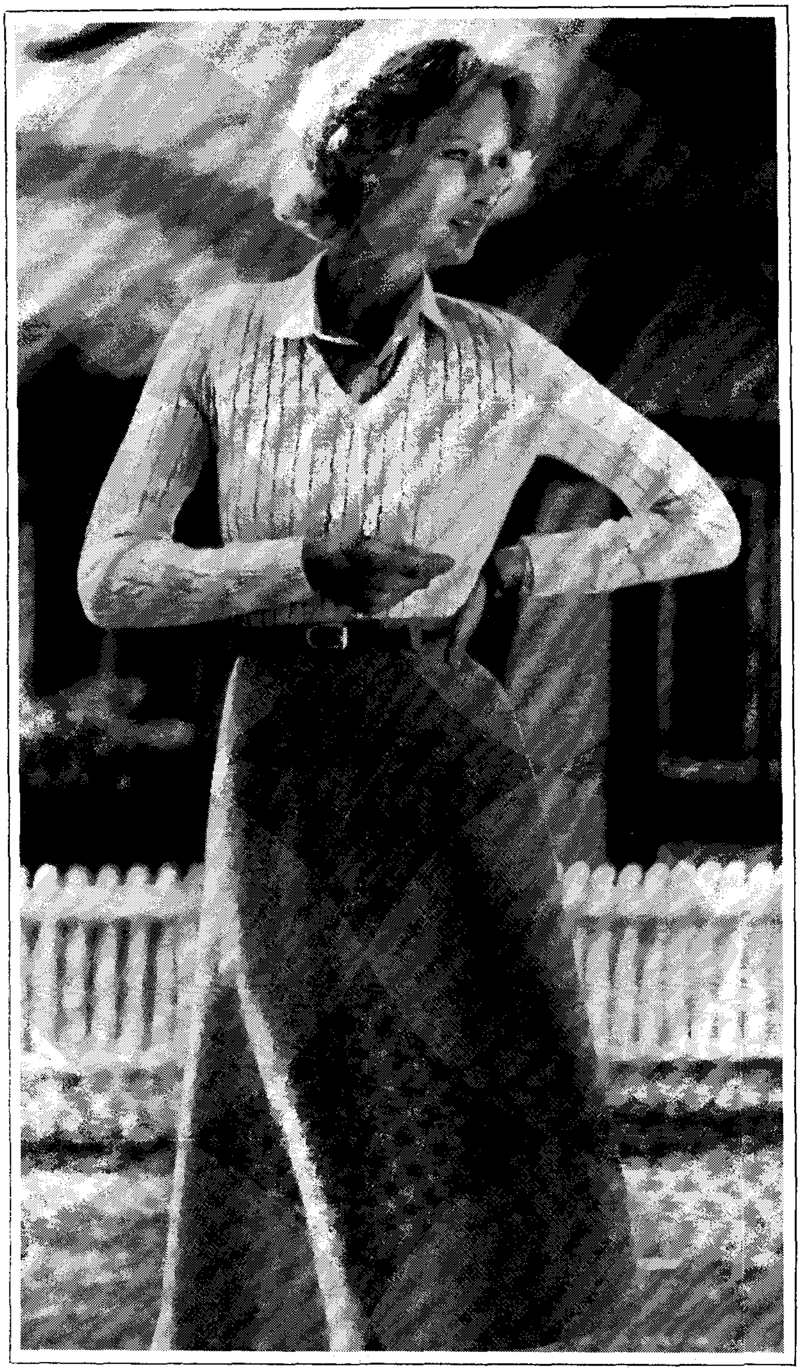

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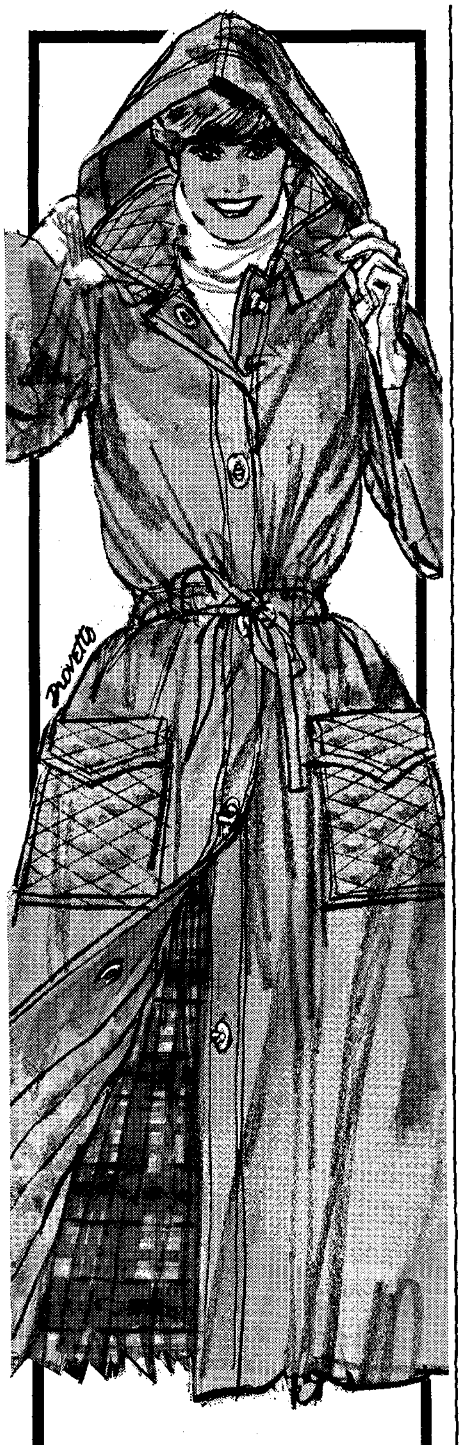

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rection of the battle of Shrewsbury is unlike anything he has ever done—indeed, unlike any battle ever done on the screen before. It ranks with the best of Griffith, John Ford, Eisenstein, Kurosawa. The compositions suggest Uccello, and the chilling, ironic music is a death knell for all men in battle. The soldiers, plastered by the mud they fall in, are already monuments. It's the most brutally sombre battle ever filmed, and it does justice to Hotspur's great "O, Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth." With Margaret Rutherford, Jeanne Moreau, Marina Vlady, and Beatrice Welles as the page boy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, Cinema 3, Paramount, and Forum.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 16.)

Girl Friends—Melanie Mayron and Anita Skinner, directed by Claudia Weill. (Cinema I; starting Aug. 11.)

Girl of the Golden West (1938)—Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Walter Pidgeon—MacDonald being the good girl and Eddy the bandit in this hoary old tale, here produced as a fairly boring musical with a score by Gus Kahn and Sigmund Romberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17.)

The Gorgeous Hussy (1936)—The title is deceptive. The film is about Andrew Jackson (Lionel Barrymore) and his Presidential problems. Specifically, it deals with his dissolving his Cabinet because the wives of the members had cut a certain Mrs. Eaton (Joan Crawford). Something like this actually happened, though the picture will never convince anyone of it. Beulah Bondi smokes a corncob with the assurance befitting the First Lady, Melvyn Douglas plays dreary, gentlemanly John Randolph, and Robert Taylor and Franchot Tone are the handsome young men. Clarence Brown directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 15.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Bay Cinema. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; starting Aug. 16.)

Heaven Can Wait (1943)—Ernst Lubitsch produced and directed this whimsical, uneven, yet generally disarming comedy of manners (it lightly satirizes social and sexual conventions), from a screenplay by his frequent collaborator Samson Raphaelson. Perhaps it isn't well known because it stars the rather drab Don Ameche, who appeared in many forced and charmless routine pictures, but here (as in "Midnight") he's reasonably engaging. He plays a well-born New Yorker, Henry Van Cleve—a lifetime dandy and stage-door Johnny—who thinks that his sexual improprieties are sinful and qualify him for Hell, but as he applies to Satan and tells his story we see his life in flashbacks and see his essential generosity and innocence. Gene Tierney plays the Kansas girl he steals from his stuffy cousin (Allyn Joslyn). With Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Laird Cregar, Spring Byington, Florence Bates, Eugene Pallette, Louis Calhern, and Signe Hasso as the French maid. Lubitsch's first film in color. Adapted from the Hungarian play "Birthdays," by Laszlo Bus-Fekete. This film has no connection with the Warren Beatty "Heaven Can Wait," which is a remake of the 1941 "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," which itself was taken from an American play called "Heaven Can Wait," by Harry Segall. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 13.)

Heaven Can Wait—The other one, and we all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; and of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel. (7/10/78) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Aug. 11.)

Hooper—With Burt Reynolds, Jan-Michael Vincent, Sally Field, and Brian Keith; directed by Hal Needham. (Loews Orpheum, Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

I Married an Angel (1942)—Rodgers' and Hart's sophisticated musical comedy was purchased for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy when their popularity in stale-whipped-cream operetta was waning, but then M-G-M chickened out, removed the sophistication, and turned the musical comedy into something as bland as operetta but without its energy. This disaster was their last film together. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes Binnie Barnes, Janis Carter, Mona Maris, and Edward Everett Horton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 17.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." We are inside the skulls of people who look at the world as if it were partitioned off from them—as if they were separated from it by glass, which they are scared of breaking, because their control over themselves is so shaky. Magnificent performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. The film is a noble endeavor that shows us knotted spirits in a world constricted by aesthetic and psychoanalytic jargon. (8/7/78) (Baronet.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now (1976)—The worst. Combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a mushy soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould is fairly thoroughly trashed, but Diane Keaton manages to save face despite what's going on around her. Norman Panama directed. (Olympia; starting Aug. 11.)

Jaws 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Cinerama 1.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Cinema Studio; through Aug. 10.)

Justine (1969)—To see this George Cukor film of Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" is a bit like watching trailers of the real thing. The script is head-on and all for story, and no technical equivalents are found for Durrell's experiment with time and focus. Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, and Severn Darden. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 17.)

Lady on a Train (1945)—Ugh. A murder mystery that starts from a Leslie Charteris story but never gets anyplace you'd want to go to. Made in the period when the former child star Deanna Durbin was turning into a fairly substantial young matron, the film casts her as a girl who witnesses a murder from a train that is nearing Grand Central and who becomes involved with the friends and relatives of the victim, as well as with a mystery-story writer. (Has that gimmick ever worked?) The film betrays an obvious uncertainty about how the public wants to see its Deanna. One minute she is just a little girl in pigtails lost in a great big raincoat, and the next minute she is a many-curved siren crooning "Give Me a Little Kiss, Will You, Huh?" in a strange, guttural manner evidently intended to indicate that passion has got a stranglehold on her. In addition, the cameraman photographed her from so many angles that at any particular moment it's hard to determine whether she is lying down or standing up. Charles David directed; with Ralph Bellamy, Edward Everett Horton, George Coulouris, Dan Duryea, and Patricia Morison. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 16.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 11.)

Let the Good Times Roll (1973)—A documentary film about the fifties, and so, perhaps, not about the best of times. The film dwells on musicians, mostly. It would have been better if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 14-15.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (68th St. Playhouse, Waverly, Festival, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Magic of Lassie—A musical, with Lassie, James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, and Stephanie Zimbalist; directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—An odd, socially conscious picture, directed by Frank Capra and starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, about a man who tries to commit suicide in order to call attention to a right-wing plot. For the sake of a happy ending that would keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings were so distorted that the original authors sued. (Thalia; Aug. 16-17.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team. (Art; starting Aug. 16.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—With John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom; directed by John Landis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Beekman, 86th St. East, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, most other movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Little Theatre. The theatre will be closed all day on Monday, Aug. 14.)

North by Northwest (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the mad geography and improbable plot. The compass seems to be spinning as the action hops all over the country and people rush about in the wrong direction. Though not as cleverly original as "Stranger on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on much too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces that he wants to put in, but it has a classic sequence, in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust the hero (Cary Grant), and a genial, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggests a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau as the blue-eyed menace, Leonard. The script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to "The 39 Steps." (Regency; starting Aug. 16.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Regency; Aug. 13-15.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this war-horse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

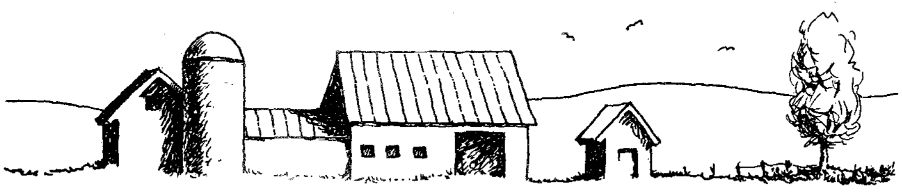
Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 15.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Art; starting Aug. 16.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in gaffes, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. A beloved film, recommended for its funniness about Clouseau's quite impervious inefficiency, and for his splendid decisiveness in mangling the pronunciation of English. (7/31/78) (Ziegfeld; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Aug. 16.)

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band—A fairy-tale film that celebrates the musicianship of the Beatles and commemorates their youthful brotherhood and vagrancy from orthodox values by linking them to the Bee Gees, who appear with Peter Frampton and many other loved rock singers. Directed by Michael Schultz. (7/31/78) (Rivoli. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Aug. 13.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). The play shows through the documentary surface, and the film's potency is in its words, yet parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be, and the neo-Cagney cocky humor and the moments of pain, danger, and cruelty suggest that this may be the most emotionally accurate—and so most



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frightening—movie about American prisons ever made. Shot entirely in the Tombs; with Piñero as Go Go, Bruce Davison as the child-molester, and Joe Carberry as Longshoe Murphy. (9/26/77) (Olympia; through Aug. 10.)

Silent Running (1972)—A cheery robot film with the soul of an editorial, about a scientist (Bruce Dern) hipped on defoliation. He cruises around space in one of three conservationist spaceships that act as the last greenhouses of the Earthmen within. The robots aboard are sweet-natured, and they play a fine game of poker, but the film is a bit less entertaining and majestic than it promises to be. Directed by Douglas Trumbull, who worked on Kubrick's "2001." (Cinema Village; Aug. 13-14.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—Paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Regency; Aug. 13-15.)

Sisters (1973)—Brian De Palma's low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin doesn't have the dream-slapstick style he was to bring to his later thrillers, "Carrie" and "The Fury," but it has its share of flaked-out humor (as in the TV game-show parody at the beginning). At this point in his career, he could have achieved some virtuoso stunts, but he lurches his way through the picture; he can't seem to get two people talking to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. The facetious dialogue is a wet blanket, and De Palma isn't quite up to his apparent intention—to provide cheap thrills that are also a parody of old corn. He manages the thrills, though (there are some demented knife-slashings), and audiences seem to be happily freaked by Bernard Herrmann's score, with its old radio-play throb and zing. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision; Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance as a nitwit girl reporter; and Charles Durning, Bill Finley, and Barnard Hughes. Shakily written by De Palma and Louisa Rose. (Thalia; Aug. 11-12.)

Slave of Love—With Elena Solovey, directed by Nikita Mikhalkov. In Russian. (Plaza; starting Aug. 14.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (10/17/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 16.)

Star Wars (1977)—Written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), the movie is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality, by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria. . . . ¶ Art, Gramercy, and 59th St. East; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Playboy; starting Aug. 16.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve") than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

Svengali (1931)—John Barrymore's love of bizarre roles and outré makeup (no man had less reason to cover his face) led him to take on George Du Maurier's wonderful hokum about the sly, sinister musician who hypnotizes beautiful, blue-eyed little Trilby (Marian Marsh) into becoming a great singer. In one startling sequence, Svengali, his eyes a blank white, stands at a window and casts his spell over the rooftops to the room where Trilby lives, and there are affecting moments, too, like the failure of Trilby's voice when Svengali's influence wanes. Barrymore, long and lank here, with greasy locks, never needed occult powers to be magnetic; one's interest flags when he's offscreen, however. The scene designs and Archie Mayo's direction occasionally suggest the German Expressionist films of the preceding decade. With Bramwell Fletcher, Donald Crisp, Lumsden Hare, and Carmel Myers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 15.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (New Yorker; through Aug. 10.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Cinema Village; Aug. 13-14.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Trans-Lux East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 15.)

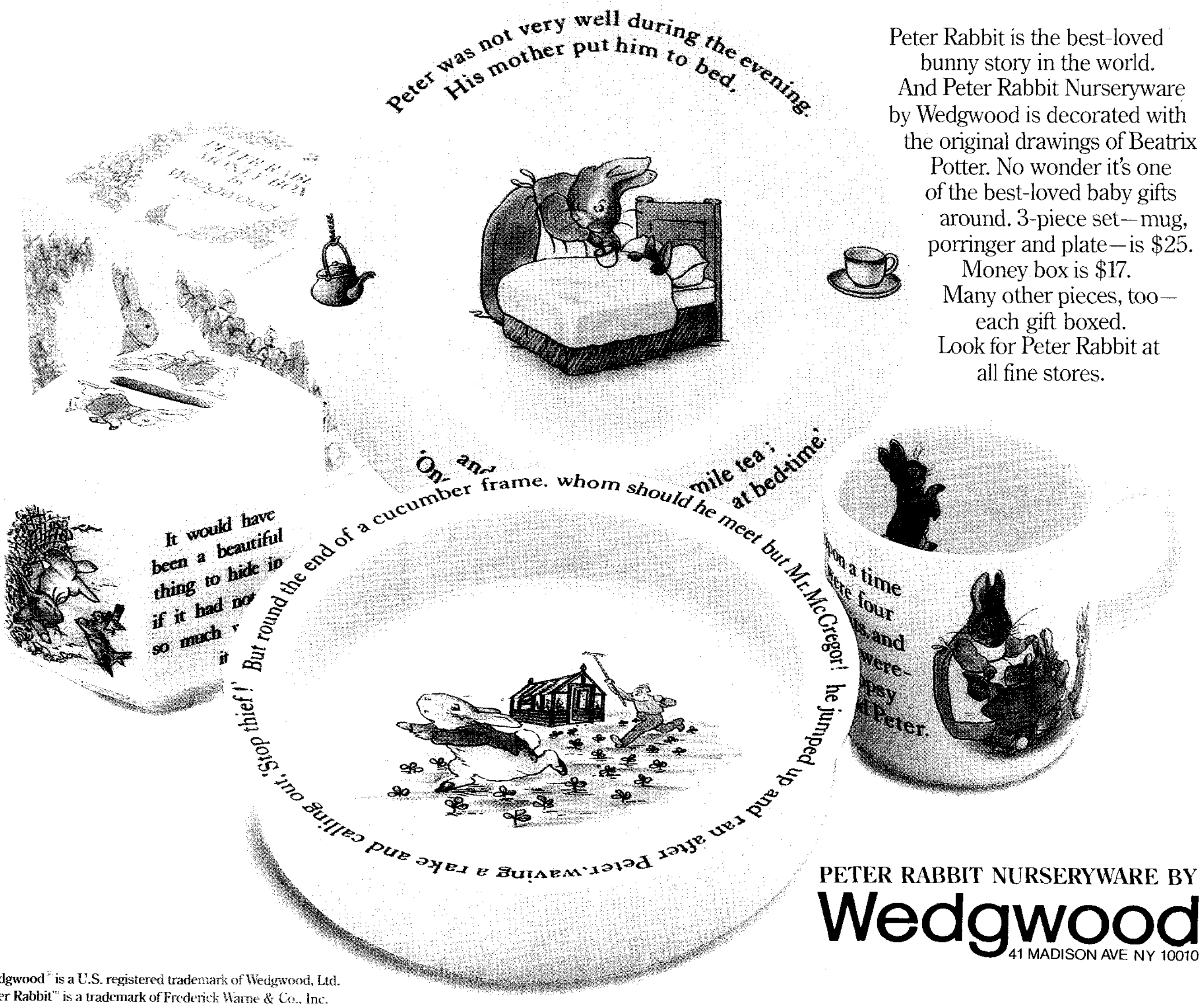
Village of the Damned (1960)—A little-known thriller about wicked kids, which is much more fun than such recent Gothics as "The Omen." This one is clever and has some really chilling moments. George Sanders is the lead, and Martin Stephens is the scariest of the cold-eyed children from outer space. From John Wyndham's novel "The Midwich Cuckoos;" made in England and directed by Wolf Rilla (a terrific name for the director of this particular film). (Thalia; Aug. 11-12.)

Viva Italia!—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. Full of a particularly Italian sort of comic conviviality and, sometimes, a particularly Italian note of resolve in the fact of distress. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

A Woman at Her Window—A French picture set in Greece in 1936. With Romy Schneider, Philippe Noiret, Victor Lanoux, and Umberto Orsini; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. (6/12/78) (New Yorker; starting Aug. 11.)

Young Frankenstein (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (59th St. East, and Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 16.)

If they love the book, they'll adore the dishes.


Peter was not very well during the evening.
His mother put him to bed,
and
'On
mile tea:
at bed-time.'
But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor! he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, 'Stop thief!'
It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not so much
...on a time ...re four ...s, and ...were ...psy ...Peter.

Peter Rabbit is the best-loved bunny story in the world. And Peter Rabbit Nurseryware by Wedgwood is decorated with the original drawings of Beatrix Potter. No wonder it's one of the best-loved baby gifts around. 3-piece set—mug, porringer and plate—is $25. Money box is $17. Many other pieces, too—each gift boxed. Look for Peter Rabbit at all fine stores.

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Mercedes-Benz unveils a new kind of performance automobile: the 300 SD Turbodiesel Sedan

Its turbocharged engine boosts power and torque and transforms Diesel performance, yet fuel appetite is actually cut. And this advance is matched by the car itself – the most capable, most sumptuous Diesel in Mercedes-Benz history. The 300 SD Turbodiesel Sedan: the boldest forward stride since Mercedes-Benz built the world's first production Diesel automobile 42 years ago.

Moving with the smooth ease and eager response you might expect only from a gasoline engine, the new Mercedes-Benz 300 SD Turbodiesel Sedan responds vividly to your throttle foot even at low speeds...even in highway passing ...even on long uphill climbs.

Meanwhile, the Turbodiesel retains that workhorse efficiency you can only expect from a Diesel – sipping the cheapest automotive fuel sold in America, devoid of spark plugs and carburetors and points, all but immune to conventional tune-ups.

In a single technical masterstroke, the most desirable traits of a gasoline and a Diesel engine have been blended into one. An advance significant enough to make this not just a new kind of Diesel but a unique new kind of car.

Five supercharged cylinders

That masterstroke is turbocharging of the 300 SD's five-cylinder engine.

Named after the turbine principle it follows, a turbocharger harnesses the engine's own exhaust gases to radically increase the supply of air fed into the cylinders – literally *supercharging* them with air for more volatile combustion.

Turbochargers have appeared on many types of engines, but never until now on the engine of a Diesel automobile. The effect is amazing. Maximum power is boosted by 43 percent, for example, and maximum torque by 46 percent.

And the driving experience

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

makes even those numbers pale. That old Diesel stigma of feeble torque and leisurely pickup has vanished in a burst of turbocharged energy. This is one Diesel that can break away from stoplights and tollbooths *with* the traffic, not behind it. That extra thrust you need on freeway entrance ramps can be found. You can sustain a normal driving pace on the Interstates, hour after hour.

Mercedes-Benz test data show that although 400 pounds heavier than its lively 300 D Sedan stablemate, the Turbodiesel can zip from zero to 55 mph in 2.6 seconds *less* time – placing it among the quickest Diesel cars in history.

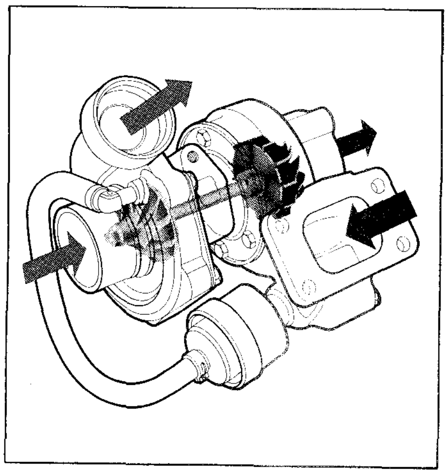
No minor feat for an engine of only three liters or 183.0 cubic inches in capacity; yet no great surprise for an engine so efficient that it produces *.601 horsepower* per cubic inch of displacement – the best ratio of power to engine size of any Diesel passenger car power plant in the world.

Fuel appetite down

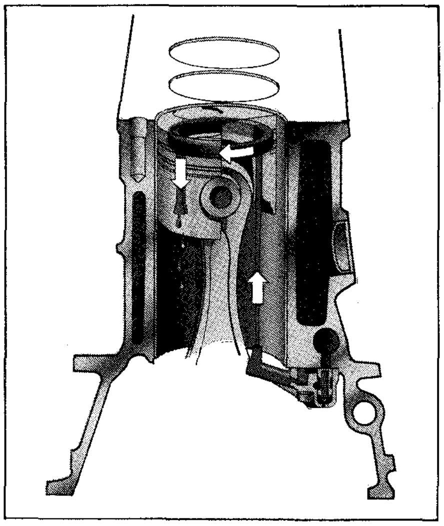
Startling as it may seem, this extra performance helped reduce the Turbodiesel engine's normal appetite for fuel.

Turbocharging so handily solved the Diesel need for power that it freed the engineers to specify a more economical rear-axle ratio – in effect, gearing the car to go further on the power produced by a given gallon of fuel.

Consider the Turbodiesel's performance. Then consider that EPA estimates show 29 mpg in highway driving and 24 mpg in the city. Naturally, your mileage will depend on the condition and equipment of your car and on where and how you drive.



Amazing turbocharger device weighs only 17 pounds but boosts horsepower by 43 percent.



Each piston in the 5-cylinder Turbodiesel engine is cooled by a fine spray of oil injected from below.

Record-breaking reliability

This breakthrough has hardly been rushed to the market. Mercedes-Benz placed the 300 SD Turbodiesel engine in production only after 5 years of testing – and only after placing it in the reliability record books.

Fitted with a modified version of this engine, a C-111-3 research car went out on April 30, 1978 and set nine world records – including one stint of 2,345 miles in twelve hours at an average speed of 195.39 mph. For the entire record run, the engineers report a fuel mileage figure of 14.7 mpg.

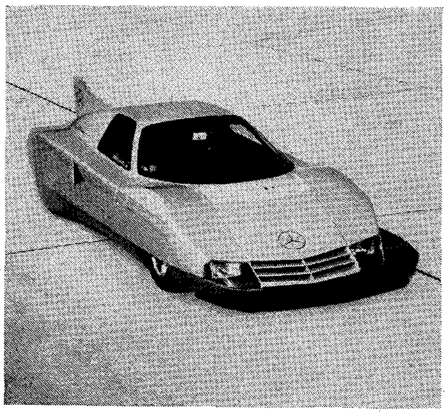
A car apart

The Diesel turbocharging trail blazed by Mercedes-Benz with the Turbodiesel may some day be followed by others. But no Diesel engine will ever share the privilege of propelling a comparable car. It is the unique combination of that engine and this automobile that truly sets the Turbodiesel apart.

As befits the most elegant Diesel Mercedes-Benz has ever built, the Turbodiesel sits on the longest wheelbase of any Diesel car produced by the company in modern times. Yet its turning circle is a tight 38 feet and its crisp handling lets you nip through traffic.

Fastidious engineering is everywhere. You glide along on a suspension that is neither spongy nor harsh, but designed to provide both ride comfort *and* roadholding. The key is the independent suspension of all four wheels, allowing each wheel to individually react to the road surface.

Each shock absorber is gas pressurized to help cushion even minor ripples. The automatic transmission provides not three but four speeds, and the option of shifting for yourself if you prefer. From a monocoque body shell to 11-inch disc brakes at all four wheels, nothing from the vast store of Mercedes-Benz technical expertise has been held back.



This turbocharged five-cylinder Mercedes-Benz Diesel research car just shattered nine world speed records – including one lap at an average speed of 203.37 mph.

Inside, you and your passengers are a coddled group: surrounded by thick padding, velour carpet underfoot, cradled in spacious seats front and rear. Bi-level climate control, electric windows, automatic cruise control, central vacuum locking system and AM/FM stereo radio are all built in.

Also built into your 300 SD Turbodiesel: *120 safety features,* perhaps the most attractive fact of them all.

Summing it up

In 1886, the gasoline-powered automobile was pioneered by the two men who founded Mercedes-Benz. In 1936 came the world's first production Diesel passenger car, again from Mercedes-Benz. And now in 1978 begins the era of the turbocharged Diesel passenger car.

And once again, the innovator is Mercedes-Benz.

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Versace designs the Genny collection in languid jersey. At once—soft, supple, feminine.
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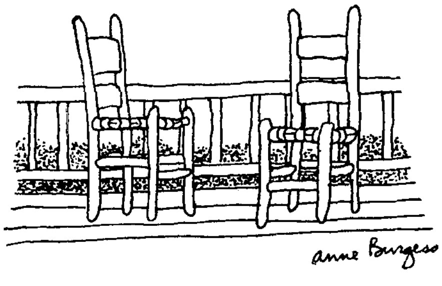
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE subpoenas served on the *Times* and its reporter Myron Farber at the request of the defense in the murder trial of Dr. Mario E. Jascalevich require them to turn over to the court all notes and memos written in connection with Farber's articles on the case. There is wide agreement among reporters that the subpoenas, if they survive appeal, will set a legal precedent that will seriously damage reporters' ability to gather news. They contend that sources who wish to remain anonymous will simply cease to speak once it becomes clear that reporters can be forced to disclose their informants' names in court. These sources, it is pointed out, would no more want to confide in such reporters than they would want to confess their sins to priests who were obliged to pass on to the local police station everything they had been told. Even from the standpoint of law enforcement, the results will be ironic, because reporters who can be compelled to identify their sources in court aren't going to learn anything that the courts want to know. As soon as the courts start fishing for evidence in this pond, the pond will dry up. The courts will then lose not only any confidential information that the reporters may have possessed but also the articles based on that information—articles that on many occasions in the past have brought the very existence of crimes to the government's attention in the first place. Thus, at a single stroke the judicial system will defeat both the First Amendment and itself.

These dangers seem to us reason enough to reject the subpoenas, but there are other dangerous consequences, which are also worth consideration. They concern not freedom of speech but freedom of thought. Freedom of speech is guaranteed by the Constitution and freedom of thought is unmentioned there, but in practice the two freedoms belong together. The *Times* subpoena calls for notes that were made in preparation for the writing of articles. Notes of this kind are usually nothing but aids to memory, and, as such, are auxiliary to thought. You might call them a sort of thinking on paper. Like most thoughts, they are tentative, provisional, experimental. They may even be unfounded, wild, irresponsible. Inside the mind, a freedom reigns that is less confined than any speech—a freedom amounting, in fact, to license. This reckless, unbridled quality of thought seems to be desirable in the production of even the most sober writings. But the thoughts themselves—and the notes that reflect them—were never meant for presentation to the world. Even when they are notes of conversations with others, they are indiscriminately inclusive, and may contain much that is trivial, gossipy, malicious, inaccurate, or actually untrue. Another kind of notes—for first drafts and the like—may contain false starts, wrong guesses, and foolish or worthless notions of every kind. In short, a writer's notes contain precisely everything that he and his newspaper have *rejected* for publication. In groping behind published works for information, the government does more than cause writers the embarrassment of seeing their unpolished drafts dragged before the public; it lays hands on a writer's thoughts. If prior restraint (prevention of publication) has a chilling effect on free speech, then obligatory disclosure of notes (enforcement of publication) has a chilling effect on free thought. For although the licentious profusion of words and ideas that shows up in a writer's notes is unworthy of public exposure, it is essential to the work that precedes publication. It can be said of some of these notes that they are the record of a writer's interview with himself. It may be here—in the solitude of the mind—that freedom really begins. In these silent exchanges, a writer becomes his own source. And this source, more than any other, perhaps, requires confidentiality, and without confidentiality will refuse to tell the world what it knows.



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Puzzles

MARION R. FRAZIER, called Bob, who is New York's only full-time professional repairer of what are known as reproducing grand pianos and reproducing pipe organs, and of nickelodeons, barrel organs, orchestrions, and player pianos as well—his motto is "We'll tackle anything"—was lying flat on his back the other day under a Knabe grand in the middle of a large loft on the twelfth, and top, floor of 12 East Twelfth Street, an old commercial building near the northern edge of Greenwich Village. All attention, Frazier was hooking a nickel-plated brass tube to a 1928 Ampico vacuum pump that had been screwed to the underside of the piano. Joel Levine, Frazier's colleague—the sign on the door says "Automatic Musical Instruments"—is the city's only full-time professional repairer of music boxes. Levine, who is thirty-one, was standing at a milling machine near the front of the loft carefully cutting a new steel comb for a closet-size, mahogany-cased disc music box built in 1896 by the Regina Music Box Company, of Rahway, New Jersey. Frazier is thirty-three. The two men met two and a half years ago at the Skyrink, on West Thirty-third. (They both like to ice-skate, and Levine still pops over there regularly of an afternoon when he needs a break from work.) Levine discovered that six years ago Frazier, who was born in Newark, got tired of a succession of jobs (sheet-metal work, waiting on tables, selling cologne in a department store, working as a Wall Street teletypist, setting up industrial displays), decided to buy a reproducing piano, rebuilt its mechanism on a coffee tray in his living room, and went into the repair business. Frazier found out that four years ago Levine, who was born in Cedarhurst, stopped being an engineer designing control circuits for nuclear reactors, bought a small music box, fixed it up on a butcher-block table in his bedroom, and was then thinking about making this into a profession.

The joint venture has been a success because of a new demand both for music boxes, which were a national craze back in the nineties, and for reproducing pianos, which were a beguiling caprice thirty years later, in the twenties. Collectors abound; one group, the Musical Box Society International, has twenty-five hundred members and has published a thousand-page book to mark its twenty-fifth anniversary. In reproducing pianos, which were to player pianos as a Swiss Army knife is to a letter opener, an electric motor powered a sophisticated pneumatic hookup, and when a scroll of perforated paper was snicked in under the keyboard a piano didn't just bring forth the notes of a work by Richard Strauss—Strauss himself invisibly played his own composition. Or that was the idea. Strauss, Josef Lhévinne, Ossip Gabrilówitsch, and other great masters recorded extensively on reproducing-piano rolls and, for a consideration, certified the fidelity of the recordings. The recordings were able to encode thirty different variations in dynamic expression, or twice as many as the ear can detect, and they could add certain protobionic extravagances—for instance, chords consisting of far more notes than any ten fingers can hit simultaneously. The results are probably at least as good as a live performance by a pianist who has been studying for seven or eight years. Music boxes are mechanical, not pneumatic; they're powered by tightly wound-up spring motors, and they began as miniature versions of the famous medieval clock towers that sounded the hours with carillons and oddly moving human, animal, and fantastic figures. Swiss craftsmen whose families had been brought up in the watch business dominated the music-box business for most of the nineteenth century, and they came up with what is called sublime harmony—the gimmick that makes music boxes so charming. The boxes produced music when a brass cylinder with pins just barely projecting from it, like stubble on a teen-ager, revolved against the tuned teeth of a Sheffield-steel comb. This made pleasant, tinkly music that could not be heard from any great distance. Adding a second comb, tuned just a few beats lower than the first, produced—somehow—the sublime harmony: a great big, jolly tinkly sound that could be heard across a large room. Then came a man named Miguel Boom, who patented the first disc music box, in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, in 1882; this was a refinement, because the music was encoded on a thin steel disc not much larger than an L.P. record, and, consequently, it was much easier to build up a library of tunes—which, of course, made the music box a much more versatile instrument. Other refinements included music boxes that could play for an hour on one winding; music boxes that sounded like a mandolin or a harpsichord; and music boxes with tuned silver bells, small drums, and even castanets. In the nineties, German industry mass-produced disc boxes in Leipzig.

Frazier's and Levine's loft is full of music and the sounds of machinery during working hours. There's very little conversation: "Joel, help me lift this piano." "Bob, have you seen my Swiss files?" All around the floor are workshop projects and tools. The other day, there were pipes from three different reproducing pipe organs (this organ is the ultimate refinement of the reproducing piano, and the Frick Museum has one); a Swiss cylinder music box made for a maharaja, which plays only sitar music; several lathes, a drill press, a belt sander, a bench grinder, and a couple of band saws; three reproducing grand pianos; a music box whose silver bells are struck by wooden clappers carved to suggest the heads of mandarins; and an Imhof & Mukle orchestrion—a gigantic piece of Black Forest furniture the size of a confessional which automatically plays piano, Chinese cymbal, mandolin, two drums, organ pipes that simulate violins, and a glockenspiel. (The Central Park merry-go-round has a Wurlitzer orchestrion; Frazier and Levine would love to be asked to work on it.) Under a grand piano slept Cosmo, Frazier's Great Dane. On top of a barrel organ, Nadu, Frazier's big black cat, was washing its face.

"Hardly a musical instrument exists that someone hasn't attempted at some point to make mechanical," Frazier said.

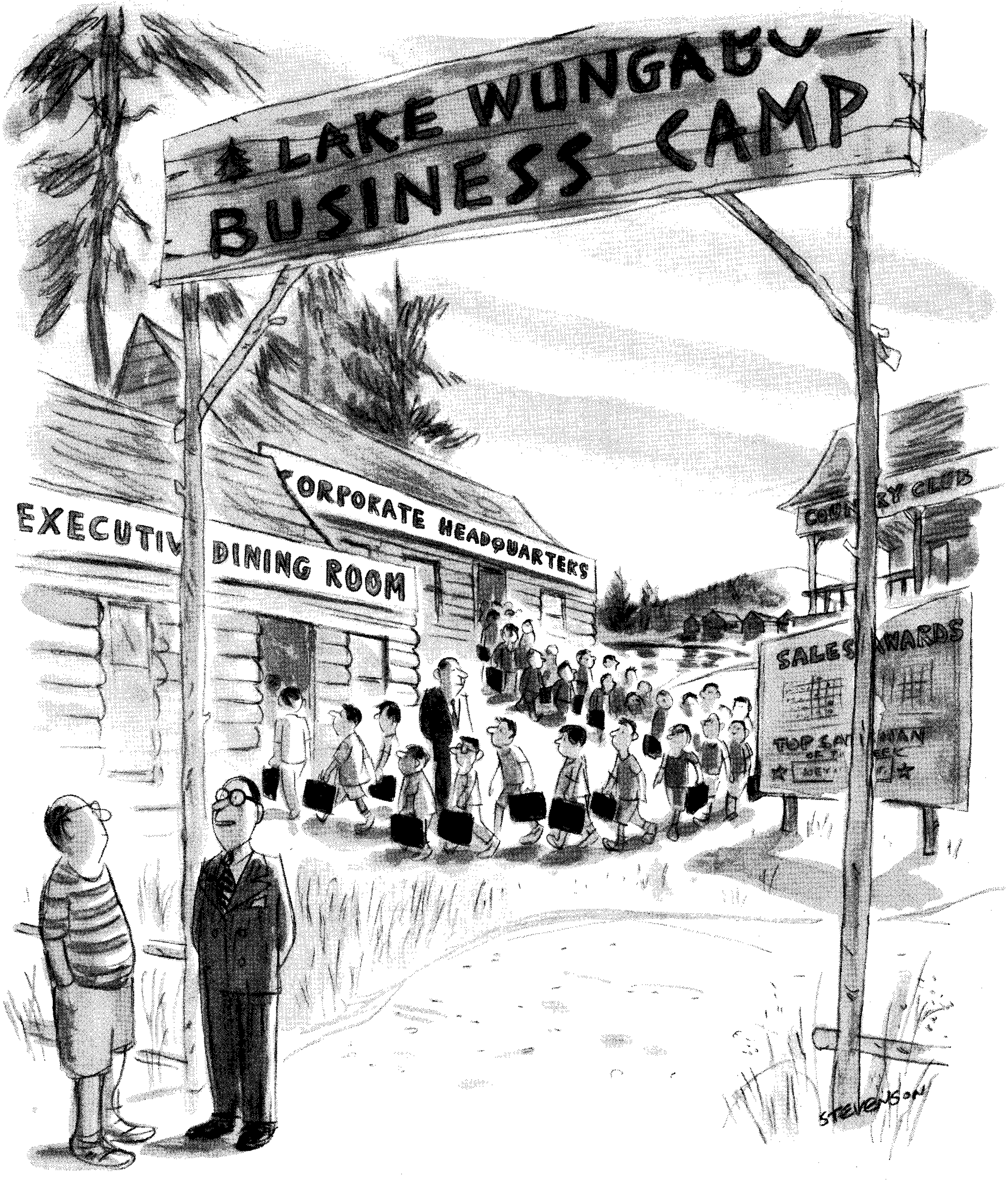
"What I like is using my ingenuity to solve little puzzles," Levine said. "How do you get the steel spring out of a cylinder? A steel spring can be over thirty feet long when it's unwound. How do you get it back in? Things like that. So far, I've had to teach myself wood-turning and locksmithing just to repair a music box."

In a corner we found Ida Heyman, one of Levine's assistants, polishing brass music-box components—butterflies, snails, and worms, these parts are called. Two months earlier, Ida Heyman had been a job-placement counsellor for ex-offenders. "I think this is the best job I've ever had," she told us. "I'm one of Santa's helpers. It's a switch from sitting at a desk amid a swirl of babble and chatter and gossip and complaints, smoking cigarette after cigarette as the phone rings. If a music box is broken, it doesn't complain about it—it just sits there quietly. Working with my hands, I get to learn how things fit together, how they work, and now I can very easily translate that into working on something else. To me, the whole place is magic."

Imprinting

A LETTER has just come in from a woman we know who lives on a farm in Rhode Island:

We have a lot of starlings living around our farmhouse and nesting in our barn. I have ambivalent feelings about them. I know I am supposed to dislike starlings, because they are interlopers rather than native birds, and because there are too many of them. They evict other, gentler birds from nesting places. They flock together, making mess and noise that greatly annoy some people. On the other hand, I like to see them walking across my lawn in phalanxes with a busy, businesslike stride, as they search for Japanese-beetle grubs that I am glad to get rid of. Also, in the spring, when I go out to the barn and hear their nuptial songs, I find them varied and beautiful. This year, the nuptial songs were followed by the cheeping of a multitude of baby starlings—perhaps actually only a dozen, since that's all it takes for baby starlings to sound like a multitude. They are very vocal, and their voices rose and fell in excited choruses, first from one corner of the barn, then from another, as the parents came with food. One of the nests was on a beam high over the doorway. Just when my husband and I were busiest, getting in


LAKE WUNGABU
BUSINESS CAMP
EXECUTIV
DINING ROOM
CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS
COUN RY CLUB
SALES AWARDS
TOP SA MAN OF T EEK
STEVENSON

"We noticed a glut of tennis camps, music camps, wilderness camps—and suddenly a real need became obvious."

• •

hay, I happened to glance down as I went through the door, and saw, sitting solemnly on the concrete, an ugly, half-feathered little starling. He must have only just fallen, or one of my voracious cats would have got him. I actually groaned. I looked at him with real chagrin, recognizing him as a gratuitous and unwelcome burden. "I *don't want* a baby starling," I said to myself. "I really don't." Just then, my black panther of a house cat glided innocently out of the shadows. I picked up the starling impatiently—the way a housewife picks up another dirty dish—and carried him into the house and put him in a box in the bathroom. I have a book that gives advice on caring for wild orphans. Its main recommendation for young birds is a diet of dog food. I fed the bird easily enough, but I was so cross about the whole thing that I would barely look at him. Besides, I didn't want him to be, as the ethologists put it, imprinted by me. I wanted him to grow up as a wild starling, with no illusions that I was his mother, so I barely let him glimpse me at each feeding.

For two days, all through the frantic

business of getting the hay baled and into the barn, I stopped whatever I was doing every hour or so and went and fed the damned bird. On the third day, when the rush was over, I realized that the stack of baled hay had brought the nest from which the bird had fallen within reach of a ladder. I persuaded my husband to climb up and put him back. When my husband climbed down, he reported that the bird had settled in beside his single nestmate with no fuss. That, I thought with relief, is that. Two more days passed. I crossed the threshold of the barn and chanced to glance down, and there on the concrete waiting for me was my damned bird. The sequence of events was as before: the bird stowed in a box in the bathroom; the hourly duty grudgingly performed. This time, I knew I was stuck with him until he fledged, so I grudgingly gave him a name—Albert Ross, to be pronounced rapidly. Like most of us, I had read about imprinting and how by early experience birds learn to behave in a way appropriate to their species. It occurred to me that there was no use in saving this bird's life if he grew up without knowing how to be a starling, and this he could hardly do shut up in a cardboard box in a silent bathroom. I made a nest of hay inside a bird cage, carried the cage to the barn, and hung it from a rafter—safe from the cats—so that the bird could see and hear the noisy comings and goings of the other starlings. I noticed that between feedings baby starlings, unless they are asleep, keep up a sort of whirring, purring sound, like a human baby crooning in its crib. I guessed that it is designed to remind the mother of her duty. My bird did it, too, of course. When I approached, I could tell by the intensity of the sound how hungry he was. When I kept him waiting too long, the crooning turned to a loud, eloquent, insistent whirr.

I took Albert's cage to the barn each morning and brought it into the bathroom each night. During the day, I made five or six visits to feed him. When I walked into the barn, filled with the crooning of many little birds—a sound that seemed full of confidence that satisfaction would always come—it struck me that the barn was a happy place. It had good vibes, as they used to say. I usually knew when it was feeding time without looking at my watch. This phase lasted about a week. By then, Albert was hopping restlessly around in his cage, and I realized that it was time to think about launching him. I called a biologist I know. I opened by saying that what I had was only a rotten starling, but nevertheless I would appreciate instructions on preparing him for release. The biologist said that first the bird should be allowed to flutter around some safe enclosure and practice flying. A screened porch would be ideal. I have a screened porch, so that was O.K. Then I should teach him to eat by himself instead of from my fingers. Then I should put him outdoors for trial flights, allowing him to return to the porch for reassurance and refuge when he wished. When he was ready, he would leave for good. I explained that Albert was hardly tame, since I hadn't allowed him to be imprinted by me. I wondered if I should continue to be careful about this. "Don't worry," the biologist said. "They forget very quickly and go wild." He also said I needn't apologize for raising a starling. "They're great birds," he said. "Good bug catchers, very smart, beautiful song. That's why they were brought here in the first place." Then he added, a bit teasingly, "I bet you love that bird." This suggested to me an image of a sappy woman murmuring baby talk with each offering of dog food, so I said coldly that I found Albert "interesting" and that I was grateful for the advice.

Now I had more contact with Albert. He soon flew around the screened porch competently, but he would eat only from my hand. He quickly became very tame. He spent most of his time perched on a bamboo blind waiting for me. Whenever I appeared, he launched himself at me, to land, chirping and begging, on my arm. I tried every strategy to get him to peck at food. I scattered it at his feet on a bench. I held it before his beak. I secreted it. No dice. This went on for several days. I worried. I called the biologist, who said to let him go hungry all day and then put food before him. That day was hell. Albert was desperate, and I felt awful. At twilight, he still had not pecked a single crumb, so I fed him and, with relief, watched him go contentedly to bed on a perch I had fixed for him in a sheltered corner. The next day, there was a partial breakthrough. I put down a big ashtray full of water. Albert hopped in and took a vigorous bath, during which he sipped some water. I felt like cheering.

By now, I had had Albert about two weeks. He looked quite adult, but not like a starling. He was a soft-gray color, with a pale spot on his chest. His outline was graceful. He was a nice-looking bird. When I went out to the barn, I realized that his class had graduated. The barn was silent, but the lawn was busy. Where the lawnmower had recently passed, I saw mother starlings working intently, followed by gray juveniles who seemed to watch the mother bird and emulate her movements as she probed the sod for grubs. It was clear what I had to do next. Albert and I went outside. I put him on the

Tableau

ground, and, squatting down, scratched up the earth with a trowel. Albert watched, whirring insistently for food. A worm appeared. Quick as a flash, Albert seized it. I continued scrabbling, hopping to a new location when the previous one was exhausted. We found all sorts of insects: wireworms, grubs, beetles. Albert was enthusiastic. Finally, he was full, and flew to a tree. I felt relief that another hurdle was behind us, but when I returned to the porch Albert cried out and flew in with me. It was just as well. At that moment, one of my cats passed by.

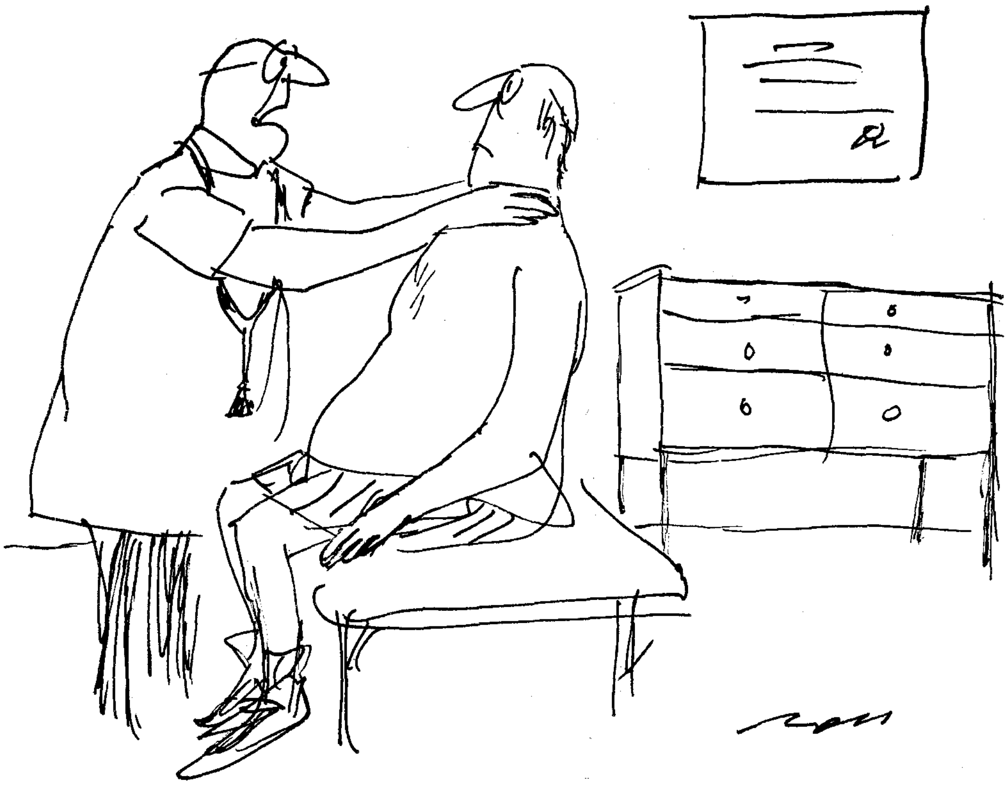
Now we were on the homestretch, but new worries seized me. I was teaching Albert to find food by hunting on the ground, as a starling must, but I was unable to give the warning cry that would teach him to beware of predators. He was foolishly trusting of my dog and would land on the ground right under her nose. I couldn't be with Albert every minute he was outside, and, besides, he needed to learn to do his own hunting. For two days, I shut up my cats and left Albert outdoors. It didn't work. In the first place, he did very little searching on his own. He spent most of his time in the tree by the porch door waiting for me to come out, so that we could search for food together. Every time I went out, he would fly down to the ground and hop along after me wherever I went. I usually responded by getting down on all fours and scrabbling through the grass with my fingers while Albert stood by to grab whatever little scurrying things I scared up; then, when I left Albert, he always flew back to his perch in the tree. Inside the house, the cats were furious and frustrated. Maneuvering to get in or out without letting one of them escape was nerve-racking. They waited by the door. I swore and kicked them back. It was all too easy to visualize what would happen if one should get out: my two weeks of hard labor going down the drain as Albert flew trustingly into the jaws of death.

When nothing had changed by the evening of the third day, I knew that the impasse must be broken. I was under too much stress. "I've got to get rid of the damned bird," I told myself. I recalled that there is a bird sanctuary twenty miles from my house. I found that it had a phone number. I asked the man who answered if I could lay a partly fledged starling on him. He said he didn't know much about the job but was willing to try. I put Albert in his cage, covered it with a towel, and drove to the sanctuary. Even muffled by the towel, the bird's voice was penetrating. Albert chirped all the way in apparent bewilderment and alarm. I said, "It's going to be all right, Albert. I promise you it will be all right."

I found the sanctuary headquarters and the caretaker, a friendly young man in jeans with a red beard, who had a degree in invertebrate biology. That was reassuring. He should at least be good at finding insects. I let Albert out of the cage and he sat on my arm. We both admired him. Then I got down on the grass and showed the young man how to rummage about so that Albert could find food. I told him that Albert liked a nice, deep bath. I told the young man that if he would just look after Albert for a few days, helping him to find food and learn his way around, the bird would probably go wild after that. I picked up the towel and cage, and left. As I drove out, I was reassured by the sight of the young man on all fours progressing slowly across the lawn with Albert hopping along beside him. During the silent drive home, I felt relief that anxiety over Albert's safety had been removed. I congratulated myself on such a fine solution. I looked forward to a leisurely drink, with no bird-nurturing duties to perform. A drink would cheer me up.

Around noon the following day, I called the sanctuary. The young man said that when darkness came Albert had split. He had disappeared into the trees, and hadn't been seen since. The young man said he was sorry and hoped the bird would be O.K. As soon as I hung up, I realized my mistake. At home, I had put Albert on the porch each night while the cats were let out. Naturally, at bedtime he had gone to look for his accustomed sleeping place. He had probably fluttered in confusion through the dark woods. At daylight, I imagined, he had started out again for home. He would probably stop at the first house he came to. If a person appeared, Albert would land at that startled person's feet and beg. I prayed there would be no cats in the house that Albert found.

I went out to tidy up the porch. I took down Albert's perch and picked up the food dishes and the ashtray bathtub. Outside, the lawn was dotted with starling parents guiding and instructing their young with an air of busy competence. They were a noisy bunch. Each time one of the young birds spoke in a voice like Albert's, there was an involuntary response inside me. I wondered how long it takes for a person who has become imprinted by a bird to get over the illusion that she is its mother.



"You know what your trouble is? Your trouble is you're drinking the wrong beer."

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WHOSE WHO?

(A People-Item Journalist Takes on the History of Mankind)

BEFORE last week, a couple of noted precursors reached the postcursing stage: for **Java Man** and **Java Woman,** it was the end of something. "We met in a tree," recalled J.M., "and just totally flipped over each other"—but then came twelve and a half years of rough-and-tumble. "We did the whole number, the bonking on the head, the dragging by the hair, the clawing and the biting and the names. 'Animal!' 'Troglodyte!' You know.

"Finally it dawned on us this was getting us nowhere. 'After all,' we said, 'we are two fully upright adults. Let's start acting like hominids.' Now I think we know each other better. Because we know *ourselves* better. And we realize we are two very different people."

So with jaws still ajut and brows still ridged, but personally more together, the Javas announced their separation. Observed J.W., who under terms of the settlement will keep the cave and brood (he, the club): "We were both evolving all the time. It's hard on a relationship."

Heliogabalus. Jacob Riis. Magellan. Oswald Jacoby. Luke.

Some millennia the third and second B.C. turned out to be for those **Sumerians!** That's the invention-of-writing people. In the old oral days, "ha" had meant "fish;" then came cuneiform, and the fish symbol meant "ha." No problem—until the Sumerians' northern neighbors passed from barbarism to civilization.

If you write, you share. The Sumerians, whose lower-Tigris-and-Euphrates stomping grounds lacked stone and metal, turned the new crowd on to Fish and Owl and all the other symbols. Pretty soon everybody was cuneiforming—and there were no more Sumerians to speak of. They'd been absorbed.

"They had the first 'ha,' " quipped an absorbent **Akkadian** as he hooked up a nice chunk of metal to a likely block of stone. "But we got the last laugh."

Eugène Sue, Tito Fuentes, Helena Blavatsky, Georg Simon Ohm.

And **I.** You heard me. I. I, by the standards of tidbit journalism, may not be a "person." I may not be "notable." But I am a . . . consideration. I occupy space, I breathe, black out, experience systole, diastole, longing, and a "zimmezimme" sound in my ears that I can't quite identify. I go home at night and face **Ciel,** and little **Uwe** and **Honoré** and **Willadean** and **Umbra** and **Fleming** and **Pud** and the dog **Tippy** and old **Uncle Pancoast** and our life together.

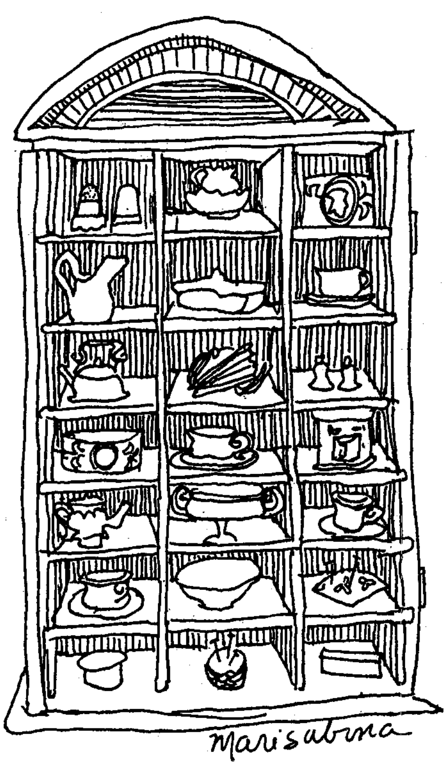
I voted for **Kropotkin** in the recent mayoral contest.

And I write the items.

Remember that tooth dislodged from **Hammurabi** by Babylon's then-minister of brick during their late-night "all in fun" bout of tackle-the-man-with-the-tablet? Well, it seems the tooth will not be compensated for along the usual lines. According to a government spokesman, the code does not apply to officially recognized sporting events. In any case, the minister's teeth were termed "much smaller and browner" than the King's, after each was removed and considered. The minister was reportedly placed under 777 new bricks, where he will await reassignment.

Maud Gonne, Mary I, George Romney, Jubal Early, Epaminondas of Thebes.

And **You?** Dear idling soft-news reader. Maybe an electrician? Maybe a Burmese woman? With soft translucent eyes? You can reach me here at the office. We'll meet, we'll talk, we'll grab a couple of Blimpies and get *out*, get *away* from all these . . . snippets of vicarious popularia. This "people."



And have you noticed that "the people" went out as "people" came in? Bringing with it "people issues," the kind of person who describes himself as "a people person," the expression "he's good people," and the neutron bomb?

Or have I lost you already? Has your attention span been brought to this—that it can no longer take in more than thirty-five words without **a name** and a

slug of white space

APPARENTLY the Yuletide was not all triumph for **Charlemagne.** What with all the coronation commotion, remarked the Holy Roman Empire's new head, his family didn't get a chance to open presents together. "It just didn't seem like Christmas," he has confided to friends. "I know it disappointed the boys."

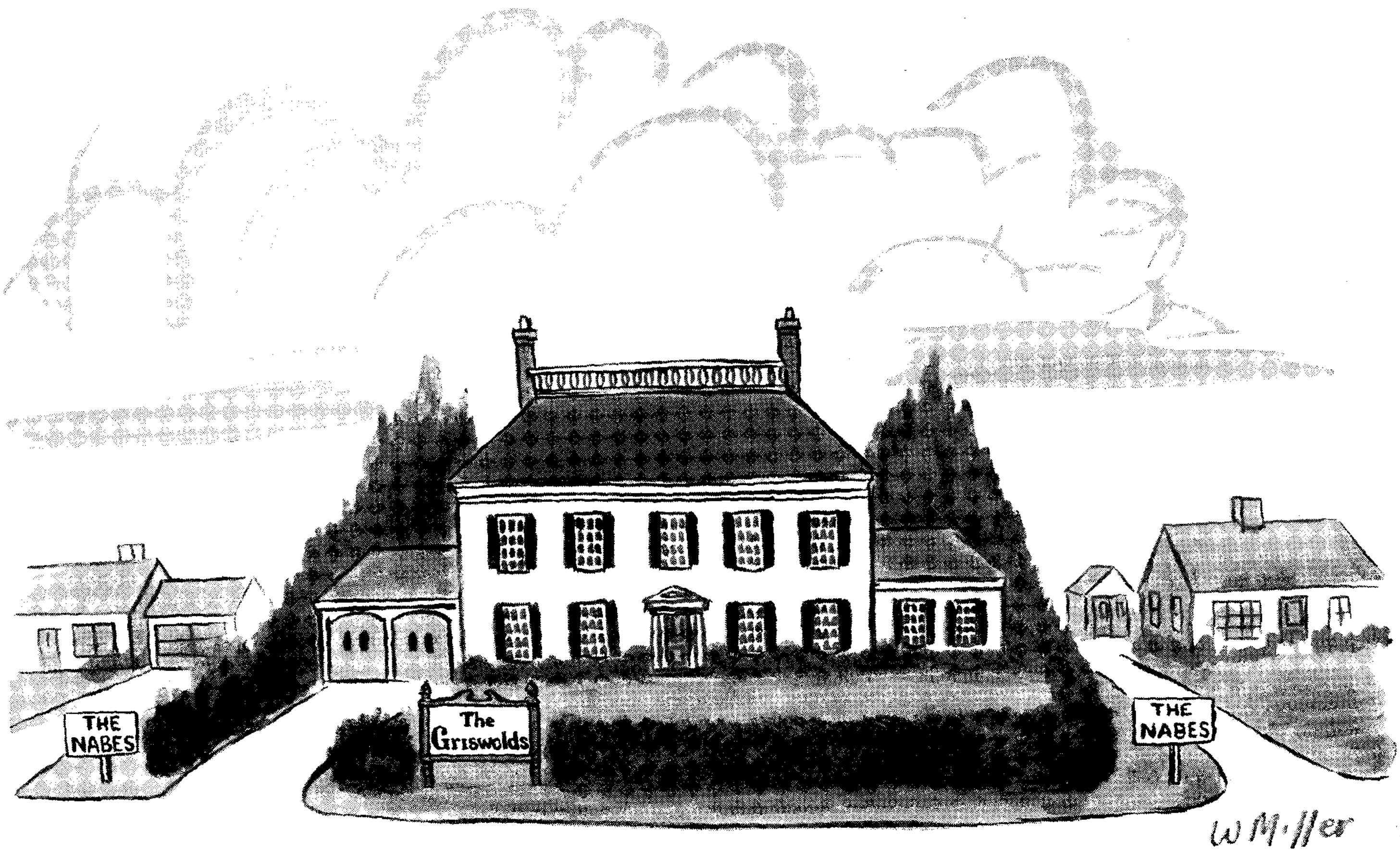
Vespasian, Wolf Mankowitz, Eva Marie Saint, Li Po, Al Lanier of Blue Öyster Cult.

Back to **You.** Don't just sit there reading with your head bent forward: bad for your neck, makes you look like a serf. *Take sides.* Let them go at it, one on one, and tell me, who do you like? **Gato Barbieri** or **Lazarillo De Tormes? Cher** or **Moussorgsky? Lon Nol** or **Hughie (Ee-Yah) Jennings?** To this observer, it is Kropotkin over any or all, though Uncle Pancoast plumps for **Thutmose II.**

What of **Napoleon Bonaparte?** The former French emperor, reached in Elba, said he was working with aides on his forthcoming memoirs, stretching his 24-inch-inseam legs with daily strolls on the beach, and puttering around the governor's mansion. "*Mais maintenant, il faut courir,*" he concluded. "*Il faut 'cultiver mon jardin.'* "

Listen, this "people" stuff is not the bargain it seems. It's fast folks, makes its way into the bloodstream like bacon substitute. But—we are not *obliged* to nibble away submissively on processed "people." We can take a hand.

Pick somebody—anybody: **Carmen Basilio . . . Saint Crispin . . . Leon Trotsky.** Think about him. "Oh, yeah, Trotsky—better-natured kind of guy,



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wasn't he, than **Stalin**? Communist, though. Hit with an ice axe in Mexico . . . but how'd anybody look innocent carrying around an ice axe, down there, oh well what the hell, etc., etc." And on to the next "person," be it **Elihu Root, Colley Cibber, Imre Nagy, Ned Buntline, Herod, Julia Ward Howe, Gorboduc,** or **August Gneisenau.**

But wait a minute. Would you have hit Leon?

If so, with what?

We headline our columns "Notes on People," or "Newsmakers," or "Names . . . Faces," but are these in fact the lowest common denominator? Are they even units? In the process of some random paragraph's filtration through your household perhaps you have caught a glint of this microbiological hypothesis: that all of us, even **Henry L. Stimson,** have been host organisms for that master race by which we are, so to speak, peopled—those wee, ineffably knowing, intimate, unconfrontable intracellular bodies that live our inner lives, even carry our genes, the **Mitochondria.**

Are the Mitochondria just laughing up our sleeves? They must have hummed to themselves while those scientists at Brookhaven National Laboratory bred a person-plant: cancer cells from a Baltimore woman fused with cells of hybrid tobacco. And what has she/it developed? No doubt foliage, ratiocination, limited enthusiasm for the Orioles, and a hacking cough. But the Mitochondria don't care: to them it's just a kicky new split-level home.

The reunion after sixty years of **Dr. Sigmund Freud** with his school soccer team was a hit with all concerned except Freud himself and goaltender **Sandor Ferenczi,** whom Freud steadfastly maintained he didn't remember, even after Ferenczi did a certain droll thing with his ears and fingers which had made him highly popular in school, then donned an old team jersey and produced a ball which he kicked toward the father of psychoanalysis.

Freud ignored the kick, and seemed to be incensed by the thing with the ears and fingers. Ferenczi said he found the Freudian lapse "interesting."

Ataturk. Dana X. Bible. O. E. Rölvaag. Sacagawea.

His "Principle of Uncertainty" he called it, in no uncertain terms. It is impossible to determine exactly and simultaneously both the position and the momentum of any body, stated **Werner Karl Heisenberg,** thereby weakening the law of cause and effect.

"What makes *you* so hot? What makes you so *sure*?" exclaimed a policeman in the audience. In the ensuing confusion a series of shots was heard which struck the rostrum.

But Heisenberg was gone.

Vasco da Gama. Vaughn Monroe. Huey, Dewey, and **Louie.**

It's a brand-new White House pet for **Amy Carter:** a baby chimera swapped to her by an unnamed classmate. The President's daughter would not reveal to reporters either the quid pro quo or the chimera's name, or whether it liked peanuts or understood the role of the press.

Diderot. Capucine.

I slim. I put on weight. My belt also shrinks and stretches. **Ajax. Alaric.** (I sometimes feel that someone on the copy desk made up **Al Kaline** and **Dr. Armand Hammer** out of whole cloth, just to see if I was paying attention.) **Bhutto. Qaddafi.** I am paying attention. To what is there. To what is not there. To the people who move their lips concerning me, perhaps in such a manner that I can't quite make out the words or the tone. To the media. Which engross us in taglanguage, which take us for granted, which never remember our name.

Eugène Delacroix.

—Roy Blount, Jr.

ATTRACTA

SHE had been named after a saint. St. Attracta was said to have received the veil from St. Patrick and was well known throughout Ireland for her two miracles. When soldiers were fleeing from the wrath of the King of Connacht, she helped them to escape by dividing the waters of Lough Gara. Later she harnessed forest deer with her hair, making them drag timber for the construction of a fort.

This Attracta wasn't like that at all, and her world was a quieter one. Since 1937 she had taught in a schoolroom that hadn't altered much since she'd been a pupil in it herself. Around the walls there were portraits of England's kings and queens, painted by some teacher in the past. There were pictures, added at a later date, of Irish heroes: Niall of the Nine Hostages, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, and Grattan. Maps of Europe, of Ireland, and of England, Wales, and Scotland hung side by side. A new blackboard, attached to the wall, had ten years ago replaced the old pedestal one. The globe had always been there in Attracta's time, but since it did not designate political boundaries it wasn't much out of date. The twenty-five wooden desks more urgently needed to be replaced.

In the schoolroom, Attracta taught the sixteen Protestant children of a town in County Cork. The numbers had been greater in the past, and often fewer; sixteen was an average, a number she found easy to manage when divided into the four classes that the different ages demanded. The room was large, the desks were arranged in groups, discipline had never been a problem. The country children brought sandwiches for lunch, the children of the town went home at midday. Attracta went home herself, to the house in North Street which she'd inherited from her Aunt Emmeline and where now she lived alone. She possessed an old blue Morris Minor, but she did not often drive it to and from her schoolroom, preferring to make the journey on foot in order to get fresh air and exercise. She was a familiar figure, the Protestant teacher with her basket of groceries or schoolbooks. She had never married, though twice she'd been proposed to: by an exchange clerk in the Bank of Ireland and by an English visitor who had once spent the summer in the area with his parents. All that was long past, for Attracta was sixty-one. Her predecessor in the schoolroom, Mr. Ayrie, hadn't retired until he was over seventy. She had always assumed she'd emulate him in that.

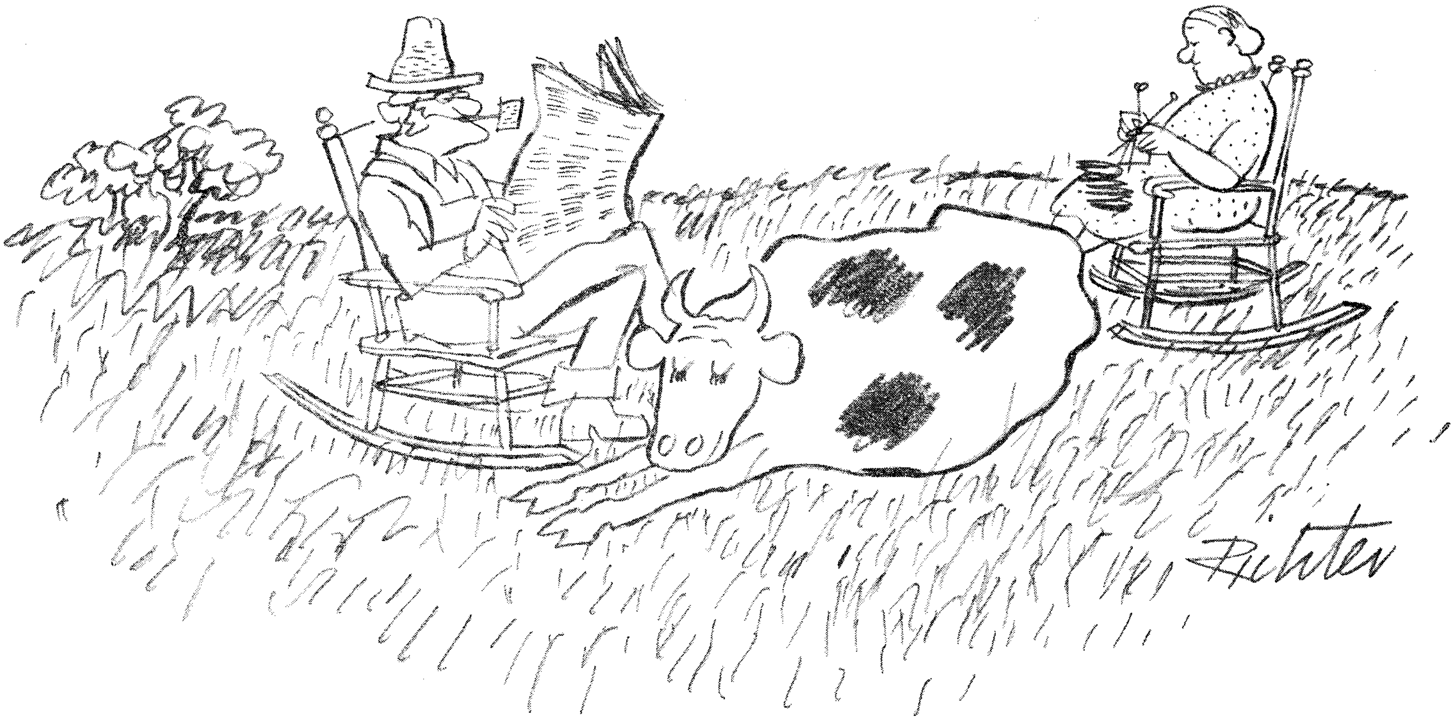
Looking back on it, Attracta didn't regret that she had not married. She hadn't much cared for either of the men who'd proposed to her, and she didn't mind being alone at sixty-one in her house in North Street. She regularly went to church, she had friends who had been her pupils. Now and again in the holidays she drove her Morris Minor to Cork for a day's shopping and possibly a visit to the Savoy or the Pavilion, although the films they offered were not as good as they'd been in the past. Being on her own was something she'd always known, having been both an only child and an orphan. There had been tragedy in her life, but she considered that she had not suffered. People had been good to her.

Attracta read about Penelope Vade in a newspaper item that upset her. "ENGLISH GIRL'S SUICIDE IN BELFAST," the headline said, and below it there was a photograph—a girl with a slightly crooked smile and freckled cheeks. There was a photograph of her husband in Army uniform, taken a few weeks before his death, and one of the house in Belfast in which she had later rented a flat. "From the marks of blood on carpets and rugs," the item said, "it is deduced that Mrs. Vade dragged herself across the floors of two rooms. She appears repeatedly to have fainted before she reached a bottle of aspirins in a kitchen cupboard." She had been twenty-three at the time of her death.

Penelope Vade's desire to make some kind of gesture—a gesture of courage and perhaps anger—had caused her to leave her parents' home in Haslemere and go to Belfast. Her husband, an Army officer, had been murdered in Belfast; he had been decapitated as well. His head, wrapped in cotton wool to absorb the ooze of blood, secured within a plastic bag and packed in a biscuit tin, had been posted to Penelope Vade. Layer by layer the parcel had been opened by her in Haslemere. She hadn't known that he was dead.

Her gesture was her mourning of him. She went to Belfast to join the Women's Peace Movement, to make the point that somehow neither he nor she had been defeated. But her ges-

"*Wait, I know what's different. Your hair's curlier.*"



ture, publicly reported, incensed the men who had gone to the trouble of killing him. One after another, seven of them committed acts of rape on her. It was then that she killed herself.

A fortnight after Attracta had first read the newspaper item, it still upset her. It haunted her, and she knew why it did, though imprecisely. When she was alone at night, scenes from the tragedy established themselves in her mind: the opening of the biscuit box, the smell of death, blood turning brown. As if at a macabre slide show, the scene would change: before people had wondered about her whereabouts, Penelope Vade had been dead for four days; mice had left droppings on her body.

One afternoon, in order to think the matter over in peace and quiet, Attracta drove her Morris Minor to the sea at Cedarstrand, eight miles from the town. She clambered from the strand up to the headland and paused there, gazing down into the bay at the solitary island it held. No one had ever lived on the island, because its smallness would have made a self-supporting existence impossible. Growing up, she'd often wondered what it would be like to live alone on the rocky fastness, in a wooden hut or a cottage built of stones. Not very agreeable, she'd thought, having always been sociable. She thought it again as she turned abruptly from the sea and followed a path inland through wiry purple heather.

Two fishermen, approaching her on the path, recognized her as the Protestant teacher from the town eight miles away and stood aside for her to pass. She was thinking that nothing she might ever have said in her schoolroom could possibly have prevented the death of a girl in a city two hundred miles away. Yet in a way it seemed ridiculous that for so long she had been relating the details of Cromwell's desecration and the laws of Pythagoras, when she should have been talking about people of the town: Mr. Devereux and Geraldine Carey. And it was Mr. Purce she should have recalled instead of the Battle of the Boyne.

The fishermen spoke to her as she passed them by, but she didn't answer. It surprised them that she didn't, for they hadn't heard that the Protestant teacher had recently become deaf or odd. Just old, they supposed as they watched her progressing slowly: an upright figure, spare and fragile-looking, a certain stiffness in her movements.

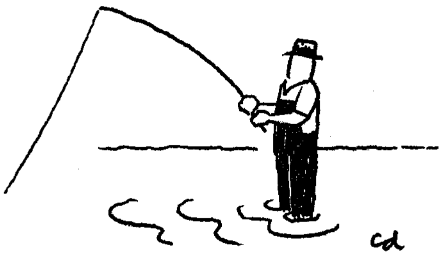
WHAT made Attracta feel close to the girl in the newspaper item was the tragedy in her own life: the death of her mother and her father when she was three. Her parents had gone away, she had been told, and at first she had wept miserably and would not be comforted. But as days passed into weeks, and weeks into months, this unhappiness gradually left her. She ceased to ask about her parents and became used to living in her Aunt Emmeline's house in North Street. In time she no longer remembered the morning she'd waked up in this house, in a bed that was strange to her; nor could she recollect her parents' faces. She grew up assuming they were no longer alive, and when once she voiced this assumption her aunt did not contradict it. It wasn't until she was eleven that she learned the details of the tragedy from Mr. Purce, a small man in a hard black hat who was often to be seen on the streets of the town. He was one of the people she noticed in her childhood, like the elderly beggarwoman called Limerick Nancy and the wild-looking builder's laborer who could walk a hundred miles without stopping, who never wore a jersey or a coat over his open shirt even on the coldest winter days. There were others, too. Priests walked in pairs, out along the road that led to the golf course and to Cedarstrand by the longer route. There were nuns in pairs also, strolling through the afternoon sunshine, and there was Redmond the solicitor, hurrying about with his business papers, and Father Quinn on his bicycle. At night there were the red-fleshed country bachelors tipsily smiling through cigarette smoke, lips glistening in the street light outside Keogh's public house. At all times of day, at all the town's corners, the children of the poor waited for nothing in particular.

The town was everything in Attracta's childhood, and only some of it had changed in fifty years. Without nostalgia she remembered the horses and carts with milk churns for the creamery, slowly advancing on narrow streets between color-washed houses. On fair days the pavements had been slithery with dung, and on fair days they still were. Farmers, their shirts clean for the occasion, a stud at the throat, without collar or tie, stood by their animals. Dogs slouched in a manner that was characteristic of the dogs of the town. There was a smell of stout and sawdust. In her childhood there had been O'Mara's picture house, dour gray cement encasing the dreamland of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Built with pride in 1929, O'Mara's was a ruin now.

Within the world of the town there was, for Attracta, a smaller, Protestant world. Behind green railings there was Mr. Ayrie's Protestant schoolroom. There was the Church of Ireland church, with its dusty flags of another age and Archdeacon Flower's prayers for the English royal family. There were the Sunday-school classes of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, and the patience of Attracta's aunt, which seemed like a Protestant thing also—the Protestant duty of a woman who had never expected to find herself looking after a child. There was Mr. Devereux, a Protestant who never went to church.

No one in the town, not even her aunt, was kinder to Attracta than Mr. Devereux. On her birthday he came himself to the house in North Street with a present carefully wrapped—a doll's house once, so big he'd had to ask the man next door to help him out of his motorcar with it. At Christmas he had a Christmas tree in his house, and other children in the town, her friends from school, were invited to a party. Every Saturday she spent the afternoon with him, eating his housekeeper's delicious orange cake for tea and sticking stamps into the album he'd given her, listening to his gramophone in the room he called his office. He loved getting a huge fire going in his office, banking up the coals so that they'd glow and redden her cheeks. In summer he sat in his back garden with her, sometimes reading "The Coral Island" aloud. He made her run away to the raspberry canes and come back with a punnet of fruit, which they'd have at suppertime. He was different from her aunt and from Mr. Ayrie and Archdeacon Flower. He smelled of the tobacco he smoked in his pipe. He wore tweed suits and a striped shirt with a white celluloid collar, and patterned brown shoes, which Attracta greatly admired. His tie matched the tweed of his suit, a gold watch dangled from the lapel of his jacket into the top pocket. He was by trade a grain merchant.

His house was quiet and always a little mysterious. The drawing room, full of looming furniture, was dark in the daytime. Behind layers of curtains that hung to the ground blue blinds obscured the greater part of the light: sunshine would damage the furniture, Mr. Devereux's housekeeper used to say. On a summer's afternoon this woman would light a paraffin lamp so that she could polish the mahogany surfaces of the tables and the grand piano. Her name was Geraldine Carey; she added to the house's mystery.



Mr. Devereux's smile was slow. There was a laziness about it, in both its leisurely arrival and the way it lingered. His eyes had a weary look, quite out of keeping with all the efforts he made to promote his friendship with Attracta and her aunt. Yet the efforts seemed natural to Attracta, as did the efforts of Geraldine Carey, who was the quietest person Attracta had ever met. She spoke in a voice that it was often hard to hear. Her hair was as black as coal, drawn back from her face and arranged in a coiled bun at the back of her head. Her eyes were startlingly alive, seeming to be black also, often cast down. She had the kind of beauty that Attracta would have liked one day to possess herself but

THE SUN UNDERFOOT AMONG THE SUNDEWS

An ingenuity too astonishing
to be quite fortuitous is
this bog full of sundews, sphagnum-
lined and shaped like a teacup.

A step
down and you're into it; a
wilderness swallows you up:
ankle-, then knee-, then midriff-
to-shoulder-deep in wetfooted
understory, an overhead
spruce-tamarack horizon hinting
you'll never get out of here.

But the sun
among the sundews, down there,
is so bright, an underfoot
webwork of carnivorous rubies,
a star-swarm thick as the gnats
they're set to catch, delectable
double-faced cockleburs, each
hair-tip a sticky mirror
afire with sunlight, a million
of them and again a million,
each mirror a trap set to
unhand unbelieving,

that either
a First Cause said once, "Let there
be sundews," and there were, or they've
made their way here unaided
other than by that backhand, round-
about refusal to assume responsibility
known as Natural Selection.

But the sun
underfoot is so dazzling
down there among the sundews,
there is so much light
in the cup that, looking,
you start to fall upward.

—Amy Clampitt

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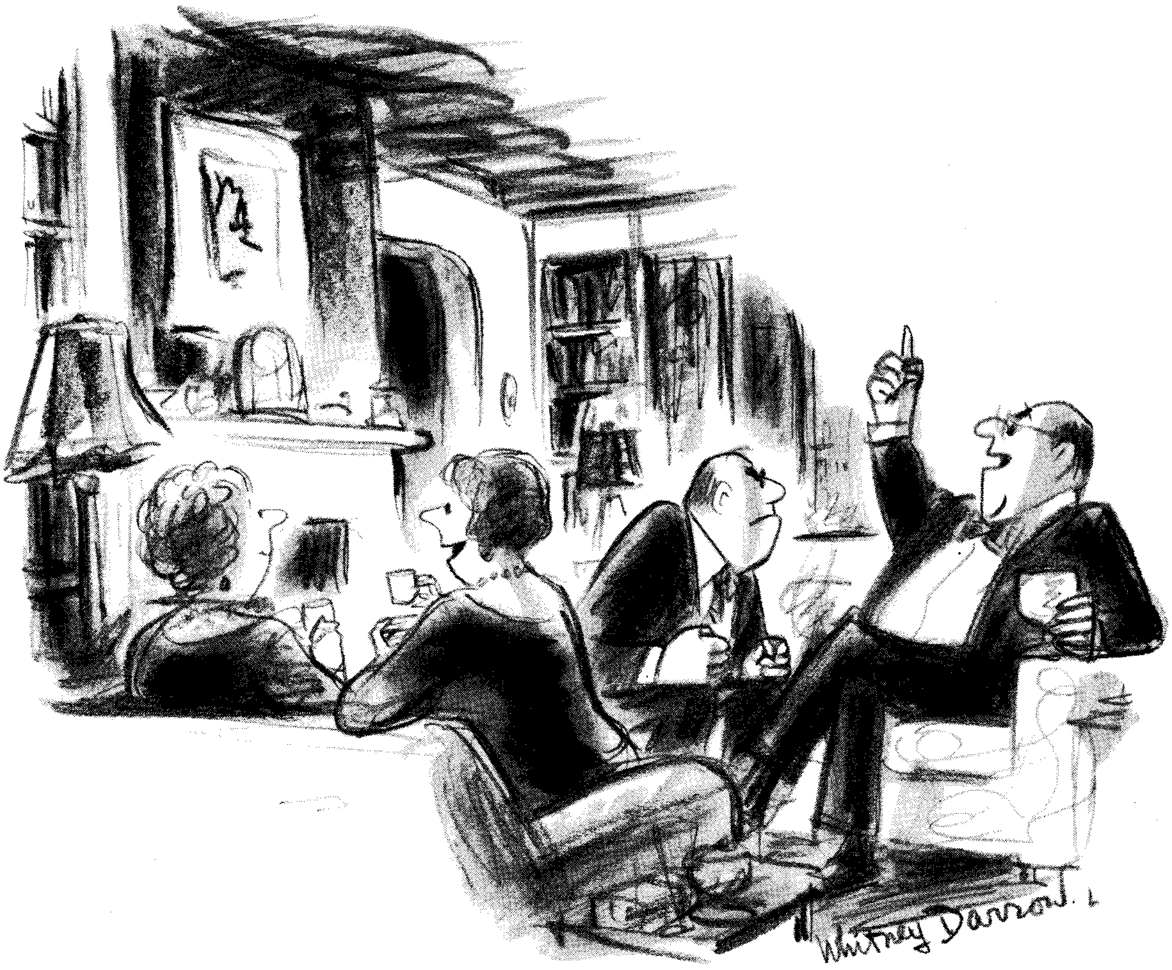

“John’s a counterpuncher.”

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knew she would not. Geraldine Carey was like a nun, because of the dark clothes she wore, and she had a nun’s piety. In the town it was said she couldn’t go to Mass often enough. “Why weren’t you a nun, Geraldine?” Attracta asked her once, watching her making bread in her big, cool kitchen. The habit would have suited her, she added, already imagining the housekeeper’s face framed by the coif, and the black voluminous skirts. But Geraldine Carey replied that she’d never heard God calling her. “Only the good are called,” she said.

There had been a time, faintly remembered by Attracta, when her Aunt Emmeline wasn’t well disposed toward Mr. Devereux and Geraldine Carey. There was suspicion of some kind, a frowning over the presents he brought, an agitation whenever Attracta was invited to tea. Because of her own excitement over the presents and the invitations, Attracta didn’t pay much attention to the nature of her aunt’s concern and looking back on it years later could only speculate. Her Aunt Emmeline was a precise person, a tall woman who had never married, reputed to be delicate. Her house in North Street, very different from Mr. Devereux’s, reflected her: it was neat as a new pin, full of light; the windows of its small rooms were invariably open at the top to let in fresh air. The fanlight above the hall door was always gleaming, filling the hall with morning sunlight. Attracta’s Aunt Emmeline had a fear of dankness, of damp clothes and wet feet and rain falling on the head. She worried about lots of things.

Clearly she had worried about Mr. Devereux. There was an occasion when Archdeacon Flower had been specially invited to tea, when Attracta listened at the sitting-room door because she’d sensed from her aunt’s flustered manner that something important was to be discussed. “Oh, have no worry in that direction at all,” she heard the Archdeacon say. “Gentle as a lamb that man’s become.” Her aunt asked a question Attracta could not hear, because of the sound of a teacup being replaced on a saucer. “He’s doing the best he can,” the Archdeacon continued, “according to his lights.” Her aunt mentioned Geraldine Carey, and again the Archdeacon reassured her. “Bygones are bygones,” he said. “Isn’t it a remarkable thing when a man gets caught in his own snare?” He commented on the quality of her aunt’s fruitcake and then said that everyone should be charitably disposed toward Mr. Devereux and Geraldine Carey. He believed, he said, that that was God’s wish.

After that, slowly over the years, Attracta’s aunt began to think more highly of Mr. Devereux, until in the end there was no one in the entire town, with the possible exception of Archdeacon Flower, whom she held in greater esteem. Once when Phelan the coal merchant insisted that she hadn’t paid for half a ton of coal and she recollected perfectly giving the money to the man who’d delivered it, Mr. Devereux had come to her aid. “A right old devil, Phelan is,” Attracta heard him saying in the hall, and that was the end of the matter. On Saturday evenings, having kept Attracta company on her walk home, Mr. Devereux might remain for a little while in the house in North Street. He sometimes brought lettuces or cuttings with him, or tomatoes or strawberries. He would take a glass of sherry in the trim little sitting room with its delicate inlaid chairs that matched the delicacy of Attracta’s aunt. Often he’d still be there, taking a second glass, when Attracta came down to say good night. Her aunt’s cat, Diggory, liked to climb up onto his knees, and as if in respect of some kind Mr. Devereux never lighted his pipe. He and her aunt would converse in low voices, and generally they’d cease when Attracta entered the room. She would kiss him good night after she’d kissed her aunt. She imagined it was what having a father was like.

At the town’s approximate center there stood a gray woman on a pedestal: a statue of the Maid of Erin. It was here, only yards from this monument, that Mr. Purce told Attracta, when she was eleven, the truth about her parents' death. She'd always had the feeling that Mr. Purce wanted to speak to her—even that he was waiting until she could understand what it was he had to say. He was a man people didn't much like; he'd settled in the town, having come there from somewhere else. He was a clerk in the courthouse.

"There's a place I know where there's greenfinches," he said, as if introducing himself. "Ten nests of them, maybe twelve, maybe more. Do you understand me, Attracta? Would you like me to show you?"

She was on her way home from school. She had to get back to do her homework, she said to Mr. Purce. She didn't want to go looking for greenfinches with him.

"Did Devereux tell you not to talk to Mr. Purce?" he said, and she shook her head. As far as she could remember, Mr. Devereux had never mentioned Mr. Purce. "I see you in church," Mr. Purce said.

She had seen him, too, sitting in the front, over on the left-hand side. Her aunt had often remarked that the day Mr. Purce didn't go to church it would be a miracle. It was like Geraldine Carey going to Mass.

"I'll walk out with you," he said. "I have a half day today for myself."

They walked together, to her embarrassment. She glanced at shopwindows to catch a glimpse of their reflection, to see if they looked as awkward as she felt. He was only a head taller than she, and part of that was made up by his hard black hat. His clerk's suit was double-breasted, navy blue with a pale stripe in it, shiny here and there, in need of a good ironing. He wore black leather gloves and carried a walking stick. He always had the gloves and the walking stick in church, but his Sunday suit was superior to the one he wore now. Her own fair hair, pinned up under her green-brimmed hat, was the most distinctive feature of their joint reflection. The color of good corn, Mr. Devereux used to say, and she always considered that a compliment, coming from a grain merchant. Her face was thin and her eyes blue, but repeated in the shopwindows there was now only a blur of flesh, a thin shaft between her hat and the green coat that matched it.

"You've had misfortune, Attracta." Solemnly he nodded, repeating the motion of his head until she wished he'd stop. "It was a terrible thing to be killed by mistake."

Attracta didn't know what he was talking about. They passed by the last of the shops in North Street: Shannon's grocery and bar, O'Brien's bakery, the hardware that years ago had run out of stock. The narrow street widened a bit.

Mr. Purce said, "Has she made a Catholic girl out of you, Attracta?"

"Who, Mr. Purce?"

"Devereux's woman. Has she tried anything on? Has she shown you rosary beads?"

She shook her head.

"Don't ever look at them if she does. Look away immediately if she gets them out of her apron or anything like that. Will you promise me that, girl?"

"I don't think she would. I don't think Mr. Devereux—"

"You can never tell with that crowd. There isn't a trick in the book they won't hop on to. Will you promise me, now? Have nothing to do with carry-on like that."

"Yes, Mr. Purce."

As they walked, he prodded at the litter on the pavement with his walking stick. Cigarette packets and squashed matchboxes flew into the gutter, bits of the *Cork Examiner*, sodden paper bags. He was known for this activity in the town, and even when he was on his own his voice was often heard, protesting at the untidiness.

"I'm surprised they never told you, Attracta," he said. "What are you now, girl?"

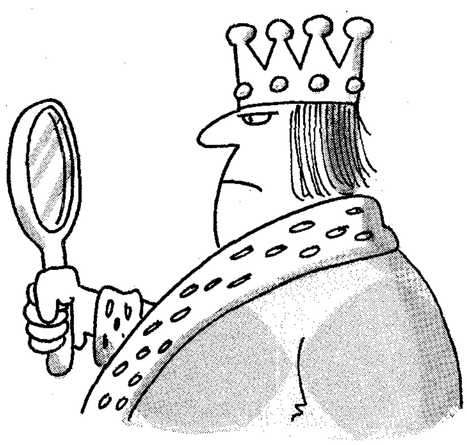
"I'm eleven."

"A big girl should know things like that."

"What things, Mr. Purce?"

He nodded in his repetitious manner, and then he explained himself. The tragedy had occurred in darkness, at night: her parents had accidentally become involved with an ambush meant for the Black and Tan soldiers who were in force in the area at the time. She herself had long since been asleep at home, and as Mr. Purce spoke she remembered waking up to find herself in a bed in her aunt's house without knowing how she got there. "That's how they got killed, Attracta," Mr. Purce said, and then he said an extraordinary thing. "You've got Devereux and his woman to thank for it."

She knew that the Black and Tan soldiers had been camped near the town; she knew there had been fighting. She realized that the truth about the death had been counted too terrible for a child to bear. But that her parents should have been shot, and shot in error, that the whole thing



had somehow been the responsibility of Mr. Devereux and Geraldine Carey seemed inconceivable to Attracta.

"They destroyed a decent Protestant pair," Mr. Purce continued, still flicking litter from the pavement. "Half ten at night on a public road, destroyed like pests."

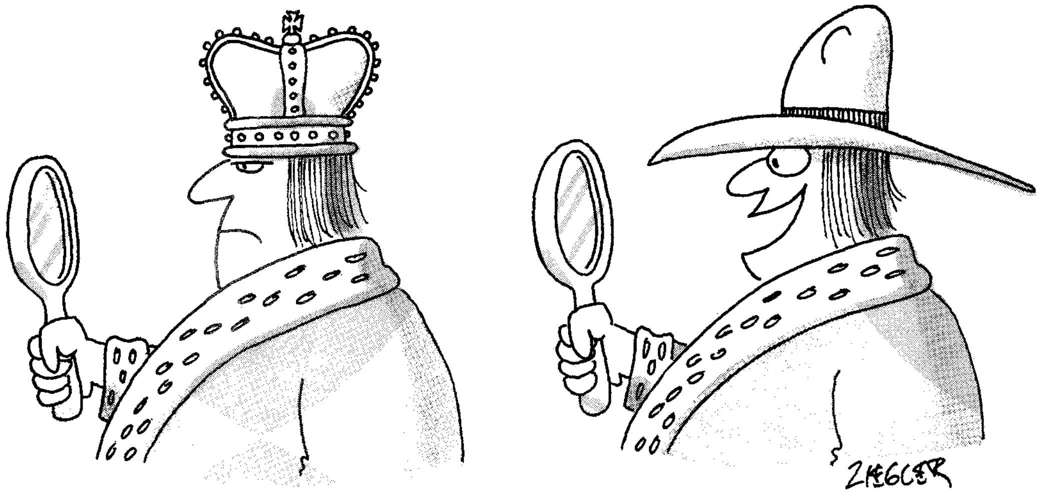
The sun, obscured by clouds while Attracta and Mr. Purce had made the journey from the center of the town, was suddenly warm on Attracta's face. A woman in a horse and cart, attired in the black hooded cloak of the locality, passed slowly by. There were sacks of meal in the cart, which had probably come from Mr. Devereux's mill.

"Do you understand what I'm saying to you, Attracta? Devereux was organizing resistance up in the hills. He had explosives and booby traps, he was drilling men to go and kill people. Did nobody tell you about himself and Geraldine Carey?"

She shook her head. He nodded again, as if to indicate that little better could be expected.

"Listen to me, Attracta. Geraldine Carey was brought into this town by the man she got married to, who used to work at Devereux's mill. Six months later she'd joined up with Devereux in the type of dirty behavior I wouldn't soil myself telling you about. Not only that, Attracta, she was gunrunning with him. She was fixing explosives like a man would, dressed up like a man in a uniform. Devereux was as wild as a savage. There was nothing Devereux wouldn't do; there was nothing the woman wouldn't do, either. They'd put booby traps down on roads and it didn't matter who got killed. They'd ambush the British soldiers when the soldiers didn't have a chance."

It was impossible to believe him. It was impossible to visualize the house-



keeper and Mr. Devereux in the roles he'd given them. No one with any sense could believe that Geraldine Carey would kill people. Was everything Mr. Purce said a lie? He was a peculiar man: had he some reason for stating that her mother and her father had met their deaths in this way?

"Your father was a decent man, Attracta. He was never drunk in his life. There was prayers for him in the chapel, but that was only a hypocrisy of the priests. Wouldn't the priest Quinn like to see every Protestant in this town dead and buried? Wouldn't he like to see you and me six foot down, with clay in our eye sockets?"

Attracta didn't believe that, and more certainly now it seemed to her that everything Mr. Purce said was untrue. Catholics were different: they crossed themselves when they passed their chapel; they went in for crosses and confession; they had Masses and candles. But it was hard to accept that Father Quinn, a jovial, red-faced man, would prefer it if she were dead. She'd heard her aunt's maid, Philomena, saying that Father Doran was cantankerous and that Father Martin wasn't worth his salt, but neither of them seemed to Attracta to be the kind of man who would wish people dead. "Proddy-woddy green-guts," Catholic children would shout out sometimes. "Catty Catty going to Mass," the Protestants would reply, "riding on the Devil's ass." But there was never much vindictiveness about any of it. The sides were unevenly matched: there were too few Protestants in the town to make a proper opposition; trouble was avoided.

"Devereux was a traitor to his religion, Attracta. And I'll promise you this: if I was to tell you about that woman of his, you wouldn't enter the house they have."

Abruptly he turned and walked away, back into the town, his walking stick still frantically working, poking away any litter it could find.

The sun was hot now. Attracta felt sticky within her several layers of clothes. She had a chapter of her history book to read, about the Saxons coming to England. She had four long-division sums to do, and seven lines of poetry to learn. "What potions have I drunk of Syren tears," the first one went—a statement Attracta could make neither head nor tail of.

She didn't go straight home. Instead she turned off to the left and walked through a back street, out into the country. She passed fields of mangels and turnips, again trying to imagine the scenes Mr. Purce had sketched for her: the ambush of men waiting for the soldiers, the firing of shots. It occurred to her that she had never asked anyone if her parents were buried in the Church of Ireland graveyard.

She passed by tinkers encamped on the verge of the road. A woman ran after her and asked her for money, saying her husband had just died. She swore when Attracta said she hadn't any, and then her manner changed again. She developed a whine in her voice, she said she'd pray for Attracta if she'd bring her money, tomorrow or the next day.

Had Mr. Purce only wished to turn her against Mr. Devereux because Mr. Devereux did not go to church? Was there no more to it than that? Did Mr. Purce say the first thing that came into his head? As Attracta walked, the words of Archdeacon Flower came back to her: in stating that Mr. Devereux was now as gentle as a lamb, was there the implication that once he hadn't been? And had her aunt, worried about Geraldine Carey, been reassured on that score also?

"It's all over now, dear," her aunt said on the evening of Attracta's encounter with Mr. Purce. She looked closely at Attracta and then put her arms around her, as if expecting tears. But tears didn't come, for Attracta was only amazed.

FIFTY years later, walking through the heather by the sea, Attracta remembered vividly that moment of her childhood. She couldn't understand how Mr. Devereux and Geraldine Carey had changed so. "Maybe they bear the burden of guilt," Archdeacon Flower had explained, summoned to the house by her aunt. "Maybe they look at you and feel responsible. It was an accident, but people can feel responsible for an accident." What had happened was in the past, he reminded her, as her aunt had. She understood what they were implying, that it must all be forgotten, yet she couldn't help imagining Mr. Devereux and his housekeeper laying booby traps on roads and drilling men in the hills. Geraldine Carey's husband had left the town, Mr. Purce told her on a later occasion: he'd gone to County Louth and hadn't been heard of since. "Whore," Mr. Purce said. "No better than a whore she is." Attracta, looking the word up in a dictionary, was astonished.

Having started, Mr. Purce went on and on. Mr. Devereux's house wasn't suitable for an eleven-year-old girl to visit, since it was the house of a murderer. Wasn't it a disgrace that a Protestant girl should set foot in a house where the deaths of British soldiers and the Protestant Irish had been planned? One Saturday afternoon, unable to restrain himself, he arrived at Mr. Devereux's house. He shouted at Mr. Devereux from the open hall door. "Isn't it enough to have destroyed her father and mother without letting that woman steal her for the Pope?" His gray face had darkened beneath his hard hat, his walking stick thrashed the air. Mr. Devereux called him an Orange Mason. "I hate the bloody sight of you," Mr. Purce said in a quieter voice, and then in his abrupt way he left.

That, too, Attracta remembered as she continued her way around the headland. Mr. Devereux afterward never referred to it, and Mr. Purce never spoke to her again, as if deciding that there was nothing left to say. In the town, as she grew up, people would reluctantly answer her when she questioned them about her parents' tragedy in an effort to discover more than her aunt or Archdeacon Flower had revealed. But nothing new emerged, the people she asked only agreeing that Mr. Devereux in those days had been as wild as Mr. Purce suggested. He'd drilled the local men, he'd been assisted in every way by Geraldine Carey, whose husband had gone away to County Louth.

Her aunt tried to explain to her the nature of Mr. Purce's hatred of Mr. Devereux. Mr. Purce saw things in a certain light, she said; he could not help himself. He couldn't help believing that Father Quinn would prefer the town's Protestants to be dead and buried. He couldn't help believing that immorality continued in the relationship between Mr. Devereux and his housekeeper when clearly it did not. He found a spark and made a fire of it; he was a bigot and was unable to do anything about it. The Protestants of the town felt ashamed of him.

Mr. Purce died, and was said to have continued in his hatred with his last remaining breaths. He mentioned the Protestant girl, his bleak, harsh voice weakening. She had been contaminated and infected, she was herself no better than the people who used her for their evil purposes. She was not fit to teach the Protestant children of the town, as she was now commencing to do. "As I lie dying," Mr. Purce said to the clergyman who had succeeded Archdeacon Flower, "I am telling you that, sir." But afterward, when the story of Mr. Purce's death went around, the people of the town looked at Attracta with a certain admiration, seeming to suggest that for her the twisting of events had not been easy: neither the death of her parents nor the forgiveness asked of her by Mr. Devereux nor the bigotry of Mr. Purce. She'd been caught in the middle of things, they seemed to suggest, and had survived unharmed.

I CAN
TOLERATE
NEW YORK

Surviving, she was happy in the town—too happy to marry the exchange clerk from the Bank of Ireland or the young man who came on holidays to Cedarstrand with his parents. "Pride goeth before destruction," her pupils copied out, and "Look before you leap." Their fingers pressed hard on inky pens, knuckles jutting with the strain, tongue tips aiding concentration. Ariadne, Finn Mac Cool, King Arthur's sword, Cathleen ni Houlihan: legends filled the schoolroom, along with facts about the Romans and the Normans, square roots, and the Gulf Stream. Children grew up and went away, returning sometimes to visit Attracta in her house in North Street. Others remained, and in the town she watched them changing, gray coming into their hair, no longer moving as lithely as they had. She developed an affection for the town without knowing why, beyond its being part of her.

"Yet in all a lifetime I learned nothing," she said aloud to herself on the headland. "And I taught nothing, either." She gazed out at the smooth blue Atlantic but did not see it clearly. She saw instead the brown-paper parcel that contained the biscuit box she had read about, and the fingers of Penelope Vade undoing the string and the brown paper. She saw her lifting off the lid. She saw her frowning for a moment, before the eyes of the man she loved stared deadly into hers. Months later, all courage spent, defeated in her gesture, the body of Penelope Vade dragged itself across the floors of two different rooms. There was the bottle full of aspirins in a cupboard, and water drunk from a Wedgwood-patterned cup, like the cups Attracta drank from every day.

IN her schoolroom with its maps and printed pictures the sixteen faces stared at hers, the older children at the back. She repeated her question: "Now, what does anyone think of that?"

Again she read them the news item, reading it slowly because she wanted it to become as rooted in their minds as it was in hers. She lingered over the number of bullets that had been fired into the body of Penelope Vade's husband, and over the removal of his head.

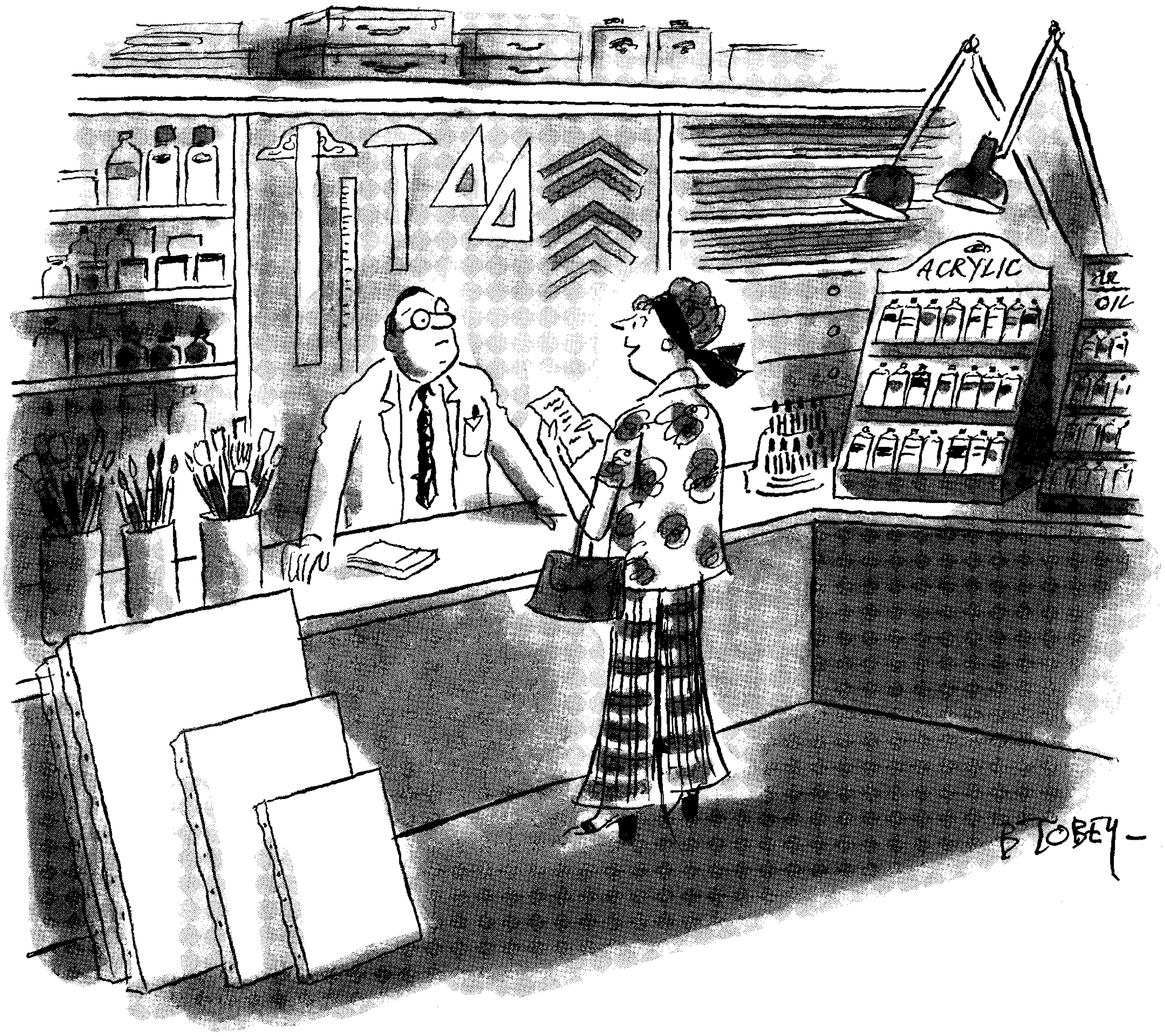
"Can you see that girl? Can you imagine men putting a human head in a tin box and sending it through the post? Can you imagine her receiving it? The severed head of the man she loved?"

"Sure, isn't there stuff like that in the papers the whole time?" one of the children suggested.

She agreed that this was so. "I've had a good life in this town," she added, and the children looked at her as if she'd suddenly turned mad.

"I'm getting out of it," one of them said after a pause. "Back of beyond, Miss."

She began at the beginning. She tried to get into the children's minds an image of a baby sleeping while violence and death took place on the Cork road. She described her Aunt Emmeline's house in North Street: the neat feminine house it had been; her aunt's cat, Diggory; the small sitting room; her aunt's maid, Philomena. She spoke of her own very fair hair and her thin face, and the heavy, old-fashioned clothes she'd worn in those days. She spoke of the piety of Geraldine Carey, and the grain merchant's tired face. The



"I would like a tube of lemon yellow, cadmium red, cobalt blue, ivory, black, and zinc white, a sixteen-by-twenty canvas, a couple of brushes, and that book 'Painting in Oils.'"

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friendship they offered her was like Penelope Vade proclaiming peace in the city where her husband had been killed; it was a gesture, too.

"His house would smell of roses on a summer's day. She'd carry his meals to him, coming out of the shadows of her kitchen. As if in mourning, the blue blinds darkened the drawing room. It was they who bore the tragedy, not I."

She described Mr. Purce's face and his grating voice. She tried to make of him a figure they could see among the houses and shops that were familiar to them: the hard black hat, the walking stick poking away litter. He had done his best to rescue her, acting according to his beliefs. He wanted her not to forget—not realizing that there was nothing for her to remember.

"But I tried to imagine," she said, "as I am asking you to imagine now: my mother and father shot dead on the Cork road, and Mr. Devereux and Geraldine Carey as two monstrous people, and arms being blown off soldiers, and vengeance breeding vengeance."

A child raised a hand and asked to leave the room. Attracta gave permission and awaited the child's return before proceeding. She filled the time by describing things that had changed in the town: the falling to pieces of O'Mara's picture house, the closing of the tannery in 1938. When the child came back, she told of Mr. Purce's death—how he'd said she was not fit to teach Protestant children.

"I tried to imagine a night I'd heard about," she said, "when Mr. Devereux's men found a man in Madden's public house whom they said had betrayed them, and how they took him out to Cedarstrand and hanged him in a barn. Were they pleased after they'd done that? Did they light cigarettes, saying the man was better dead? One of those other men must have gone to a post office with the wrapped biscuit box. He must have watched it being weighed and paid the postage. Did he say to himself he was exceptional to have hoodwinked a post-office clerk?"

Obediently listening in their rows of worn desks, the children wondered what on earth all this was about. No geography or history lesson had ever been so bewildering; those who found arithmetic difficult would have settled for attempting to understand it now. They watched the lined face of their teacher, still thin as she'd said it had been in childhood, the fair hair gray now. The mouth twitched and rapidly moved, seeming sometimes to quiver as if it struggled against tears. What on earth had this person called Penelope Vade to do with anything?

"She died believing that hell had come already. She'd lost all faith in human life, and who can blame her? She might have stayed in Haslemere, as anyone else would have. Was she right to go to the city where her husband had been murdered, to show its other victims that her spirit had not been wholly crushed?"

No one answered, and Attracta was aware of the children's startled gaze. But the startled gaze was a natural reaction. She said to herself that it didn't matter.

"My story is one with hers," she said. "Horror stories, with different endings only. I think of her now and I can see quite clearly the flat she lived in in Belfast. I can see the details—correctly or not I've no idea. Wallpaper with a pattern of brownish-purple flowers on it, gaunt furniture casting shadows, a tea caddy on the hired television set. I drag my body across the floors of two rooms, over a carpet that smells of dust and cigarette ash, over rugs and cool linoleum. I reach up in the kitchen, a hand on the edge of the sink: one by one I eat the aspirins until the bottle's empty."

There was a silence. Feet were shuffled in the schoolroom. No one spoke.

"If only she had known," Attracta said, "that there was still a faith she might have had, that God does not forever withhold His mercy. Will those same men who exacted that vengeance on her one day keep bees and budgerigars? Will they serve in shops, and be kind to the blind and the deaf? Will they garden in the evenings and be good fathers? It is not impossible. Oh, can't you see," she cried, "what happened in this town? Here, at the back of beyond. Can't you appreciate it? And can't you see her lying there, mice nibbling her dried blood?"

The children still were quiet, their faces not registering the comment she wished to make. It was because she'd been clumsy, she thought. All she'd meant to tell them was never to despair. All she had meant to do was to prepare them for a future that looked grim. She had been happy, she said again. The conversation of Mr. Purce had been full of the truth but it hadn't made sense, because the years had turned the truth around.

To the children, she appeared to be talking now to herself. She was old, a few of them said to themselves; that was it. She didn't appear to understand that almost every day there was the kind of vengeance she spoke of reported on the television. Bloodshed was wholesale, girls were tarred and left for dead, children no older than themselves were armed with guns.

"I only hope," they heard her saying, "she knows that strangers mourn her."

Another silence lingered awkwardly, and then she nodded at a particular child and the child rose and rang a hand bell. The children filed away, well mannered and docile as she had taught them to be. She watched them in the playground, standing in twos and threes, talking about her. It had meant nothing when she'd said that people change. The gleam of hope she'd offered had been too slight to be of use, irrelevant in the horror they took for granted as part of life. Yet she could not help still believing that it mattered when monsters did not remain monsters forever. It wasn't much to put against the last bleak moments of Penelope Vade, but it was something for all that. She wished she could have made her point.

Twenty minutes later, when the children returned to the schoolroom, her voice no longer quivered, nor did it seem to struggle against tears. The older children learned about agriculture in Sweden, the younger ones about the Pyrenees, the youngest that Munster had six counties. The day came to an end at three o'clock, and when all the children had gone Attracta locked the schoolroom and walked to the house she had inherited in North Street.

A WEEK later Archdeacon Flower's successor came to see her, his visit interrupting further violence on the television news. He beat about the bush while he nibbled biscuits and drank cups of tea by the fire; then he suggested that perhaps she should consider retiring one of these days. She was over sixty, he pointed out with his clerical laugh, and she replied that Mr. Ayrie had gone on until seventy. Sixty, the clergyman repeated with another laugh, was the post's retirement age. Children were a handful nowadays.

She smiled, thinking of her sixteen docile charges. They had chattered to their parents, and the parents had been shocked to hear that they'd been told of a man decapitated and a girl raped seven times. School was not for that, they had angrily protested to the clergyman, and he had had no option but to agree. At the end of the summer term there would be a presentation of Waterford glass.

"Every day of my life," she said, "I should have honored in my schoolroom the small, remarkable thing that happened in this town. It matters that humanity reclaims its monsters. It matters that she died in despair, with no faith left in human life."

He was brisk. For as long as most people could remember, she had been a remarkable teacher; in no way had she failed. He turned the conversation to more cheerful topics, he ate more biscuits and a slice of cake. He laughed and even made a joke. He retailed a little harmless gossip.

Eventually she stood up. She walked with her visitor to the hall, shook hands with him, and saw him out. In the sitting room she piled the tea things onto a tray and placed it on a table by the door. She turned the television on again, but when the screen lighted up she didn't notice it. The face of Penelope Vade came into her mind: the smile a little crooked, the freckled cheeks. —WILLIAM TREVOR

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MOUNTAIN PONIES

Driving before dawn, higher
than the kindling streams,
where gradients were too steep
for grass, I glimpsed them,

lifelike, a mirrorful
silvered on the dark,
gouged like a frieze
along edges of rock.

I stopped. They gazed
in sleep: nuggets
of fresh-hewn coal
their wide-open eyes—

still as an ambush,
necks thrust to the moon.
I disturbed no stone
of their freedom. Not

one coughed, not one shifted.
They thrived on hunger,
withers hawsered raw
by cold. I heard them breathe,

wished for them nothing
more than the grudged tack
of the mountain, the sunrise
that would hide them.

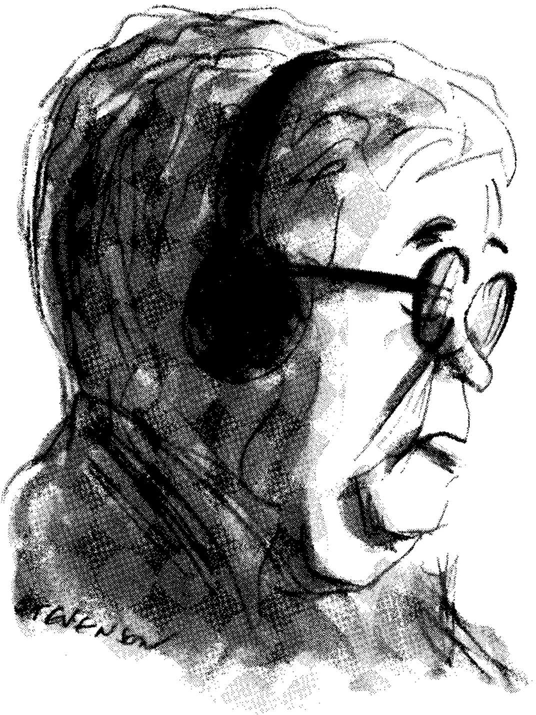
—TED WALKER

PROFILES

PAYING SAM BACK

When she had finished her story, he said, "You poor kid."—*Miss Lonelyhearts, by Nathanael West.*

IT is eight minutes past eight in New York City—a steamy Thursday evening in summer, with the temperature in the high eighties. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, a fierce rainstorm swept in from New Jersey, soaking Manhattan, then passed on. The sidewalks of the Times Square area quickly baked dry again. Now the sun is descending over Union City; the worst is past. At 1440 Broadway, near Fortieth Street, a newsman in the studios of radio station WOR, twenty-three floors above the street, ends his broadcast with the weather: tomorrow will be much the same. Down a mustard-colored hall, in a control room, a slim, dark-haired, remarkably buoyant young woman named Laurie Squire is crouched over a table answering phone calls as fast as she can. It is not fast enough. The telephone number—212-391-2800—has eight lines, and all eight have been lighting up steadily since around 6 P.M.; the buttons flash in sequence up and down the phone, up and down, a continuous jitter of light. On sheets of paper divided into sections for the various phone lines, Laurie prepares for the show that is about to start, scrawling terse descriptions of each call: "Ashamed of lack of education," "Break up w/boyfriend," "City turned off H_2O w/o notifying," "Good time to do roof," "Tire exploded," "Prom limo," "Franchise," "Floodlight," "Bad table manners." She identifies the callers by an "F" or an "M" (female or male), a "Y" for young, and sometimes the word "sob" ("if it's a mushy call"). She makes an "X" for each call that, for one reason or another, she has turned away. The others have been either put on hold or told to call back later. It is eight-nine.



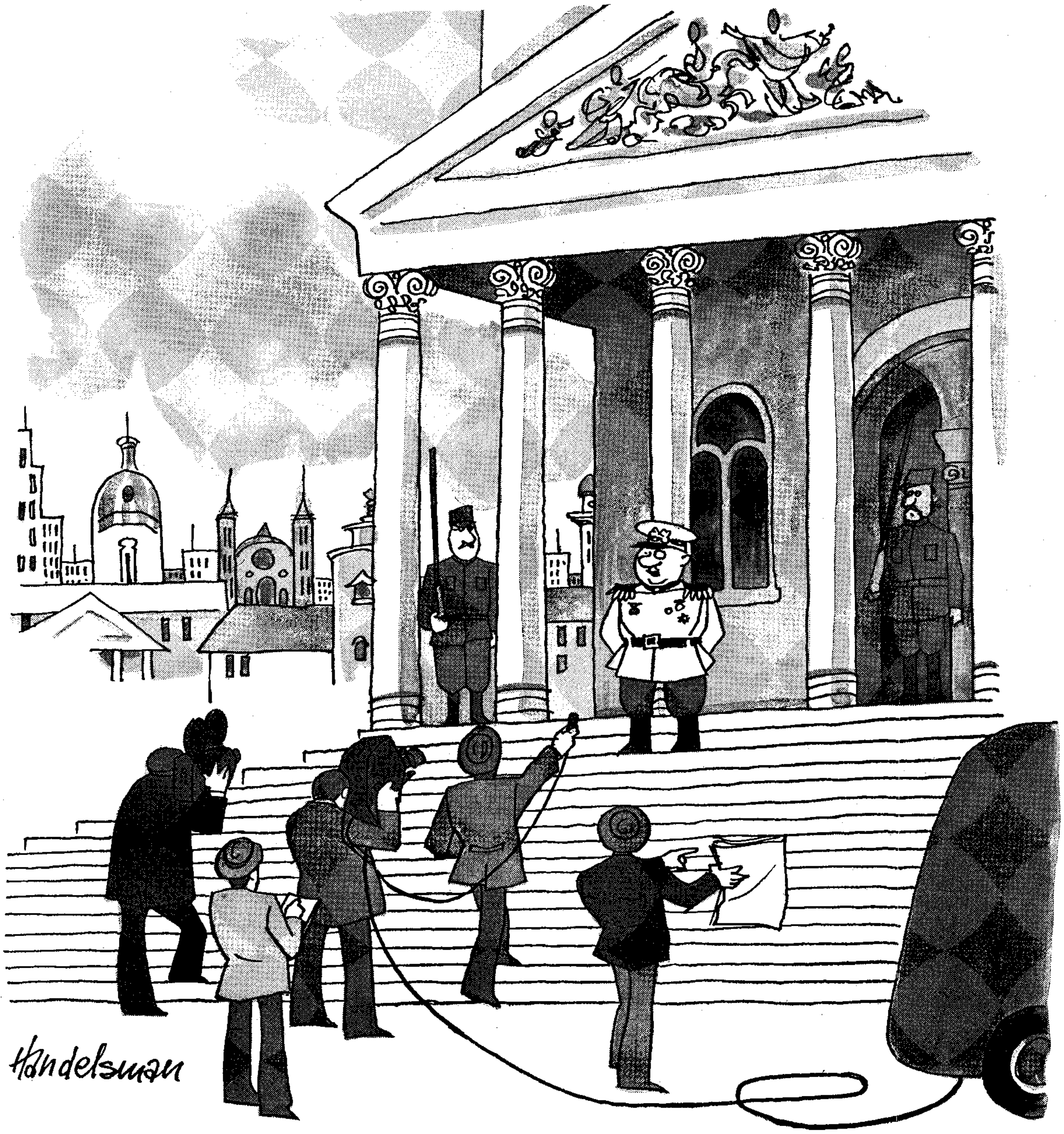
Bernard Meltzer

A hundred and eighty-nine thousand people—give or take a few—are about to listen to this show, as they do each weekday night from eight-ten to ten. (On Saturday, when it is on from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M., its audience rises to three hundred and forty-five thousand; on Sunday, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., there are two hundred and thirty-six thousand.) Of all the programs on all forty stations broadcasting in the New York area at this hour, this one is the most popular. (WBLS, playing disco, is second.) Since WOR sends out a fifty-thousand-watt signal that may reach thirty states and six Canadian provinces at night, phone calls sometimes come in from Florida, Nova Scotia, and Missouri; the callers may be put on hold for an hour or more. They do not seem to mind.

Beyond the window of the control room where Laurie and the studio engineer sit is a big, brand-new, space-age studio, the last word in communications habitat. It has a thick brown rug over a parquet floor; harmonious walls of unobtrusive beige; muted lighting; and furniture of the Executive Important style—a vast, bow-shaped desk with a built-in control panel and phones, and sleek swivel chairs of aluminum and black velours. Half a dozen glistening microphones on long stems sprout from the desk top.

On the desk now, however—as the second hand on the studio clock sweeps upward to air time—sits a sodden Tetley tea bag, in a tan puddle of its own exudation. Next to it lies a crumpled, empty Sweet 'n Low package. Sheets of paper are scattered all about. There is a copy of the magazine *Home Improvements Contractor* and a six-inch pile of handwritten poems on paper of different colors, held together by a frayed rubber band. "Worry never climbed a hill," begins the poem on top. "Worry never paid a bill/ Worry never dried a tear/ Worry never calmed a fear/ Worry never cooked a meal/ Worry never fixed a broken heel . . ."

The author of the poem is sitting behind the desk, a mug of tea at his right hand. He is a plain man of sixty-one years, overweight, gray-haired, jowly, wearing glasses. He is close to homely. He wears tan pants and a semitransparent short-sleeved white shirt with little dots on it; the outlines of his undershirt are visible. He wears a headset over unkempt curly hair. His collar is open; so is the buckle of his belt. He is utterly at ease, as comfortable as a man basking in his own back yard. He looks around the room absently, benignly. A sign on the wall lights up in red letters: "ON THE AIR." He speaks toward the nearest microphone, in a voice the like of which has rarely been heard on radio: rough, uneven, untrained, guttural, glottal, breathy, the diction imprecise, the accent lower East Side. "Good evening," he says. (The word "good" is pronounced "gid.") "This is your friend Bernard Meltzer. The program is 'What's Your Problem?'. . . The program offers guidance for living. . . . Our purpose is to inform, to educate, to entertain, and to help." He recites one of his poems, then starts taking phone calls. His tone and manner are cozy, warm, solicitous, concerned, tolerant, understanding, kindly, and helpful, conveying to the listener something like: *I know that you are a good and decent person, struggling to make your way in a very complicated world. I appreciate how hard it is and how wonderful you are, and, since I know a little something about how to get along, it would be my pleasure if you'd let me help you with the details.* On details, Meltzer is specific and precise, and that is half of his enormous appeal. In general, someone who is anguishing over a problem has two unsatisfactory choices: he can turn to a sympathetic person (if he can find one) who doesn't know anything or to an expert who will charge him a lot of



"As I conceive it, the new government will have a basically right-wing emphasis, with moderate-to-left overtones."

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money and doesn't give a damn. What is universally wanted is somebody who will sympathize *and* give the right answer. That's Meltzer.

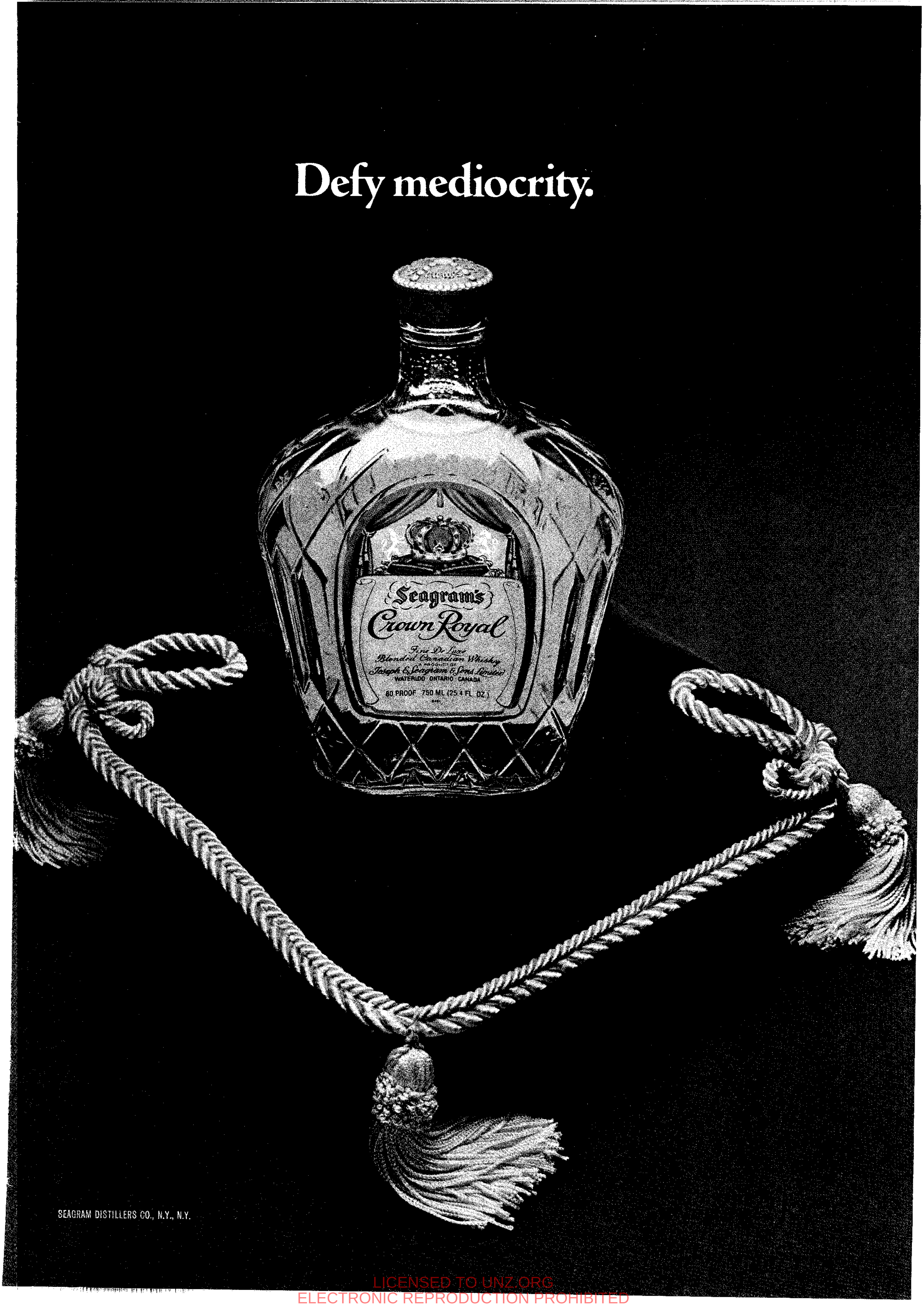
Meltzer's listeners—middle-class, by and large—love him because he understands how puzzled, frightened, angry, lonely, and threatened they feel. Meltzer shares their belief in God, patriotism, family, nice neighborhoods, good kids, respect for old people, tax-free municipals, and dry basements. His credo is practical: Treat your fellow-man in a spirit of love and brotherhood, but if he really gives you trouble don't forget—you can probably get a lien on his house.

It is conceivable that Meltzer's program would be popular even if he gave no answers at all—simply listened and commiserated. Kindliness comes out of him as surely as tea out of a Tetley bag, and this alone seems sufficient to some callers: they wait on hold for an hour or so; then, finally reaching him, go right off the road with effusions of gratitude and love, and forget why they called in the first place. Meltzer is not simply popular; he is adored.

Dan Griffin, a soft-spoken, savvy young man, who is director of operations at WOR (it calls itself "the Heart of New York"), is given credit for bringing Meltzer to the big time. "In 1971, I was working out of Boston for CBS, looking for a talk show," he told a visitor recently. "I was looking all over the East Coast, from Miami up. I'd sit in motels and listen to the shows. One Sunday morning in Philadelphia, I heard Bernard Meltzer on WCAU. It was the strangest show I'd ever heard. He talked *with* the audience—not to them or above them. He overcame everything with his credibility. His basic humanity came through. I came to WOR in 1973, and got him here later in the same year. We put him on then from six to eight on Saturday night—a difficult time to sell. He started quickly. Now he's on eighteen hours a week. People believe in him very strongly; they respect him; they value his opinion and judgment. A lot of people don't know where to turn, but *he* knows. Nobody ever calls and says, 'Hello, Bernie.' It's always 'Mr. Meltzer.' He made a public appearance at a shopping center on Long Island recently. All he did was sit in a chair and say hello as thousands of people filed past. It was like going to see Santa Claus."

NOW, on the air, a caller wants to know what's going to happen to mortgages with the rise in interest rates. "A lot of us believe it generates inflation," Meltzer says. "It kills building and hurts people who want to buy." His answers are patient, reflective, consoling, and often fairly long. He is in no hurry at all. "*Hi*-yuh," he says. "Good evening!" Listens. It's a man with family trouble. "When was the last time you told her you loved her, you cared about her?" Meltzer inquires. Listens. "That was a month ago. What about yesterday? What about today?" There is no rebuke in his voice. "I often say that husbands and wives need lots of love—especially when they don't deserve it." When Meltzer gets off what he regards as a good one, his eyebrows go up and his eyes squint, twinkling, and he looks around at Laurie and the engineer, smiling, harvesting approval.

"This is your friend Bernard Meltzer," he says after a break for news. "Wasn't today one wonderful day?" He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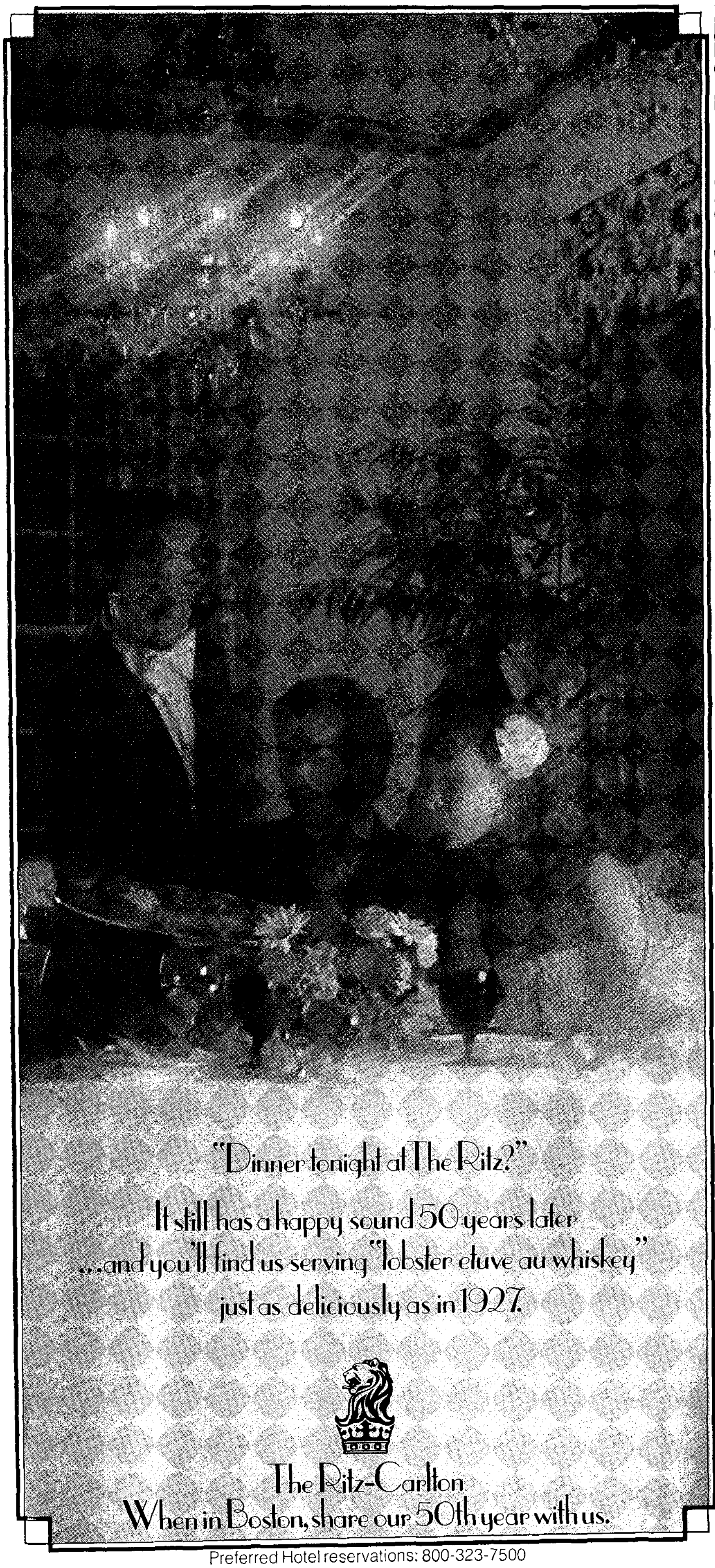
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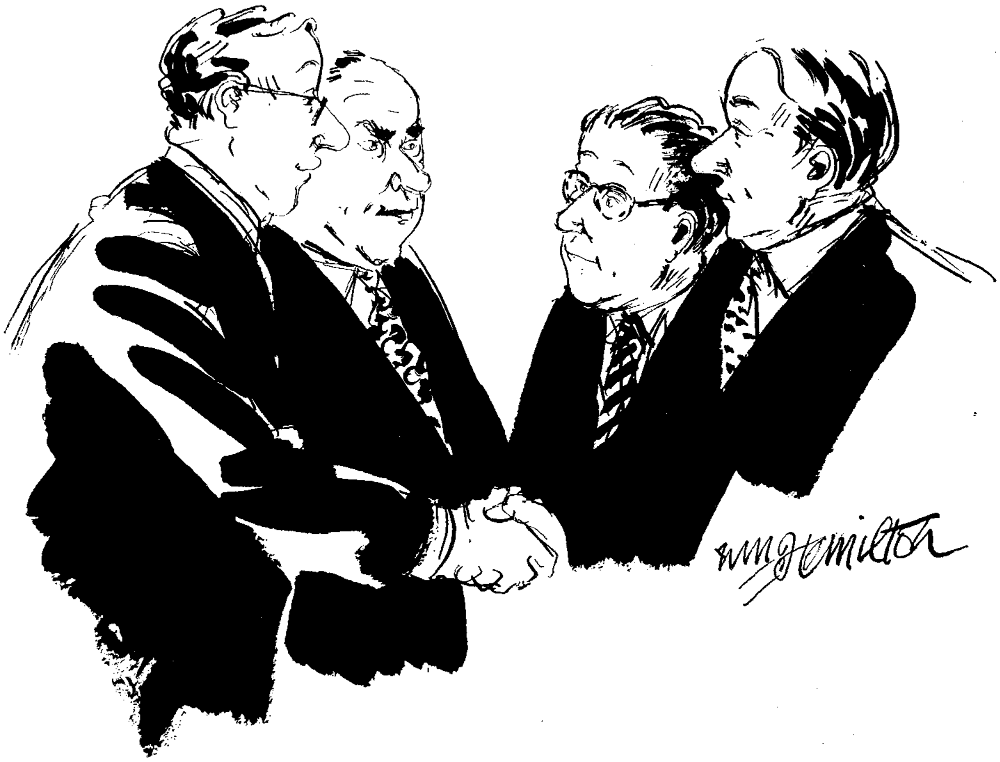
tenderly reads a poem of his, concerning the importance of stopping to admire daffodils, feel the rain, and watch "the wondrous world unfolding." Pause. "Are you a victim of lowball pricing, of bait-and-switch? Let me tell you about the Home Remodelers Group." After the commercial, a woman asks him how she can get along with her sister. "Do you ever visit socially?" asks Meltzer. "Do you ever disappear during the day and have lunch together? Why isn't your desire coming true? What is your sister doing you would like her not to do? . . . What else? . . . Do you criticize too much? A lot of people think they can change people by constant criticism. It doesn't work, honey—*it doesn't work!* . . . Ah, there. It's a hard thing. You probably think you're older and wiser. . . . Why don't you cut out the criticism for *one* week? . . . Call me back in one week, and you're going to tell me if you abided. . . . And may peace be with you. Goodbye." Pause. "The Rapco Foam Insulation Group . . ."

Meltzer follows through on problems, telling people to call him back, or to write him a detailed letter, or even to arrange to come and see him. Laurie and two secretaries in Philadelphia, where he still lives, handle a large volume of mail and often write letters to people with whom listeners have been having difficulties. Meltzer himself will phone a store owner who has been accused of treating customers badly, or call up a listener he has been worrying about. When he tells a woman who is struggling to diet that when she has lost twenty pounds she must call him back and he will take her to lunch and they will stroll proudly down the avenue together, he *takes* her to lunch.

The next caller has had a radial tire explode on him. "Rri-ight," says Meltzer, listening. "Ri-ight. . . . Let me say this in defense of the tire." He advises a letter to the tire company. "Make it a sympathetic letter. Offer proof. Don't go ahead and accuse them of everything. My guess is you'll get a check in the mail." Commercials for a bond-brokerage house, Personal Touch Home Care, Castro Convertibles. A caller with a shopping problem. "If this is *truly* a dollar-thirty-nine item erroneously marked at thirty-nine cents, then they have the right to charge you," Meltzer explains, breaking the bad news gently. He tells a man the difference between a binder and a deposit. Then: "If you have a wet-basement problem, you better call Northern Waterproofing."



"My buffer, Alan Monroe."

A commercial for Borden's Kava, then an elderly man who is being kept awake at night by the floodlight at a nearby grocery store. "Ri-ight," says Meltzer. "What happened when you spoke to the grocery-store man?"

"He told me to pull down the shade."

"You see, Dad," explains Meltzer, "you're living in an urban environment. . . . In the old days, you'd take a long rifle and you'd go shoot out that light. You can't do that today. . . . You're going to have to go to court and get a summons . . . interfering with the 'quiet and peaceful enjoyment of your domicile.' . . . Do you have a nephew who's a lawyer?" As for the callous grocer: "I hope that when he gets your age he is treated the same—in *spades*. . . . Dad, you must go to court." This is said ruefully but with conviction. (Meltzer treats old people with reverence, although if they happen to be women he may flirt with them at length, generally eliciting a giddy and grateful response.)

Commercials for a silver company and a bank. He tells a young man which of three law schools to go to. "There's nothing wrong with the other two, but I would send my son there, because of the quality of their teaching," he says, referring to the school he recommended.

An Avis commercial. During a break, he says, "Laurie, would you please call a cab?" The show ends at ten o'clock; the train for Philadelphia and home leaves Penn Station at ten-ten. "If I miss it, I've got a two-hour wait for the next train," he says.

A commercial for Kern's Fruit Nectar. Then: "Your grandmother owns a house? What would the house sell for? . . . Sell it! You tell your grandmother . . . How old is she again? What's her income?" Meltzer gets specific. "She'll sell the house for fifty thousand dollars, then she'll take ten thousand and put it in a day-by-day five-and-a-fourth-per-cent savings account, then the other forty thousand she'll put in an eight-point-forty-five-per-cent eight-year account."

A commercial for Krakus Polish ham. "Laurie! My cab!" he shouts. He discusses gambling with a caller. "If you have to make money by gambling—Oh, my! I've *never* gambled, never bet on a horse." Another caller has a problem with a beauty-salon franchise. "What did you get beside the franchise? . . . What did you pay for it? . . . All they gave you was a right? . . . Suppose I gave you the right to use my name? . . . I'm going to refer you to an expert. I want you to go to Antoinette's . . . talk to Alma, and in five minutes you'll know all you need."

"I STARTED as a civil engineer," Meltzer told a visitor to the studio earlier. "By the time I was twenty-six, I had done a hundred million dollars of construction. Everybody said, 'You've got it made,' but I didn't want to retire at twenty-six. I've achieved expertise since then in twelve different professions—real estate, city planning, finance, economics, and so on. The trouble today is everybody gets into a specialty—nobody understands the shape of the over-all forest. It took me twenty years to become a human being. I had my disappointments and my successes. I got beaten up—not physically. I began to realize that people sought approval. I've discovered there isn't one person in the world who thinks of himself as a crook, or unkind, or inconsiderate. Even if he rips off people right and left, he still has an image of himself as an honest man. Very often, the milk of human kindness can solve more problems than all the bankers, accountants, lawyers, and psychiatrists put together. Before society got so complex, every family had an aunt or an uncle, a wise person—you could sit down and listen. Now psychiatrists we pay to talk. I'm part of the family. My father knocked into me this: 'Hands that help are a lot more holy in the sight of God than lips that pray.' When you radiate friendship, you get friendship back. See that red button on the control board? It's called the panic button. There's a seven-second delay on this show, and if somebody says a dirty word or something libellous you just push that button and it doesn't go over the air. Some talk shows use that button every two minutes. I have never yet used it. They're all friends out there. Of course, there are nuts, too—but even the nuts behave, because they're treated decently.

"I was born in May of 1917 on Attorney Street, near the Williamsburg Bridge, on the lower East Side. There were six of us—father, mother, two sisters, my brother, and me—and we lived on the fourth floor of a five-story tenement. There were six apartments on each floor. We had a kitchen, bedroom, and living room. There was one toilet halfway down the hall for all six families on the floor. My father, mother, and younger sister—and sometimes me—slept in the bedroom, my older sister slept on a couch in the living room, and my older brother slept in the kitchen. Sometimes I slept there, too. The kitchen was the only room that was heated—it had a coal stove—and in cold weather we all lived, worked, ate, and slept in the kitchen. Nowadays, the landlord of such a place would be put in jail, but none of us in our family felt we were in poverty or lived in a slum. The attitude was, your current status was temporary, and with education and hard work you'd raise yourself. It was the golden dream of America. My father had come over in 1906 from a small village that was temporarily in the hands of Poland—sometimes it was Russian, sometimes German—and ten years later he sent for his wife and the two children they had then. I remember my father's appreciation of being in America. His citizenship papers were on the living-room wall—nobody touched them. He started as a peddler with a horse and wagon. He had a soda-and-seltzer route, selling bottles of seltzer with those little spigots on them. He was sort of an entrepreneur, and gradually he got into a little construction work, and began to accumulate property. If he wanted to say something was super in those days, he'd say, 'It's as good as a first mortgage.' He was a very likable man; he had the knack of making people like him. Today, he might be a politician. He was a community leader—a leader of the people who had come from a certain area in the old country. We had no rabbi. There was always a stream of people knocking on our door for advice and counsel.

"When a man died in those days, it was a great calamity. There was no Social Security or organized charity. My father would usually step in, arrange for the burial, and raise money for the widow. I can remember he'd wake me up at one in the morning. 'Wake up,' he'd say. 'So-and-So's died.' He'd give me a list of names, and I'd run around all night telling people the burial would be at ten the next morning. There was no phone in those days except the one at the candy store. Then my job was to get the coal for the dead man's family. During the week of mourning, none of them could leave their apartment, so I'd go down to the basement and carry up hundred-pound bags for them. I was a husky kid. Coal also came in twenty-five-pound and fifty-pound bags, but if you could afford it you'd buy the hundred-pound bag, because it was cheaper.

"When I was in the fourth grade, in 1926, we moved across the river to the other end of the Williamsburg Bridge, in Brooklyn—a three-story house on South Fourth Street near Marcy. It had one apartment on each floor. We lived on the second floor, and we had two bedrooms. My father bought the house eventually. In those days, you got three, four, or even five mortgages on a property, and none of them were amortizing. The theory was that real-estate values were rising so fast you were protected.

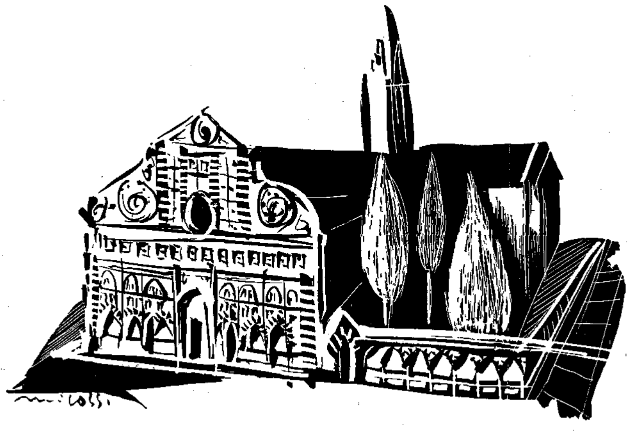
"Our recreation was one hundred per cent in the streets. We had gangs for protection. I was a gang leader in Williamsburg. We played in the streets and fought in the streets—we fought with fists in those days. Boundaries were closely defined. In Williamsburg, the Grand Street extension was the boundary between the Jews and the Irish. Bushwick was German. When you got to Union Avenue, that was the German part. Bedford-Stuyvesant was one hundred per cent American—Irish and English who had come over earlier. Greenpoint was Italian and Polish. If you walked in Greenpoint or any of the other places without your parents, you'd better get ready for a fight. If you were with your parents, nobody touched you. Nobody thought of defying authority in those days. If an older person came out on the stoop and said, 'Get out of here,' all of us scattered. We never touched or harmed a female, either.

"In grade school, I was considered a dope. I couldn't read out loud. Also, I stammered and stuttered. I had dyslexia, but nobody knew it then. The way reading was taught, everybody opened his book, and the teacher would say to the first kid in the first row, 'Johnny, you read the first paragraph.' Then the next kid would read the next paragraph. I remember the terror of it. I'd count up and realize I was the fourteenth kid, so I'd quickly try to memorize the fourteenth paragraph. But while I was doing that, I'd hear the teacher saying to somebody, 'That was a short paragraph. Why don't you read the next one, too?' So I'd suddenly have to memorize the fifteenth paragraph!

"At night, I'd take poetry and Shakespeare and read with exaggerated expression. I learned to read out loud, and I gradually cured myself of the stammering and stuttering, too. By the time I went to Stuyvesant High School, in 1931, I'd suddenly become 'very smart.' I'd never crack a book. In geometry, I'd work out solutions right at the blackboard. The teacher would say, 'That's the correct answer, but that's not the way it says to do it in the book.'

"My first job in the summer was when I was twelve. I carried bundles of furs from the fur district around Twenty-third Street north to the garment district. Half the job was carrying the furs up to a certain loft. I didn't know anything then, but my boss was about to go bankrupt, and he was hiding thousands of furs from his creditors. When I was fourteen and school let out for the summer, I walked the streets all day long, going in wherever there was a sign saying, 'Errand Boy Wanted. Apply Third Floor,' but at the end of a week I still hadn't found a job. So I decided to just go to every building and knock on every door. Finally, I knocked at a little place that made boxes for jewelry. A man and wife ran it. The lady talked to me, asked me what my problem was, and gave me a job. I didn't find out till the end of the summer they never needed me in the first place. I never forgot that. She influenced me a great deal. Since then, I've done it myself a dozen times—taken on students and given them work when I didn't need anything.

"When the Depression came, my father went broke. His mortgages came due, and people stopped paying rent. He never recovered from it. He lost his good sense—never became himself again. In those days, you were hounded to death by creditors. I remember coming home from school and people would be waiting on the front step. 'Is your father home?' they'd ask. 'No,' I'd say. 'When is he going to pay us?' they'd say. I couldn't understand why he wasn't paying these people. But he had lost everything. He was working as a clothing presser in the garment district for twenty-two dollars a week. We were living mostly on cans of salmon. It was the cheapest thing you could get—eight cents a can—and we'd split it for lunch and dinner. I finally had to drop out of high school in junior year. I went to night



school, and during the day I worked for a pipe company on Twenty-seventh Street, cutting out briar pipes on a lathe.

"I went back to high school later, and when I was seventeen I got a scholarship to Columbia. I went to register, and when I got to the front of the line, the lady said, 'That will be a hundred and twenty-five dollars for fees.' I said I didn't have a hundred and twenty-five dollars. All I had was a nickel to get back to Williamsburg. She said, 'People like you don't belong in Columbia. You belong in C.C.N.Y.' I went over to C.C.N.Y., forged my father's signature, and enrolled. I still cringe whenever I think of Columbia. I recognize it's not the school it was, but I always think of what they did to me. At C.C.N.Y., I joined the R.O.T.C.—in those days you were pilloried if you were in the R.O.T.C., but I felt I owed it to my country—and the National Youth Administration paid me fifteen dollars a month for cleaning rifles. The second year, I didn't have the money to buy books to start the year. I couldn't borrow the money anywhere. Finally, I decided to ask an old attorney who lived in our neighborhood. His name was Sam, and by American standards he would be considered a failure. He never made money, he never got married. He was short and fat and ugly. He was the kind of person others always left out of their affairs. They wouldn't invite him to a party. Finally, toward the end of his life, he discovered bowling. He was a lousy bowler, but he found his niche there. Anyway, I went to him. We talked, and we figured out I needed ninety dollars. He wrote me a check for a hundred. I said, 'Sam, I don't know when I'll pay you back.' His reply has been with me my whole life. He said, 'This is going to be the hardest debt in the world to pay back. I want no interest. You're not going to pay me back in money. But when anybody needs help, you're going to help him, and you're going to say to yourself, "I'm paying Sam back." ' "

Meltzer was suddenly unable to continue. Then, after a few moments, he said, "When I help somebody now—and almost any kid can hit me for money for school—I get that same pledge from them.

"I got out of C.C.N.Y. with a degree in civil engineering in 1938, and I went to work for the New York subway system. We were excavating at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, where three subways intersected. It was one of the biggest messes you ever saw. We were forty feet below the

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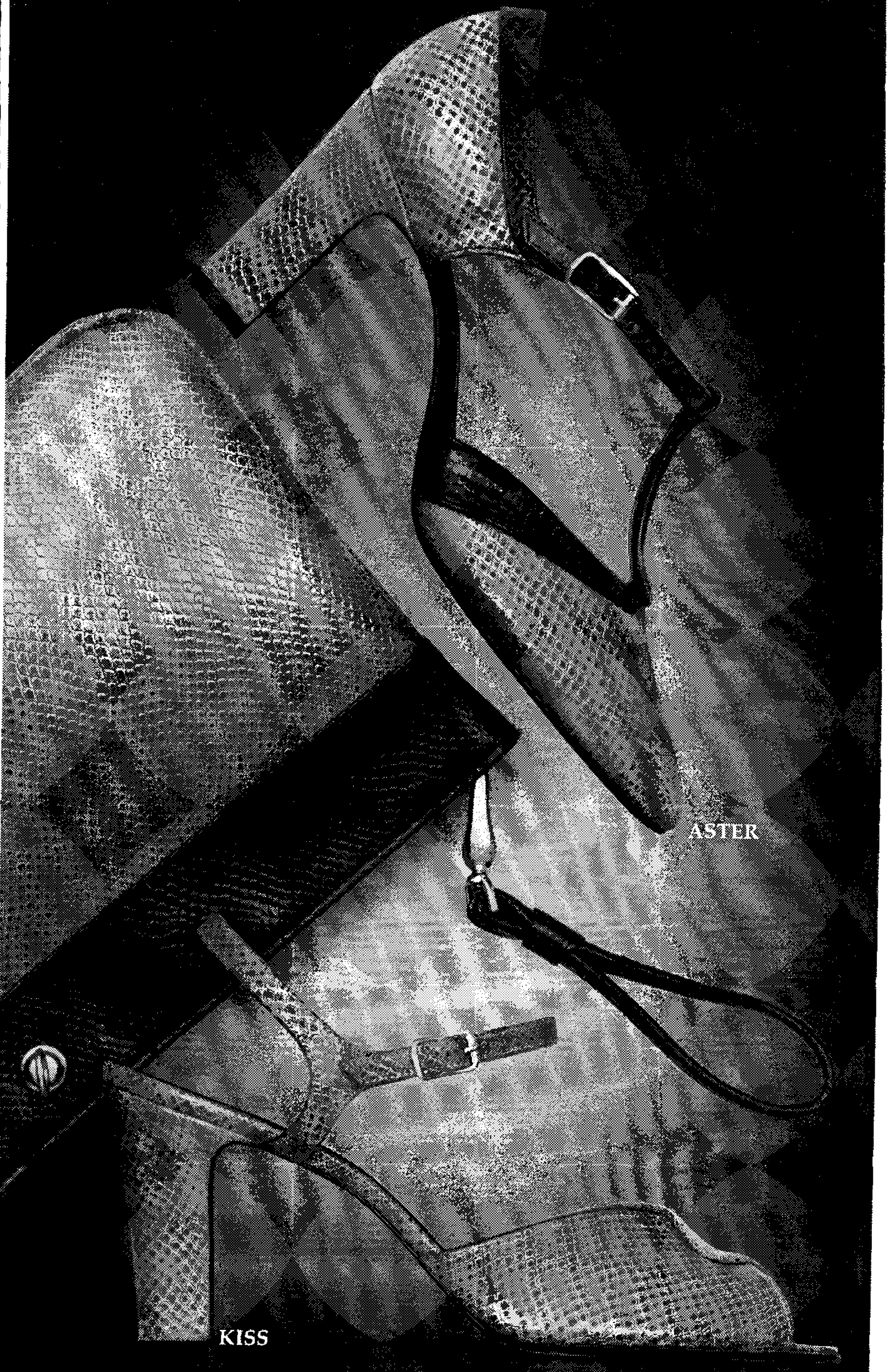

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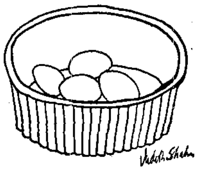
surface, up to our knees in water, working in rock. Dante's version of Hell. I was running a surveyor's transit, and it had to work within a thousandth of an inch. The maps for the utilities were all out of date, so you had to dig with shovels until you came to a pipe, and then try to identify it. It was archeology. If that subway leaks, it's my fault."

Meltzer served with the Army Corps of Engineers in the Second World War, then went to Philadelphia and worked in construction, banking, and real estate. He taught real estate part-time for twenty years at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, in Philadelphia, while conducting business on the outside, and recently served as chairman of the Philadelphia City Planning Commission.



Meltzer's experience in real estate eventually led to his career in radio. "I got into radio by a fluke, really," he said. "On WCAU, in Philadelphia. About ten years ago, the fellow who ran the Saturday-morning show came in on a Friday night and said, 'Monday, I'm going to work for another station.' They said, 'Well, at least you'll do the show tomorrow, won't you?' And he said, 'Oh, no. Tomorrow, I've got to move.' Well, they got frantic. Then they remembered that I'd been a guest on a program earlier in the week, appearing as an expert on real estate. They called me up and asked me to do two Saturday shows, and said that they would even give me a hundred dollars. So I did the show the next day, and when it was over I asked the program director how I had done. 'Terrible,' he said. 'You sounded like an amateur. You must have mispronounced at least a dozen words.' Well, I crept away, but the next Friday he called me again. 'You coming back tomorrow?' I said, 'No. I didn't think you wanted me.' He said, 'We got a hundred letters about you this week—we usually get about three—and we even have sponsors who want to hire you.' And that's how my radio career started."

There are four Meltzer children—three girls and a boy. The oldest girl, Melinda, who is twenty-eight years old, is a physical therapist at Mount Sinai Hospital. Cynthia, who is twenty-five years old, is an audiologist for a doctor in Philadelphia, and Leslie, who is twenty-one years old, is a graduate student in Near East studies in Israel and is about to come back to Columbia for further graduate work. The boy, Michael, who is sixteen, is in high school in Philadelphia, and is interested in electronics. Asked if they ever come to him for advice, Meltzer said, "Oh, yes." Do they accept it? "Sure," he said. "Two of the girls were going to become teachers until I said, 'Fine, but how do you get a job?'

"I commute from Philadelphia every day," Meltzer said. "The train time is the most beneficial time of my life. I'll tell you why. Suppose your doctor told you, 'I want you to take three hours off every day—shut off the phone, take a nap.' You wouldn't do it. But when I'm on the train I'm by *myself*. It gives me three hours of relaxation and privacy. On the way in, I'll read the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Times*, the Washington *Post*, the Philadelphia papers. I'll make mental notes of things I want to comment on, like the new Federal Housing Administration mortgage rate, or I'll write a poem. At night, on the way home, that's my magazine- and book-reading time. *Time*, *Newsweek*, *U. S. News & World Report*, *Business Week*, *Fortune*, heavy-construction magazines like *Engineering News-Record*. I'll read three or four books a week—never fiction. I can't remember the last time I read a fiction book. History, economics, psychology, a lot of biography. I read myself to sleep at night. I *love* to read inspirational books. The one book that really turned my life around was 'How to Win Friends and Influence People,' by Dale Carnegie. I read it a hundred and ten times. I committed it to memory. I tried to practice a chapter a day. It *worked*, by the way. I have never hated any one person, not on a one-to-one basis. Of course, people in a mass act differently. I saw that when I was on the Philadelphia Planning Commission. One night, it would be a meeting of the pro-public-housing people; next night, it would be the antis.

"I used to solve problems on a mathematical basis. Some old people would ask if they should pay off their mortgage. I'd look at the numbers and tell them not to do it. But today the personal factors are more important to me. I'd still say it might be wiser not to pay it off, but I'd tell them, 'Go ahead and pay it off, because the psychic benefits to you would be so great, and it would give you peace of mind.'

"Sometimes, on the train at night, when I get a very pressing problem on the program, I feel inadequate. I know I can't solve it. Give me a single-phase problem—a man says his roof leaks—I can solve it. But then add that he's lost his job, that his wife is in the hospital, and so on, my average goes down. The trouble is, the people that need help most have problems that are impossible to solve. I used to break myself down worrying about that. But I know I can't help everybody. The best I can do is help a couple of thousand people, one at a time."

IT is nearly ten o'clock now. A caller complains about a friend who slurps his soup. "You have a delicate problem," says Meltzer. "If it does not annoy you, accept it as a frailty. . . . One thing you'll never do is to tell him, 'You make a peculiar noise eating.' You break off the relationship very nicely, but you must not drag him down. . . . What difference does it make if they slurp their soup? Wouldn't you rather have a decent person with a good heart?"

A woman has been in an accident and is having trouble with the insurance company. "You act as if you think the insurance companies cared," says Meltzer. "But today the insurance companies are run by a big black box called a computer, and our insurance commissioners seem to have no power. . . . All we can do is pull the plugs on the computers and get back to a world run by people. . . . It will be very inefficient, but wouldn't you rather live in a world where people cared?"

It is time to end the program. "May the light of the Lord guide you, and keep you in the palm of His hand," Meltzer says. "God keep you. Good night." It is ten o'clock. Meltzer gets to his feet, grabs his coat and tie—"Good night, Laurie!"—and is out the door, headed for Penn Station and the ten-ten train to Philadelphia.

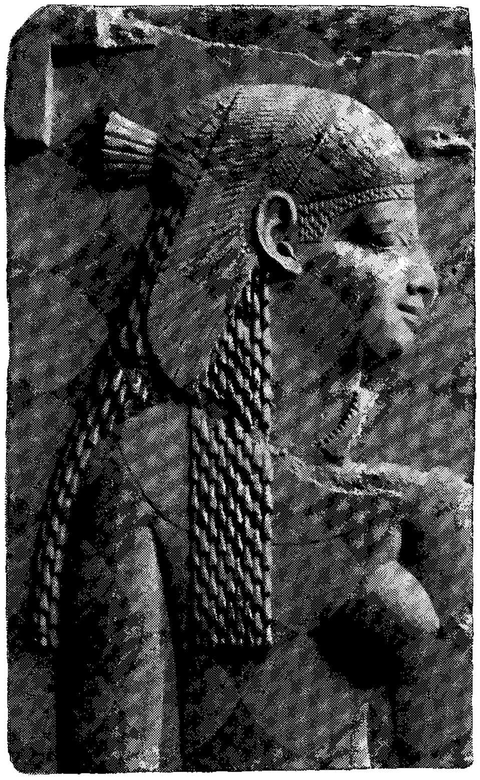
—JAMES STEVENSON

•

Mr. Andes told the meeting that Franklin Mint will start test-marketing six product lines this summer. He subsequently declined to give many details, except to say that the new ventures will involve the sale of "noncollectable products through catalogs." Most of the consumer lines will include "products aimed at the feminine market," he added. They might include gourmet foods and women's fashions, Mr. Andes said.

Asked whether they might include gourmet foods and women's fashions, Mr. Andes said, "You're on the right track," but he wouldn't elaborate.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

That Andes—cagey, and patient as Job.



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Above: *Egyptian Queen.* Limestone relief, Ptolemaic Period, 332–30 B.C. Height 7¼". $15.00, shipping $2.00. Add state and local taxes for delivery within N.Y. State.

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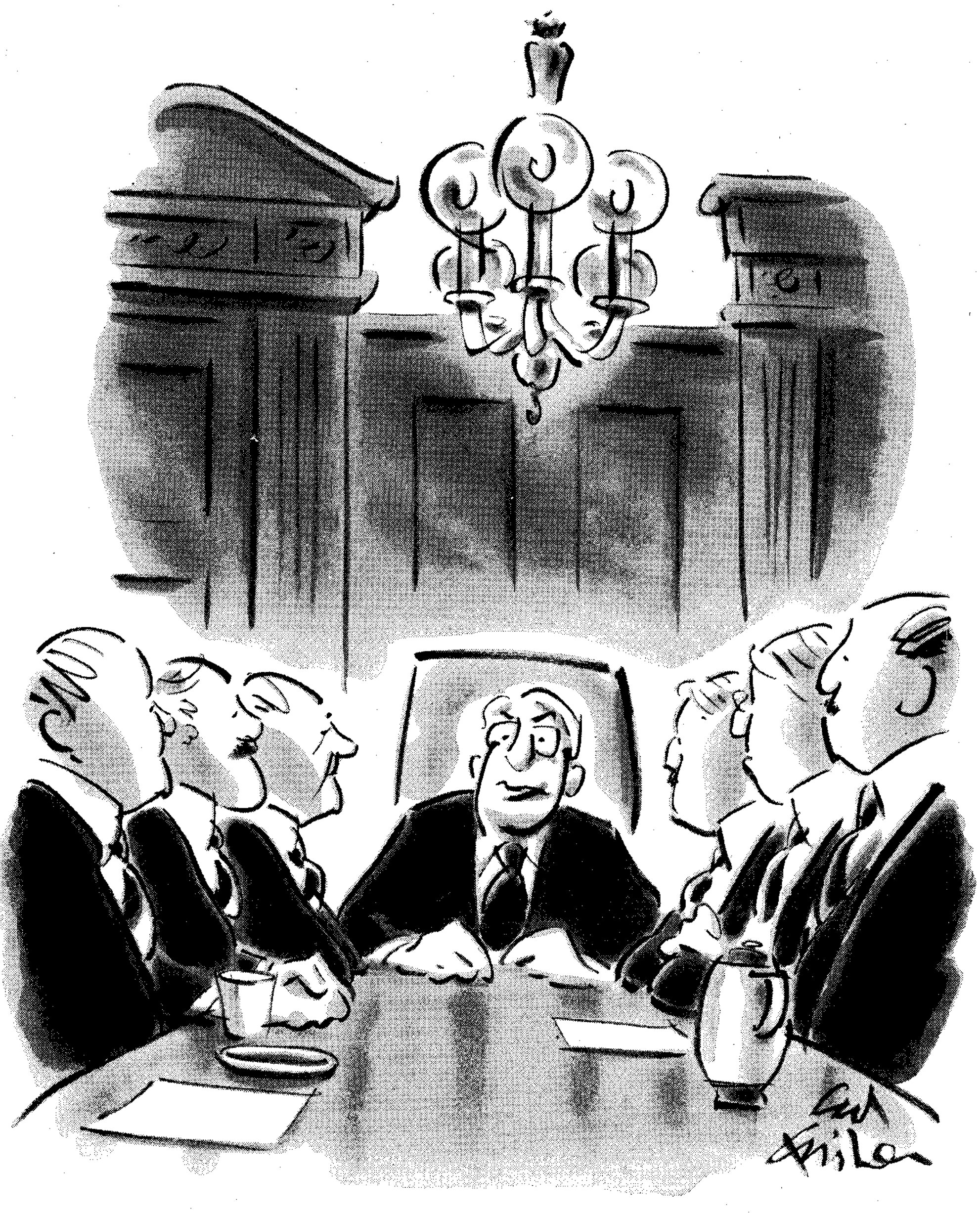
THE THEATRE

MORTUARY MUSICAL

A Broadway theatre opening that takes place in high summer is an oddity in itself; when the opening (at the State Theatre) is a revival of the lumpish Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newley musical of 1962, "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," the oddity becomes an act of grotesque and inexplicable supererogation. It's true that among the songs in the show are a couple of golden oldies, including "What Kind of Fool Am I?," but there is scarcely a word of the book that hasn't long since died and turned to dust. Sammy Davis, Jr., the star of the occasion, is commonly thought to be one of those performers who can do no wrong, and for that reason it may have been assumed that any vehicle, no matter how ramshackle, would serve to carry him in triumph through the marketplace. The fact is that the gifted and magnetic Mr. Davis can indeed do wrong, and is well aware that he can do wrong; on opening night he struck me as being understandably ill at ease, as if he sensed that his vehicle was proving to be less a chariot than a tumbrel. During the first five or ten minutes of the show, he is made to dart on and off the stage perhaps a dozen times, silently, with failed gestures of pantomime that echo Chaplin, Keaton, Laurel, and other vanished clowns. We wait impatiently for the authentic Davis persona to emerge, and when it begins to do so it is at once betrayed, having nothing of value to be embodied by. The character played by Mr. Davis is called Littlechap. It is a measure of the wit of the show that one is expected to find this name droll and winsome.

The only other member of the cast deserving of mention is Marian Mercer, who works hard at a number of painful tasks. Among other things, she must impersonate, for laughs, the infamous Nazi concentration-camp monster Ilse Koch as she sings a song entitled "Typische Deutsche." Immediately thereafter, Mr. Davis sings "Life Is a Woman," the lyrics of which embalm a view of women that would surely have seemed old-fashioned in the Stone Age. The song, which brings down the first-act curtain, brought me to my feet and out into the night, heading happily homeward. For the record, let it be noted that the charming, brightly colored scenery is by Santo Loquasto, who also designed the far from charming costumes; that the admirable lighting is by Pat Collins; that the choreography is by Billy Wilson; and that the show has been directed by Mel Shapiro. —Brendan Gill


"Our task then, gentlemen, is to persuade the government that the best way to solve a problem still *is to just throw money at it."*

●

To achieve one's goals in society, each individual must learn to communicate for better interpersonal relationships. Whether it be verbal, written or physical communication, one must be able to relate thoughts, feelings, beliefs, action statements and experiences.

In order to accomplish objectives, one must comprehend that which is expressed to him. Communication barriers and noises have to be eliminated so that the connotation and denotation of the message can be understood. One must not only hear, but better still, one must listen to what is being said, respond to physical stimuli and appreciate what is read.

Secondly, one has to be able to write or verbalize ideas to others and provide physical stimuli through body language or other means which will allow the listener to receive as close as possible what is being expressed.

The quicker one learns to untie the knots for meaningful communication, the faster he or she will reach his desired plateau. For only after the rope is untied can it be turned into a straight line leading to one's individual goals and successes.—*Morton Temsky in Who's Who Among American High School Students.*

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The bride is Marija Idzelis. At left is the bridegroom, Virgis Viliamas. On April 22nd, in Cleveland, Ohio, they and nearly 300 guests danced and sang until it was time to go, and then they danced and sang some more.

"You see, it was more than my daughter's wedding," said Henrikas Idzelis, far right. "It was a demonstration of the survival of free Lithuanians."

Henrikas gave up his position as a banker and fled Lithuania following Soviet annexation in 1944. Immigrating to the United States, he became a factory worker. Laboring nights and weekends, he has put his three children through college. "It was a decision I made gladly to choose freedom. We have much to celebrate."

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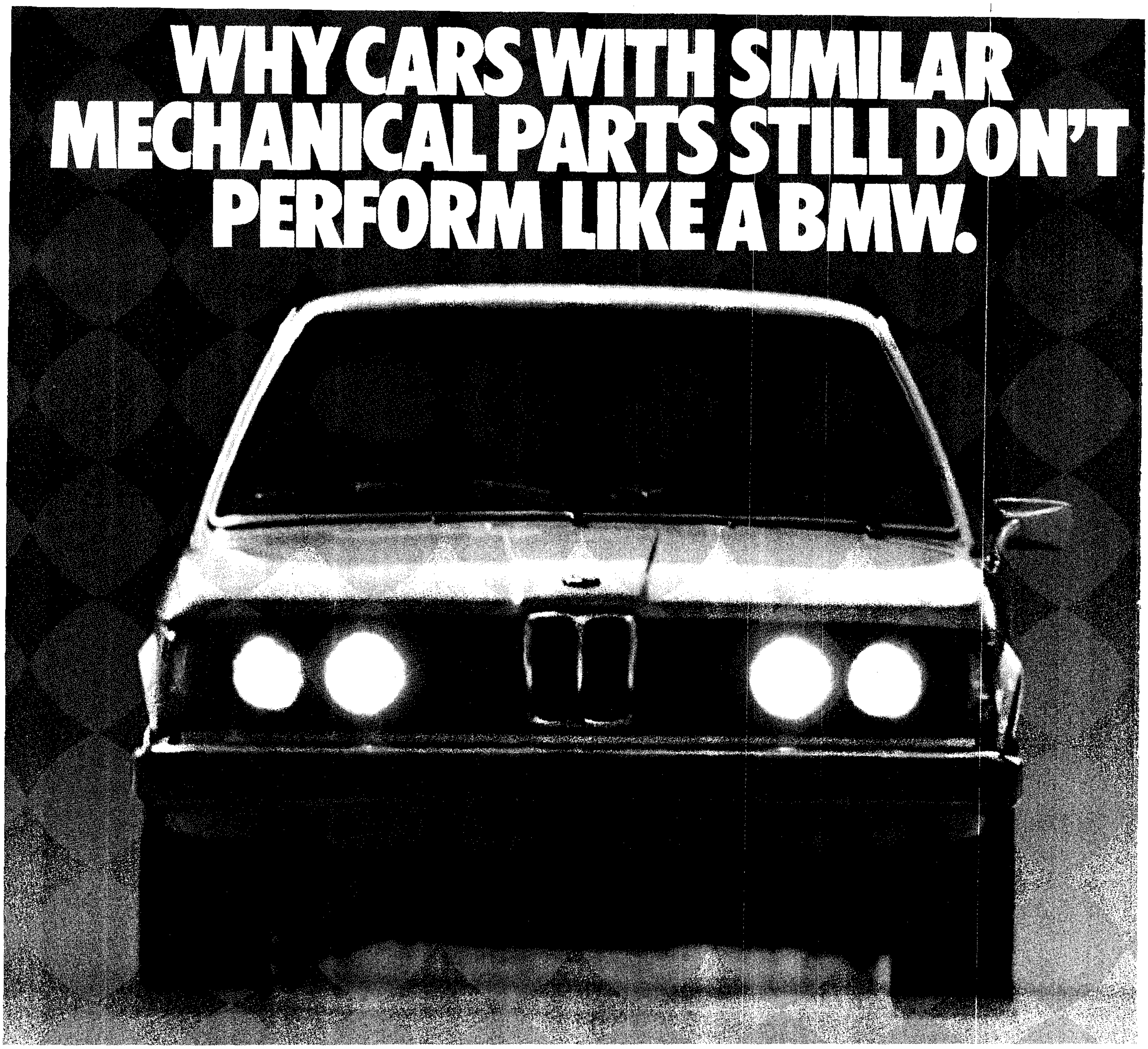

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

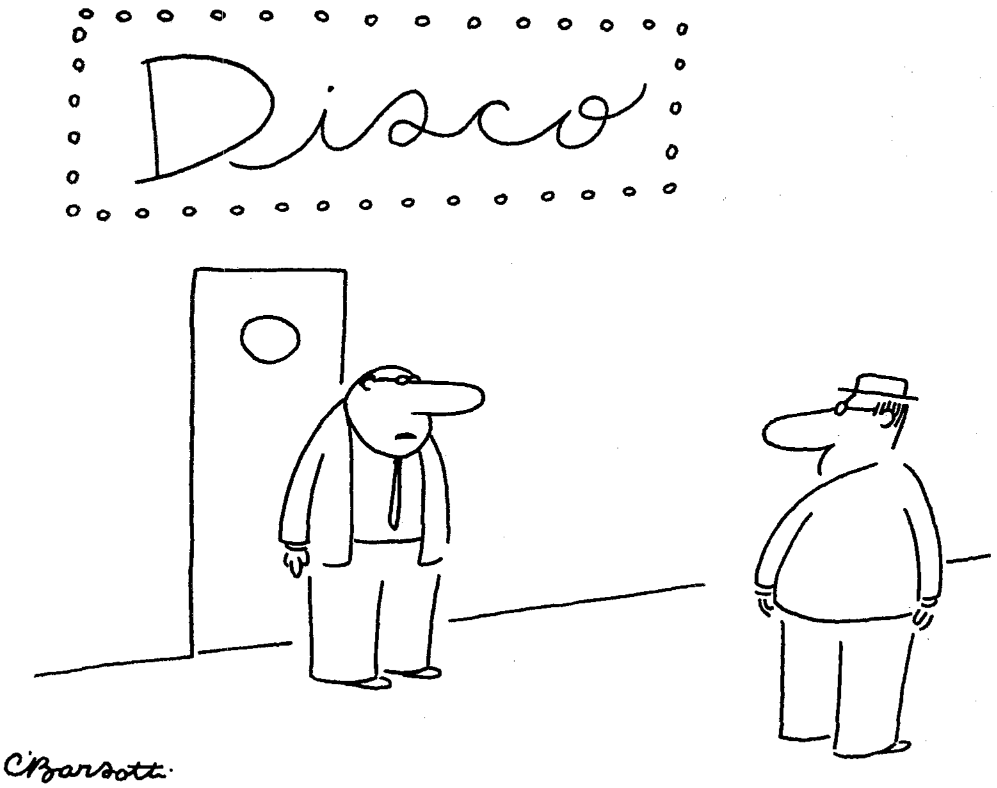
Glazed

IRVIN KERSHNER, the director of, among other pictures, a thing called "The Return of a Man Called Horse," is nothing if not trite. Where the obvious can be trundled out, out he trundles it. "Eyes of Laura Mars" comes to the bone-crushingly obvious conclusion that fashion photography is superficial. It makes the point superficially and at the same time ponderously. There are many interesting things to be said about fashion photography, but they are not said here. What ideal of beauty does it hold out? Is that ideal serious or self-parodic, and does it cause suffering to those who don't meet it? What does a young woman who happens to have the figure of a Rubens model feel when she is leafing through a current fashion magazine? Has fashion photography deeply to do with hatred of femininity? If so, why? Historically why, socially why? Irvin Kershner often seems to be a director on the brink of thinking, but it would take a very meditative viewer a very long cup of coffee to find anything thoughtful in "Eyes of Laura Mars." The argument could be put forward that the film is a thriller, and that it is hardly the concern of thrillers to make us ponder, but the argument doesn't hold. This is a thriller with social pretensions, not "The Hound of the Baskervilles." It deals in matters that raise serious questions; it mutters them, and then it drops them like tons of cement dropping on one's big toe.

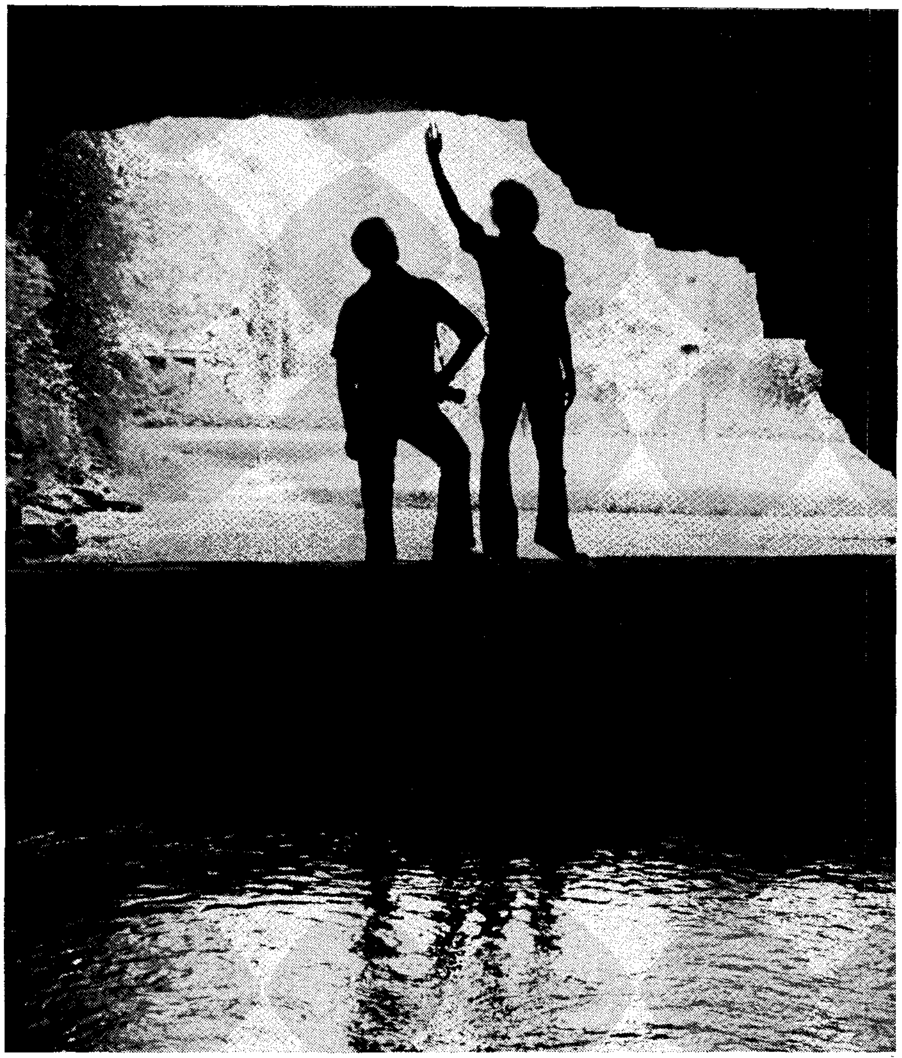
I remember once seeing a Swedish picture in which a woman went into a long labor, had a difficult delivery, and produced a baby, all before the credits. After that, the credits seemed to clasp their foreheads and fall backward like a relieved father. There is rather the same process of displaced exposition in "Eyes of Laura Mars." Before the credits, we have a closeup of an eye (the eye theme), a song sung by Barbra Streisand (nothing to do with anything), a shot of a pile of books, including one on Talleyrand (why?), a shot of a girl filling a kettle (a girl not yet identifiable), something like an ice pick going into an eye (the eye theme again), a shot of pointed scissors as Faye Dunaway looks at a book (the jabbed-eyeball theme). Also before the credits, we learn the film's tendency—unfair in a thriller and aesthetically poor in any context—to tease the audience by showing us only a quarter of something essential, and hiding the rest behind a doorway: hiding it not because the camera clearly represents the view of an observer whom we acknowledge or identify with, as in a Hitchcock film, but hiding it in the cause of fuzziness.

Laura Mars, played by Faye Dunaway, who gets more beautiful and personally endearing with every film, is a fashion photographer who lives on Central Park West and works in a huge studio somewhere way downtown on the Hudson. She is driven to work in an expensive car by a wild-eyed ex-con (Brad Dourif), and she is generally accompanied by her agent (René Auberjonois), a caricature of the swishy men who are crassly supposed to reign over the fashion-photography industry. Industry it certainly is. Laura Mars, shown as being vastly more famous than any actual fashion photographer has ever been, mobbed by fans and news photographers, every now and again has visions of murders while they are being committed somewhere else. She has one of these visions when she is in the middle of shooting an immensely complicated fashion scene involving wind machines, several models in fur coats, a model with lipstick that Laura Mars commands be "much more fuchsia," and a couple of wrecked automobiles in flames. One has to take it that the film is genuinely trying to explore something about the taste for the eccentric and the violent which fashion photography toys with, in much the same vein of frivolity as the photographs that were taken during the Depression of couture-dressed, self-starved, highly paid women posturing beside tenements and garbage cans. Laura Mars' own hint of this theme in the script, given in answer to badgering questions from newsmen, is as glancing and clumsy as the rest of the film, which sometimes seems to aspire to be a little like Antonioni's "Blow-Up" in its effort to give an account of the times. But the account droops for lack of energy of fictional imagination. The film fails us on the level of a thriller because the criminal is guessable in the first half hour. All that is left for us to admire is the sweet spirit of Faye Dunaway's presence and an interesting actor named Tommy Lee Jones. One pines for more thought in the script, more questions about the nature of the topic of artificiality that the film merely exploits and ransacks.

AMERICA is vast, and so, my goodness, are the insults launched against its educational system. "National Lampoon's Animal House," directed by John Landis, is set in a college called Faber in 1962. But it is not by backdating comedy that one gets away with bad comedy. This comic-book frat-house farce goes WHAM!



"Well, if you did want to come in, you couldn't."



IN 1962, when the government explored our limestone cave as a bomb shelter, they came up with a dud.

What they found, was a spring of iron-free water that we use for making Jack Daniel's. Of course, it made the cave too damp for storing food. And too cold for storing people. According to the government, our kind of cave made a terrible bomb shelter. But according to our friends, it helps make a perfect sippin' whiskey.

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EECH!! at the expense of a system that self-evidently fosters invaluable intelligences. The picture gives us much facetiousness about a fat undergraduate who steals food (ZOWIE!!!) and a professor who apologizes because "Paradise Lost" is a long read (SPLAT!!!!). The acting is of the rolling-eye sort, and satire is implied by getting the performers to prompt us with smothered laughs. One's ribs are nudged until they ache. The witty hard truths about American college education in the early sixties scarcely inhere in guffaws about beer-drinking and about rather Germanic pranks and about the taking of "diet pills" during exams. Some of us—a lot of us—were there at the time, and the pith of any good lampooning would surely lie in showing the straits of a privileged class of young people with a feeling of thwarted morality. A point could be made of the fact that there are virtually no blacks in the student cast, but the film ignores it. Nor does the picture, in its roll call of stereotypes, give any attention to the intellectually underendowed. The status of being intentionally funny is awarded exclusively to the good-looking and the successfully flirtatious. If one didn't know something about education here, one would think it hermetic from the rest of the world to the point of hygienic refrigeration; if one didn't know the unique rapidity and self-criticism of humor here, one would think wit an absent ingredient. The film tells social untruths that go beyond the excuse of presenting the sort of humor called "undergraduate." "Animal House" depicts a university life that is deeply anti-academic, an undergraduate life that is as blind as a pit pony, and an almost criminally false idea of the national sense of the comedic. The inhabitants of this country, including its undergraduates, surely proffered in the sixties some of the bravest jokes in its history.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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> Once the editors select an article stored in the computer memory, they first recall it to their video screens to make whatever changes may be necessary. Using the keys on their terminals, they may insert, delete or change words and phrases, transpose paragraphs, cut the length of stories, improve phrasing, or send the arsticles back to the writers for more work.
>
> It is just as it has always been, except that keyboards have replaced copy pencils, and the sharp metal spikes for disposing of unwanted copy are now unneeded relics.
>
> —*The Times.*

Along with proofreaders?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PERSONS IN NEED OF SUPERVISION

TODAY, when some critics of our juvenile-justice system are complaining that the system is incompetent in dealing with violent young criminals, other critics are complaining that it is showing amazing efficiency in locking up—often for long periods—troubled young people who have not been charged with committing any crime, violent or otherwise. Such young people, they point out, represent approximately forty per cent of the hundred thousand-odd children who will be sent to jail this year for at least twenty-four hours and of the twelve thousand who will be placed in juvenile-detention centers every day. These children, who are variously labelled Persons in Need of Supervision (PINS), Children in Need of Supervision (CINS), Juveniles in Need of Supervision (JINS), or Wayward Minors, depending on the state they live in, will be guilty of nothing more serious than being a burden or a nuisance. They are not juvenile criminals—they have committed no act for which an adult could be prosecuted. Mainly, they are children who are truant from school, who have run away from home, or whose parents (the majority of them poor) find them too difficult to manage. Under one name or another, the PINS judicial category is written into the laws of forty-one states, and children who are assigned to it occupy, according to one estimate, as much as forty-two per cent of the case load of juvenile courts.

The roots of this curious situation are in the nineteenth century. The first juvenile-court act was adopted by Illinois, in 1899 (there were laws protecting animals in this country before there were laws protecting children; the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for example, was created in 1866, nearly a decade before our first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children), and by the late nineteen-twenties all but two states, Maine and Wyoming, had enacted juvenile laws based on the Illinois model. (Wyoming joined the rest of the states in 1951; Maine held out until 1959.) Underlying all the state statutes was the doctrine of *parens patriae*, drawn from English chancery law—that the court could act to resolve the problems of troubled children *as if it were a parent.* Behind this doctrine, and justifying the court's intervention in family matters, was the assumption that it could succeed where a parent had failed. Much of the recent criticism of how the laws deal with juveniles who aren't criminals focusses on a common theme: the courts' overbroad interpretation of the goals of the early juvenile-justice reformers. The nineteenth-century reformers who first saw a need for a separate system of probation and institutional care for children were above all concerned about the way children were being brutalized in adult prisons. They felt that if children were to be dealt with by the courts they had to be protected and "rehabilitated" outside the criminal-justice system. They never envisaged the possibility that the courts would have power over, as one judge put it not long ago, virtually "every act a child might commit whether or not [it was] a violation of penal law."

A telling fact about the early juvenile statutes was that none of them had any procedures for appeal. From the beginning, those concerned with reforming the juvenile system—people like Jane Addams, Enoch C. Wines, William Letchworth, Charles H. Cooley, and Louise de Koven Bowen—emphasized the rehabilitative "treatment" that the courts, through reformatories, would provide for children. Many of the early reformers, like Benjamin Rush and Isaac Ray, were, in fact, physicians, and their views on erring children were often expressed in terms of social infection, immunization, and genetic taint. "The Child Savers," as the sociologist Anthony M. Platt calls them in his excellent book of that title, were not (and, for the most part, their modern equivalents are not) interested in law. They were social Darwinists, philanthropists, and

"I don't know how to cook. I always ate out."

A.T. COMSTOCK

staunch defenders of the Protestant rural ethic, who believed that the only way to help the "city waif" or the "gamin of the alley" was to take him away from his family and from the cities—"out of the gaslight and sewer gas; away out into the woods and fields free from temptation and contagion; out into the sunlight and the starlight and the pure, sweet air of the meadows." Books like Enoch Wines' "The State of Prisons and of Child-Saving Institutions in the Civilized World" and Charles Cooley's " 'Nature v. Nurture' in the Making of Social Careers" and Louise Bowen's "The Straight Girl on the Crooked Path" overflow with the noblest sentiments about reëducating the offspring of the poor; Charles Loring Brace's influential "The Dangerous Classes of New York and Twenty Years' Work Among Them," published in 1872, is perhaps the classic work of this kind. But one searches these books in vain for any reference to law, legal procedure, or the rights of children in courts. What all these reformers had in common was an abhorrence of traditional ideas and methods of punishment for children and an unquestioning belief in the rehabilitative powers of an enlightened reformatory "presided over by a Christian gentleman and lady." It never occurred to any of them, it seems, that their well-intentioned ideas of rehabilitation might also be regarded as punishment, so it never occurred to them to worry about questions of appeal.

As a result of these deeply ingrained romantic notions, however, children had virtually no constitutional rights, and were, for the most part, shuffled about through the various states' juvenile-justice systems, until well into the twentieth century. It wasn't until the late nineteen-sixties, in fact, that the Supreme Court began to address itself to crucial juvenile-court matters. In the Kent decision, in 1966, the Court ruled that juvenile courts which transferred children to adult criminal courts had to observe "the basic requirements of due process and fairness." A year later, the Court heard the case of a fifteen-year-old Arizona boy, Gerald Gault, who for making a lewd phone call had been committed to six years in a so-called state industrial school without having been informed of the charges against him, of his right to a lawyer, of his privilege against self-incrimination, or of his right to cross-examine the complainant. In a landmark decision, the Court ruled that the boy had been denied his basic rights as guaranteed by the Bill of Rights and the due-process clause of the Constitution. The Gault case illustrated perfectly the arbitrariness of juvenile dispositions. As Justice Abe Fortas pointed out in his summation of the majority opinion, the maximum punishment in Arizona for an adult charged with using obscene language in the presence of a woman was a fine of fifty dollars or imprisonment in jail for not more than two months. The Gault decision established, nationwide, children's right to counsel, though only in the adjudication stage. The Court, however, has yet to address itself to the question of the rights of so-called status offenders, or PINS.

PINS are called status offenders because it is their state of being—their alleged "incorrigibility" or "unruliness," rather than any criminal offense—that brings them before the courts. Definitions of status offenders vary from state to state: for instance, Michigan allows its courts jurisdiction over a child "who repeatedly associates with thieves, prostitutes, pimps or procurers; or who is willfully disobedient . . . and is in danger of becoming morally depraved; or who habitually idles away his or her time." Ohio has a similar statute for a child "who is found in a disreputable place, visits or patronizes a place prohibited by law or associates with vagrant, vicious, criminal, notorious, or immoral persons;" and New Jersey children can be placed in this category for "habitual idle roaming of the streets at night." A growing number of opponents of the laws dealing with PINS have asserted that all such statutes are dangerously vague in their wording, unfairly arbitrary in their enforcement, and probably unconstitutional in both principle and practice.

Ironically, almost all the states that put these statutes on their books considered them to be a major advance in the juvenile-justice system, because they separated, at least in name, children who hadn't committed crimes from those who had. Indeed, the states that still classify all juvenile offenders as delinquent, and make no jurisdictional distinction between, say, stealing a car and running away from home, and even those that classify some of these sorts of offenses as "status" and others as "delinquent," are considered to have more punitive codes of juvenile justice. Nonetheless, critics of the status-offender laws claim that, whatever the original hopes for them were, they have turned out to be useless—that they are simply new labels, which have failed to affect the sort of treatment that children receive—and, worse, have actually compounded the legal and social problems they were intended to alleviate. The point these critics make is not, of course, that no distinction should be made between PINS and delinquents but that PINS should not be under court jurisdiction at all.

Among the first states to pass a law separating status offenders from delinquents was New York, in 1962. With some justification, New York considers itself to be in the vanguard of states dedicated to juvenile-justice reform. There are still many states where, for lack of special detention facilities, noncriminal children are thrown into common jails (usually in the drunk tank); states that sanction corporal punishment or the use of tranquillizing drugs or solitary confinement for long periods to keep "problem" children quiet and pliable; and many states whose institutional personnel are plainly unfit to be caring for children. New York State has regulations that prohibit the people who work with children in institutions from hurting them; it has ombudsmen in all its large public juvenile institutions; the heads of its public and private youth agencies are, for the most part,

A.T. COMSTOCK

"A. T. Comstock speaking."

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enlightened people, who seem to be genuinely concerned about the lives of children; and a vigorous community of civil libertarians keeps a constant watch over all juvenile-justice matters. Nevertheless, more and more voices are complaining that the court-social-welfare bureaucracy that is supposed to be helping the state's "troubled children" is not doing and almost certainly cannot do the job it was set up to do. Within the social-welfare system, people tend to blame each other or the lack of adequate funds for this failure. In reality, the failure appears to be with the system itself, which, according to one longtime observer of courts and social-welfare agencies, is "a superhighway leading to a cowpath."

New York State's Family Court Act of 1962, which included the statute that separated non-criminal children with behavioral problems from those who had committed crimes, called the former children Persons in Need of Supervision, and this designation soon became shortened in everyday court parlance to the even more Kafkaesque PINS. The Family Court Act defines a Person in Need of Supervision as a child under sixteen who "does not attend school . . . [or] is incorrigible, ungovernable or habitually disobedient and beyond the lawful control of parent or other lawful authority." Last year, the statute was amended to include unlawful possession of marijuana. In practice, behavior that the court construes as falling under one or another of the statute's terms includes staying out late, fighting with brothers and sisters, being disruptive in school, being promiscuous, keeping "undesirable" company, running away from home, and not showing proper respect for parents. (Marijuana smoking hardly ever comes before the court as a substantive issue.) The majority of the petitions alleging that a child is "in need of supervision" are filed by parents (schools come second, and child-welfare agencies also file many petitions), and the overwhelming majority of the families affected by the statute are among the very poor. On the average, about twelve thousand children are brought into New York State courts under PINS petitions each year. According to the Annual Report of the New York State Office of Court Administration, there were 4,968 PINS petitions filed in New York City in 1977, and 6,964 petitions filed in the rest of the state that year. According to the people in the courts who see the process at work every day, the parents who bring their children into court on PINS petitions are usually angry, confused, and exhausted, and in a tragically large number of cases are simply using the authority of the court to frighten or punish their children, because the court is the only place they know to turn to for help.

Critics of the PINS statute assert that it is not only ambiguously written (what one parent or judge may decide is "ungovernable" or "incorrigible" behavior another might find entirely acceptable) but, in effect, discriminatory. It is a rare occurrence indeed, they say, when a white, middle-class child is brought to court on a PINS petition. Well-to-do and middle-class families with troubled children have recourse to all kinds of alternatives, from psychiatrists, through private tutors, to boarding schools. The poor have the Family Court, and the court is coercive. A child who runs away from boarding school is misbehaving; a PINS child who runs away from an institution that the court has sent him to is violating a court order. According to a New York City Legal Aid Society report recommending the removal of PINS from the courts, "it is almost exclusively the Black and Puerto Rican [child] in New York City who is subjected to the humiliation and disgrace of [this kind of] court proceeding."

Another weakness of the PINS statute is the ease with which it lends itself to misapplication. In 1973 and 1974, two Yale law students, R. Hale Andrews, Jr., and Andrew H. Cohn, did a study of the PINS jurisdiction for the Judiciary Committee of the New York State Assembly, in which they found that in more than a third of the cases of children who were being brought into the courts on PINS petitions the parents could have been charged with statutory abuse or neglect. "Court personnel readily admit that a high percentage of neglect cases are processed as PINS," they reported. "Despite the option of reducing such cases to neglects, they are handled as

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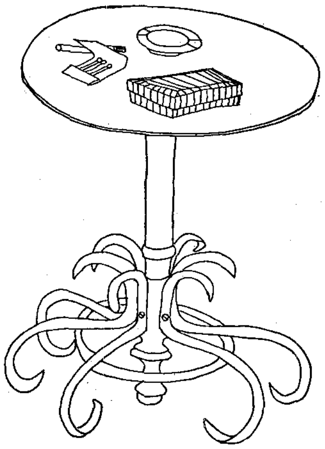
PINS because judges in many cases do not want to face the delays and formalities that an accused parent and his or her lawyer will create. There is also a reluctance in some cases to accuse an adult; it is simply easier to deal with a youth."

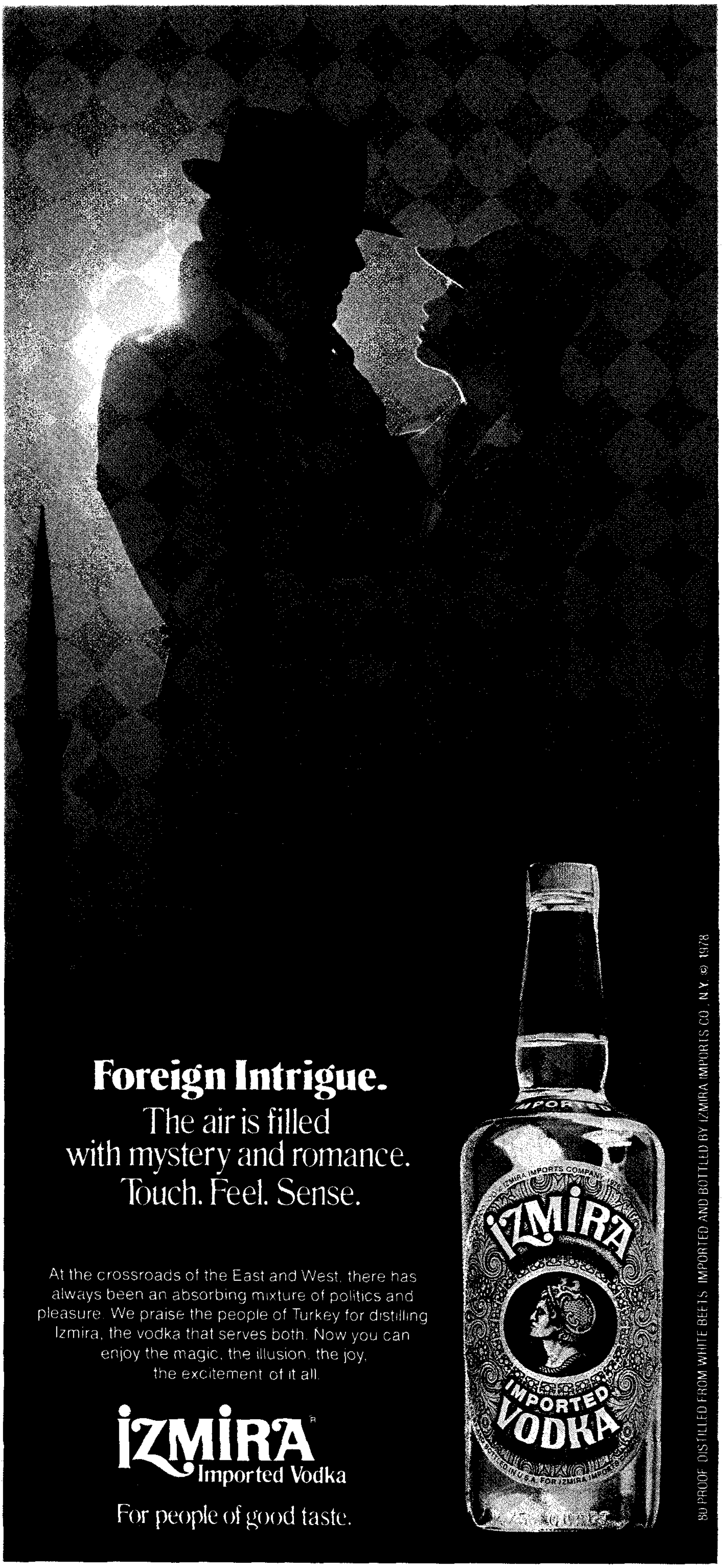
If the PINS statute is subtly discriminatory in racial and economic respects, it is blatantly discriminatory in sexual ones. In 1972, the New York City Legal Aid Society successfully tested the most obviously discriminatory aspect of the statute: the fact that it applied to girls up to eighteen years of age but to boys only up to sixteen. In the case "In the Matter of Patricia A.," which involved a girl of sixteen who became a PINS, the New York State Court of Appeals agreed that the wording of the 1962 statute violated the Constitution's guarantee of equal protection before the law. Since 1972, the cutoff age has been the same for girls and boys. But though this change gave girls a more nearly equal chance before the law, there are, for many reasons, still far more girls than boys who are PINS, and girls are usually confined in institutions for far longer periods than boys. Juvenile law has traditionally taken a more protective—and thus, in practice, more discriminatory—view of girls. For example, the police are far quicker to round up "for their own good" a group of girls wandering through the streets late at night than a group of boys. Nationally, seventy per cent of the girls held in juvenile institutions are status offenders, compared with only twenty-three per cent of the boys. In New York City, according to one study, sixty-two per cent of all PINS cases involved girls, and a hundred per cent of all the cases alleging sexual misbehavior such as promiscuity, "co-habiting," or "general sex innuendo" involved girls.



One case among the many that civil-liberties lawyers have brought before the courts—thus far unsuccessfully—to test the statute's basic constitutionality was particularly representative of PINS cases involving adolescent girls. It was brought before the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York five years ago by the American Civil Liberties Union. (It was eventually dismissed on a point of procedure: the District Court believed that an earlier action of the Supreme Court on a different but similar case deprived the District Court of the right to pass on the merits of the case.) The case involved three young girls who were sent to state institutions in violation, the suit tried to prove, of their constitutional rights. One of them, Rosa Delgado (her name has been changed), was a small, slightly built Puerto Rican girl. A lawyer who represented Rosa described her as "an extraordinarily sweet and alert girl with a cautious, gentle manner." When Rosa was born, her mother, who felt she couldn't cope with her, placed her in foster care, where she remained for seven years. When she was seven, she went to live with her grandmother in Brooklyn. She rarely saw her mother, who lived in Manhattan, but when she did see her she was aware that her mother brought many strange men into her apartment at night. In December of 1968, when the girl was twelve, her mother filed a PINS petition against her in the Kings County Family Court. Although Rosa was still living with her grandmother, her mother said that she stayed out too late, that she had been truant from school for a number of days, that she had been "disruptive in the home," and that she had failed to "obey the directions given her by the [mother] in matters relating generally to her welfare."

The judge in Rosa's case accepted the mother's charges as valid and found Rosa to be a Person in Need of Supervision. After the hearing, but before the court decided what to do with her, she was shuffled between her grandmother's house and a "secure remand facility" in the South Bronx, where not only PINS children but children who had committed murder, rape, or arson waited for the courts to decide what to do with them. Once during this period, she remained in the facility for over three months. Eventually, the court placed her on probation and she returned to her grandmother's house. Not long afterward, however, in May of 1970, her mother, who still didn't live with her, filed a violation-of-probation petition alleging that Rosa "argued with neighbors," "begged cigarettes on the streets," and still did not "obey the lawful commands" of her mother. The court then revoked probation and placed Rosa with the Department of Social Services, which sent her to a city shelter for children. Rosa frequently ran away from the shelter. Each time she ran away, she returned to her grandmother's house. On August 11, 1970, the shelter filed a new PINS petition, charging that Rosa was "incorrigible," because she kept running away to her grandmother's. The court reaffirmed that she was a PINS and, this time, immediately confined her to eighteen months in a state institution for girls. In February of 1972, her confinement was extended by the court for a year, but in August of 1972 she was paroled. The terms of her parole included the provision that she live with her mother, since her grandmother had moved back to Puerto Rico. By the time Rosa's case reached the District Court, in 1973, she had turned seventeen, and, her brief stated, she had "remained with her mother with the exception of four months which she spent in the psychiatric ward of Bellevue Hospital."

Rena K. Uviller, an energetic, dark-haired woman who heads the American Civil Liberties Union's Juvenile Rights Project, was among the lawyers who worked on Rosa's case. She is convinced that the PINS statute "is so vague and all-encompassing that it would never pass constitutional muster if it were applied to adults." Concerning the Delgado case, she said to me recently, "Rosa needed nothing and got nothing from the state. She wasn't doing anything that middle-class adolescent children don't do all the time; she wasn't even doing anything as bad as what a lot of other kids do. She wasn't stealing and she wasn't taking drugs. The real trouble was that her mother was afraid that her daughter would repeat her own mistakes, and she thought that the grandmother was too permissive. But even if her fears were justified—though we were all sure they weren't—what that girl needed at the very most was a kind of crash pad with intelligent adult supervision. Unfortunately, places like that hardly exist. The state training school that Rosa was sent to cost twenty thousand dollars a year per child to run, and no one, not even many of the people who are still running training schools in the rest of the country, thinks that the schools are good places for adolescent children. The mother's fear that Rosa would come to future harm, and her use of the PINS statute to prevent that possibility, points up one of the statute's most serious weakness-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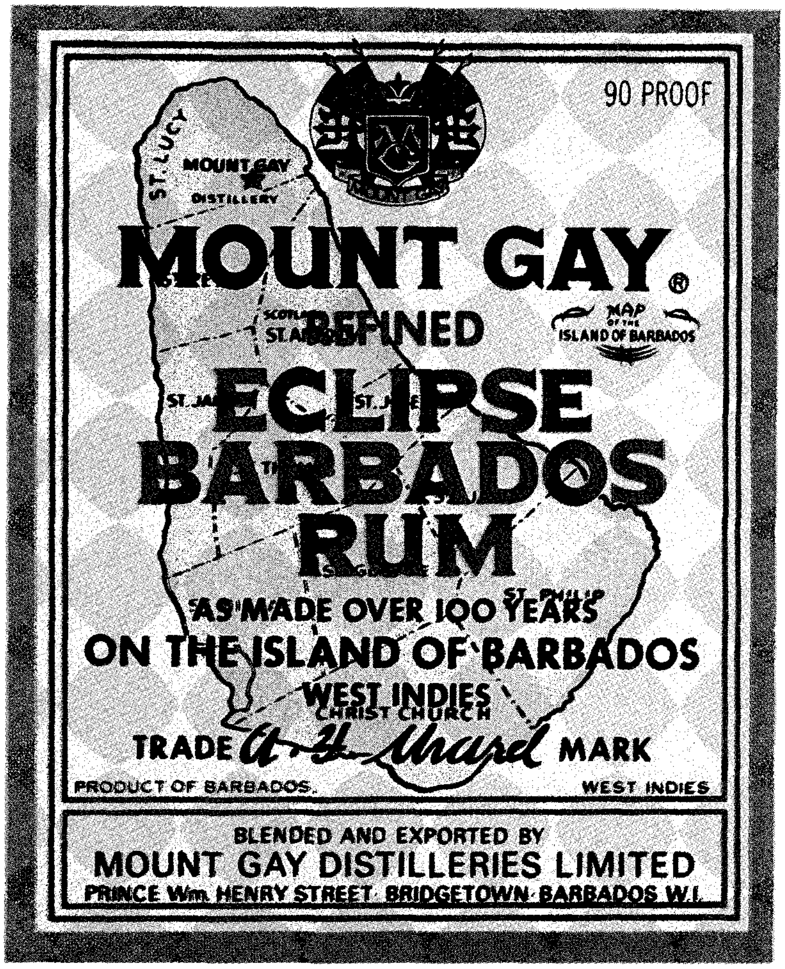

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es. It is often stated, especially by judges, that by getting these children before they have committed crimes we are preventing them from becoming juvenile delinquents. But, even setting aside the obvious constitutional objection to that argument, there is simply no evidence that the assumption is a correct one. On the contrary, the few studies that have been attempted tend to show that the opposite is true—that the less children are involved with the court, the less likely they are to go on to commit delinquent acts. I'm still convinced that we were right in Rosa's case—that the court had no business interfering in her life. What kids learn from these institutions is how to adapt to institutions; and they do that just because it's the only way not to get hassled at a place that regulates their lives from seven o'clock in the morning to nightfall. These are street-wise kids on the verge of adulthood, and the only way they have to assert their independence is to run away. That's why the runaway rate is so high in all these institutions."

In addition to the constitutional controversy surrounding court jurisdiction in PINS cases, there is a controversy over the placement and treatment policies that flow from that jurisdiction. PINS (and other troubled children) are sent to various types of institutions: small state facilities, such as youth camps or group homes; foster homes; hospitals; urban and rural residential centers; and so-called voluntary agencies, which are publicly funded and privately operated.

New York's status offenders used to be sent to state training schools, the modern version of reformatories (and status offenders in all but a handful of other states still are). The removal of New York PINS from training schools has occurred mainly because of the passage, in 1974, of a bill called the Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention Act, which, among other things, offers the states federal grants to develop small, non-secure, community-based services for status offenders, and also because of the vigorous efforts of Peter Edelman, the director of the New York State Division for Youth, which used to run the PINS training schools (and still runs the training schools for delinquents), to enforce it. The Juvenile Justice Act, which was passed with overwhelming bipartisan congressional support, and with the blessings of hundreds of lawyers, sociologists, penal experts, and psychologists, included a provision that "juveniles who are charged with or who have committed offenses that would not be criminal if committed by an adult . . . shall not be placed in juvenile detention or correctional facilities . . ." For several years after it was passed, however, the law was largely ineffective, because there were neither the funds nor the staff needed to enforce it. The law has fared better in the last two years. Seventy-five million dollars was provided for enforcement in 1977, and a hundred million dollars this year, compared with only forty million in 1976.

Despite the additional money, the law still has its problems. When the bill was first passed, most states objected to the requirement that they comply within two years with the law's guidelines, which are issued and monitored by the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention, a part of the Department of Justice's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. Ten states refused to accept the federal funds that were offered as a carrot for compliance, knowing that they could not make so many radical changes in their juvenile-justice systems so rapidly. Other states accepted the money and simply reported later that they were unable to comply with the standards. Last year, the law was amended. The states were given an additional year in which to remove seventy-five per cent of their non-criminal children from training schools, correctional facilities, and secure detention facilities, and three years to remove *all* non-criminal children from all such facilities. The Office of Juvenile Justice still has no firm statistics revealing the degree of the states' compliance with the law, but several people there have told me that no state is at present remotely within sight of full compliance. Seven states—North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Nevada, Oklahoma, Utah, and Wyoming—have still refused to accept the federal grants, because they don't want to, or feel that they can't, change the way they handle their status offenders; some states circumvent the law by classifying as delinquents PINS who are second offenders (on the ground that they have violated a court order) and sending them to training schools; and no one I have talked with at the Office of Juvenile Justice is entirely confident of the reliability of the states' compliance reports. In New York State, the Division for Youth and local governments have had to use most of their annual allocation of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention Act funds—currently, about five million dollars—to create new, smaller facilities and various day services, because so many of the old facilities did not comply with the guidelines. As an indirect result of the law, many PINS of the sort who used to be sent to the training schools are now sent to facilities run by the voluntary agencies. The voluntary agencies' facilities are regarded as the most pleasant and most effective places for PINS, but, despite the fact that they are supported by public funds, they have the right to refuse admission to any child whom they classify as not suitable for their programs.

ANTIQUES
LASZLO

WHEN a parent (or other guardian) and a potential PINS walk into the Manhattan Family Court Building—a fortresslike, showily modern dark-gray granite building at 60 Lafayette Street—they are sent to the Juvenile Intake room, which turns out to be the Adult Intake room as well, on the fourth floor. At the front of the Intake room is a desk that is nearly as wide as the room, and behind it is a closed door that leads to the offices of the probation officers. Two receptionists man the desk. In front of one of them is a small sign that says "Juvenile Intake;" in front of the other is one that says "Adult Intake." On the wall is a fancy digital clock, which (like all the courthouse clocks I saw when I visited the court last June) shows the wrong day and date.

The petitioner and the child are sent by the receptionist to another office, where the court checks its own records to see if the child has a previous court history—a task in which it is somewhat limited, since it doesn't carry records for any of the other boroughs. Then they return to the Intake room and wait for one of seven probation officers on hand to become free. At the Intake interview, the probation officer may try to suggest to a parent alternatives to a PINS petition. He may recommend that the child be referred to a mental-health clinic, a hospital, or a Mobilization for Youth Center or other such community-action group or social agency. On the average, between forty and fifty per cent of PINS petitions are diverted this way. No lawyer is present at any point during probation Intake, so the power of the probation officer is formidable. If a child has a previous record, it counts against him; if a child acts "uncoöperative" (and most children who witness their parents denouncing them to a total

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stranger tend to act uncoöperative) that counts against him. On the other hand, even if a probation officer thinks that a PINS petition is unnecessary, or actually wrong for a child, a parent ("or other lawful authority") has a legal right to insist that it be drawn up. This happens frequently.

If a PINS case is not diverted at this initial stage, the clerk of the court types out a formal petition, a law guardian—who in ninety-nine per cent of all cases is a Legal Aid lawyer—is appointed to the case, the case is adjourned for a few weeks so that the lawyer can find out as much as possible about his client and the child can see a social worker, and a date is set for a fact-finding hearing. When the child returns to court a few weeks later, the judge may delay the hearing, because the day's calendar is too crowded. Whatever happens, *neither* the child *nor* the parent *ever* sees the Intake probation officer again. From this point on, however, there is always a lawyer, and usually the same lawyer, present to represent the child at all proceedings—thanks to the case of Gerald Gault. The New York City Legal Aid lawyers have a contract with the state which is renewed annually, and they are strong advocates of children's rights. In many upstate counties there is no contract between the Family Court and the Legal Aid Society: Lawyers are appointed to each case by the presiding judge, and, in practice, they are far less free to act in contravention of what they suspect a judge's bias to be. Upstate lawyers serving on PINS cases in counties without contracts know that if they protest too much on behalf of a client before a fairly old-fashioned judge, who thinks that, say, the state youth camps "teach children a lesson," the judge is simply not going to appoint them to other PINS cases.

After a PINS petition has been drawn up and the fact-finding hearing has been held to determine whether the allegations of the petition are true, and whether a child needs "placement" or only "treatment," the Probation Department makes what is called an Investigation and Report. The Intake report is sent to the I. & R. office, one floor below (for unknown reasons, it sometimes takes several weeks for these papers to make their way downstairs, and occasionally they get lost en route), and a new probation officer takes over the case.

Some time ago, I went down to the I. & R. office, to talk with Sheryl Philips, a fresh-looking young woman in her late twenties with long, honey-

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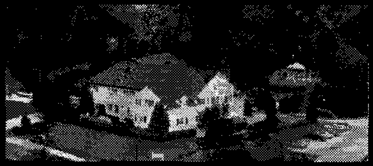

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blond hair and a wide smile, who at the time was an I. & R. probation officer. When I asked Miss Philips what an Investigation and Report consisted of, she said, "An I. & R. should include a psychosocial report, and occasionally includes a separate psychological or psychiatric evaluation. The psychiatric-psychological report is done at the Mental Health Service office of the Family Court. This is a critical stage in the process, since these reports determine to a large extent what is going to be done for a child. Yet everyone who has been around for a while knows that the psychiatric-psychological reports are a farce. They're inadequate at best and a disaster at worst. I never get used to the superficiality and the lack of feeling of the psychosocial reports. We're always seeing descriptions like 'nervous' or 'demonstrates adolescent group delinquent reaction' or 'acting out' or 'street-wise' or even 'sophisticated' used as terms of disapprobation, and on that basis, since those are all really code words for 'troublesome,' many agencies will refuse to accept a child for long-term care. I see an important part of my job as trying to cope with the system, which sometimes seems designed to make children feel impotent. There are a few places, like the Wiltwyck School, in Yorktown, and Pius XII, upstate, that I know I can count on to take difficult cases—and there are some other places, too—but they are the exception. Most of the really deeply troubled kids, who have grown up in the worst environments, are rejected by the voluntary agencies, and there's nothing we or the court can do about it. Here we are, with the power to meddle in people's lives but no control over what happens to them. Don't misunderstand me. I like my job, and good probation officers do as much as they can to help; but there is an enormous temptation to just shuffle the papers along. Everybody's case load is double what it should be—my current one is seventy—so there's hardly enough time to absorb all the facts about a child. There also aren't any rewards for doing your job well, since promotion is based solely on seniority in the department. As a result, most of the energetic workers who haven't become exhausted by the system leave in a few years." (Since I talked to Miss Philips, she has been laid off in the cutback of city employees.)

On the basis of the Investigation and Report, the I. & R. probation officer, who has also interviewed the child, frequently recommends either

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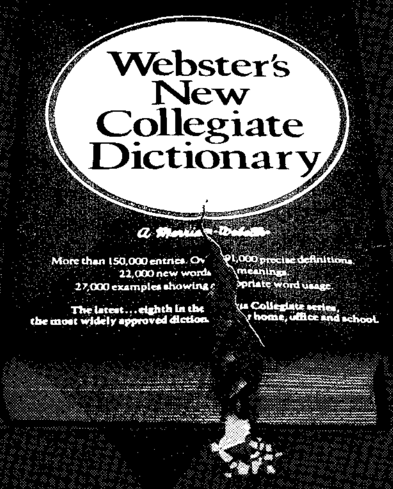
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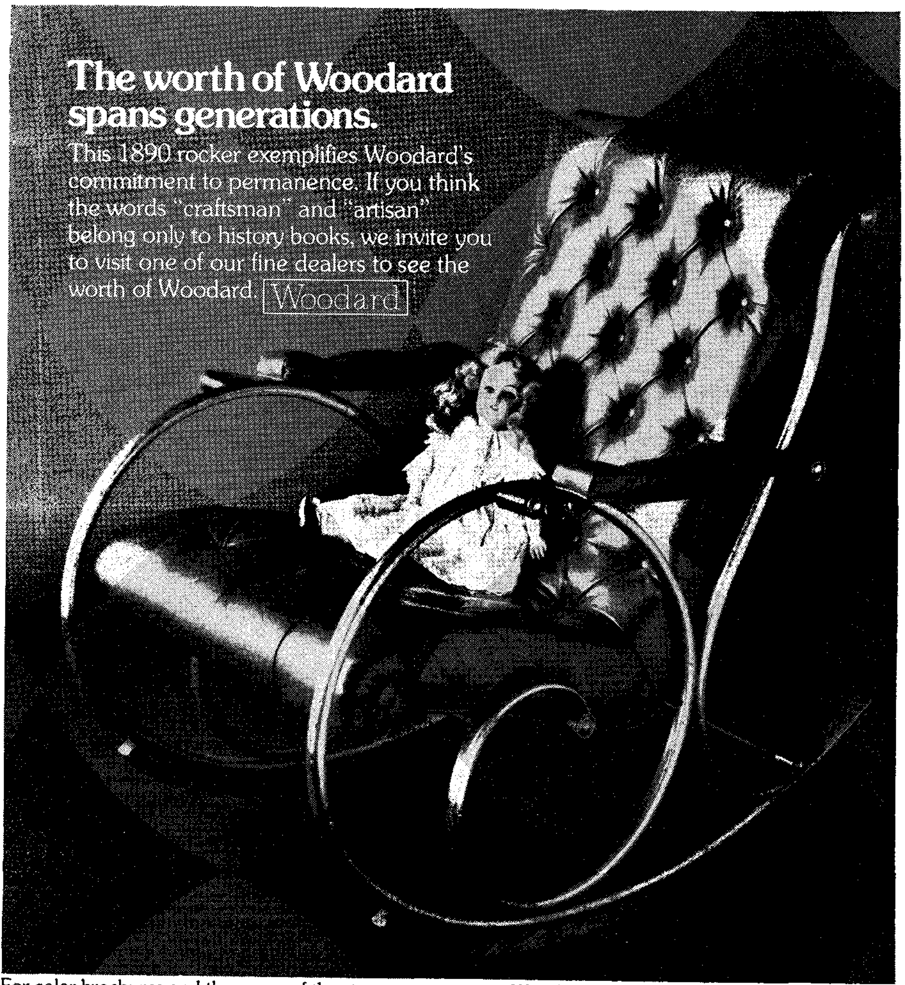

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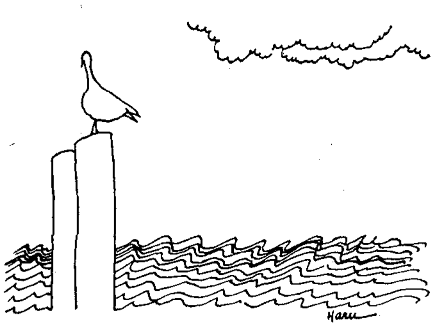
that he be placed on probation (usually for a year) or that he be placed somewhere out of his home. The case then goes back to court for a final dispositional hearing, where, in the presence of the child and parent (or other guardian) and the child's lawyer, the judge listens to the recommendations of the report. These are read aloud by still a third probation officer, called a court liaison officer, who frequently has seen the report (and has seen the child) for the first time only minutes before the hearing begins. The judge will also listen to objections or counter-proposals by the law guardian, who may have made inquiries of his own on behalf of the child. There is often another delay at this point. According to law, a child is entitled to a disposition twenty days after the fact-finding hearing if he is going to be kept in detention, and two months after the hearing if he is not going to be detained; but often no place has been found for him during that period, or a judge may want more time to see how the child is working out at home. In some cases, though nobody is willing to say how many, PINS children used to remain at detention centers for more than a year while "placement was being explored," and even now, according to one probation officer I talked to, a fifteen-year-old child who is particularly "hard to place" will on occasion remain at a temporary shelter until he reaches sixteen, because "no appropriate place has been found to accept the child."

THERE are no juries present at hearings of PINS, so the discretionary power of the judge is obviously awesome for a child; and the exclusion of the public reinforces that power. Not only are all juvenile cases decided behind closed doors but all juvenile records are closed to the public and the names of all children involved in court proceedings are kept secret. These precautionary measures are taken so that a child will not be publicly stigmatized or have to carry his record into adulthood. The drawback, of course, is that they allow the juvenile-court judge virtually unchecked rule of the courtroom. It used to be common knowledge at the Manhattan Family Court that, as a longtime observer of the court put it, "one judge [was] known as a truancy nut, another as a religious nut." There are some judges who feel more kindly disposed toward meek children, and others who favor neat ones. One judge was known to bridle at the sight of long-haired boys. Another, now retired, was known for letting a child off easier if he could give the name of his priest. This judge made every child sent home from his courtroom swear that he would never go out at night without being accompanied by his mother, his priest, or his physician. For PINS girls, the personal feelings of the judge are particularly important, since many of their parents' worries (sometimes well-founded, sometimes not) have to do with their alleged "promiscuity"—a word that seldom, if ever, comes up in court in connection with boys.

It is hardly surprising to find that individual judges have idiosyncrasies, but it is startling to learn that, collectively, judges are more lenient with juvenile delinquents than with PINS. Although PINS might be considered more harmless than children who have committed crimes, on the average, they are confined for longer periods than the delinquent children are. This is true throughout the United States. One explanation may be that the families of delinquent children more frequently stand up for their erring offspring in court than the families of PINS children—who, after all, have brought them there in the first place. The parents of a delinquent child want to rescue him from the clutches of the law; the parents of a PINS want the law to rescue *them*. Another explanation may be that, as Andrews and Cohn found, delinquents tend to act less troublesome when they're brought to court than PINS do, and thus apparently seem more "normal" to many of the people who work in the court. Still another possible explanation is that nobody really knows what to do with those PINS children who are severely emotionally disturbed, so they end up simply being passed from institution to institution, getting worse as they go along. Throughout the country, a state training school or a state hospital is the end of the line for these children, and each frequently finds itself treating children who have already been to the other. Some juvenile-court judges still believe that training schools are useful, and most of them favor keeping status



offenders within the court's jurisdiction. Their opposition to any change in the system has, in fact, been one of the major obstacles to reform, since they constitute the only continuous politically active national lobby group in the system.

Some time ago, with special permission from Joseph B. Williams, who was then deputy administrative judge of the New York City Family Court, I was able to observe some PINS proceedings in the old Family Court, on Twenty-second Street at Lexington Avenue. Outside a courtroom, on the sixth floor, a cluster of probation officers, guards, social workers, and lawyers stood in conference. Behind them were about twenty rows of benches on which were seated mostly black people with grim faces. Many people sat in silence. One woman was crying. A mother and daughter were having a loud argument about something that the mother had said to a probation officer. The courtroom door was constantly opening and closing as people connected with the court dashed in and out on official business. Some of those waiting—especially the teen-age boys, who stared at their sneakers—were trying not to look too interested in these emissaries. Others gazed searchingly at the (mostly white) faces of the court bureaucracy. Occasionally, since delinquency cases and PINS cases are heard in the same courtrooms, an officer would escort a handcuffed boy past the benches. All eyes would go up as they walked by. New cases were announced by a court guard, who called out each name loudly.

The first PINS case of the morning involved a man and his fourteen-year-old son. They were black and were about the same height, and the father looked so young that when they were pointed out to me by the law guardian on the case, Larry Gottlieb, I wasn't sure which was the father and which the son. Up closer, the father looked stern and, for all his youthfulness, worn out. In the past few months, the son had stayed away from home on several occasions for several days at a time, and the father didn't want him living at home anymore, because he considered the boy "beyond control." He thought that having the boy sent away would "teach him a lesson." A social worker had advised him to take his son to court—as is often the case in PINS proceedings. The record showed that the boy had always gone to school during the periods in which he was away from home—a somewhat unusual circumstance for even a temporary

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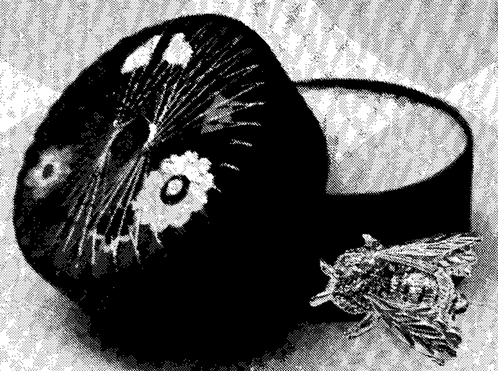
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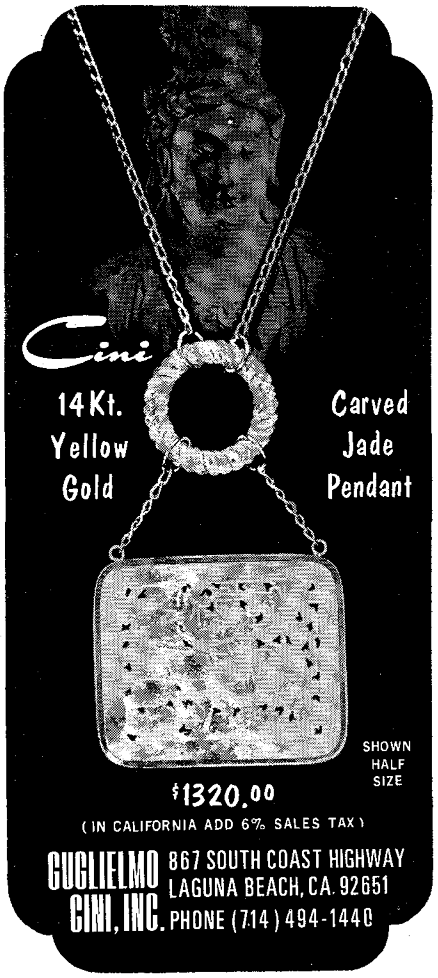
Angel

runaway, Mr. Gottlieb told me. After a short talk with the father in a corner of the waiting room, Mr. Gottlieb unearthed the interesting fact that the boy's family had had him "on discipline" for more than a year. When the father was questioned further, he explained that "on discipline" meant that the boy wasn't allowed to go to the movies, wasn't allowed out with his friends on weekends, and had to be home every weeknight by six o'clock. The boy would soon be turning fifteen. Apparently, on the rare occasions that he managed to get out of the house he stayed out as long as he could. Somehow, the fact of this discipline had eluded the probation officer at the Intake interview, and Gottlieb, who thought that it might be grounds for dismissal of the case, asked the court probation officer to talk with the father and try to persuade him to relax the discipline and give the boy another chance. The case was eventually dismissed, partly on this ground, but the boy had to endure the court proceedings anyway.

Father, son, and probation officer had a chance to talk for only about five minutes before a court guard summoned them to the courtroom. The three of them, Mr. Gottlieb, and I went in, past a group of people who were filing out. The presiding judge in the boy's case was Jane Bolin, an elderly woman with short dark hair and an impatient demeanor. Sitting next to her was the court stenographer, his fingers poised over a stenotype machine, his eyes staring into the middle distance. Judge Bolin smiled at the father and briefly at me as we took our places at a table opposite her, but she gave the boy a look that seemed pointedly harsh. The boy's voice got lower and lower as he tried to answer the Judge's questions about his behavior. From the tone of the questions and the way the Judge kept sharply admonishing the boy to speak up and not mumble, one gathered that she was not to be easily persuaded to let him off. Even when both Mr. Gottlieb and the probation officer suggested that there were extenuating circumstances behind the allegations (probation officers and law guardians more often find themselves in adversary roles, the probation officers generally arguing for "harder" dispositions and the law guardians for "softer" ones), the Judge seemed unconvinced that a boy who had "caused his family so much worry" should go unpunished. The spectre of his being taken away from his family and "remanded" was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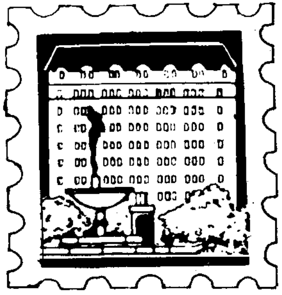

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raised. The boy looked confused when the Judge said "remanded;" he clearly didn't understand the word, but he knew that it wasn't something good, because he began to bite his lip nervously. The boy was warned when he left that "your family can bring you back here anytime you misbehave."

The hearing had taken nine minutes. The national average for PINS cases is between ten and fifteen, but no case that I observed or heard about during the next two weeks took more than ten minutes, and no case seemed any more appropriate for discussion in a courtroom than the case of that father and son had. There were cases in which mothers "just couldn't" see that their children got to school, because there were too many children at home and no one else to look after them; there were many cases in which the parents couldn't communicate with their children and were afraid of what they didn't know about the children's lives; there were school officials who found children too disruptive to handle; there were parents who didn't know how to stop their children from taking drugs, or drinking, or hanging out on dangerous streets with "bad" friends; and there were cases in which the emotional entanglements caused by absent fathers, "crazy" in-laws, difficult brothers and sisters, bad landlords, and missing welfare checks were almost unfathomable. For all this confusion and misery, the court offered itself as a kind of vacuum cleaner: not able to help in any profound way the families who came there, it volunteered to lessen the problem of the moment. Watching cases being adjudicated, I was struck over and over again by the magnitude of the judges' power. Some seemed to be painfully aware of it, others seemed to take it for granted. Some judges visibly anguished over their decisions; one never once looked directly at a child whose fate was in his hands, and he took few pains to conceal the fact that the awful repetitiveness of his task bored him. The court seemed to consistently offer children either too much or too little. Children who seemed to need only warm food, considerate adult supervision, and a peaceful temporary shelter were fitted into highly structured "behavior-modification" programs. Children with serious emotional problems that needed immediate attention were shoved into the PINS category instead of being offered appropriate care in a good hospital.

This was what happened to the boy I'll call Eldridge Brown. Eldridge was born in the mid-sixties, in New York

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. . . these were the closing comments by Julian Hirsch in the January '78 issue of STEREO REVIEW. Here is more of what the renowned audio critic had to say about the ADS 810 loudspeaker system:

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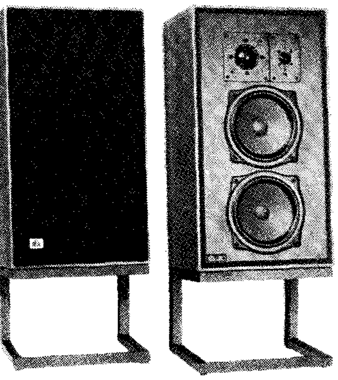

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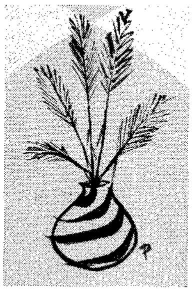
City. He was born with drug-withdrawal symptoms. Because of them, he remained in the hospital where he was born until he was three months old. His mother, who lived in Harlem, gave him up temporarily, because of her addiction; he went directly from the hospital to a foster home, where he remained for six and a half years. At that point, his mother requested that he be returned to her, and he was. It is unclear from the record whether or not she was still on drugs, but she did work, and while she was out working the boy was frequently left alone. In order to "keep him out of trouble," she later told a social worker, she sometimes beat him, tied him up, or handcuffed him to the bed. This situation lasted for about two years. Then the mother told the social worker that she was afraid of what might happen to him, because he sometimes burned furniture in the house and ran in front of cars, so she voluntarily placed him with the Bureau of Child Welfare, which, in turn, placed him in a group home in an adjoining suburban county. The people in the group home found that he had "difficulties adjusting," and put him on "medication."



About seven months after Eldridge had moved into the home, a friend to whom he was particularly attached committed suicide. Eldridge became so upset and depressed by his friend's death that he was sent to the county mental hospital on an emergency basis. Within a month, he was evaluated as having "childhood schizophrenia, subacute but deteriorating," and it was strongly recommended that he be sent for long-term care to a more appropriate hospital—one that specialized in children. Since Eldridge was officially a New York City child, the director of the group home immediately tried to get him into the Manhattan Children's Psychiatric Center, but he was refused admittance, on the ground that the hospital was "too open an institution." Next, the director tried to get him into the Psychiatric Institute, also in Manhattan, but it had no space. After that, the director wrote to the state Department of Mental Hygiene asking for help in finding appropriate hospital placement for the boy. He never received a reply. Ninety days after Eldridge had been admitted to the county hospital, the hospital returned him to the group home (which still hadn't found another hospital that would take him), saying that it could no longer "service" an "out-of-county" child. The following day, the director of the group home called the clerk of the county court and described the boy's case to him. The clerk advised him to bring the child to court and file a PINS petition, and the director did.

The PINS petition alleged that Eldridge had "altercations with his peers" and was "difficult to control;" it also stated that the boy had tried several times to commit suicide. The law guardian appointed to the case apparently made no attempt to stop the steamroller process that was moving Eldridge away from the hospital and toward the court. Eldridge was quickly found to be a Person in Need of Supervision and was whisked to New York County for disposition of his case. Though the petition listed the mother's name and address as proof of his New York City residence, no one thought to consult her about the hearing for her nine-year-old son. The clerk of the suburban-county court who had recommended the PINS procedure to the director of the group home wrote a letter to the clerk of the court in New York County saying, by way of explanation, that the child was being transferred because he came from New York. The letter also stated that while the child was "not very communicable" to the judge, he had "admitted" to the law guardian prior to appearing before the bench that he had "tried to hurt himself." The New York County Family Court called the mother, a second law guardian was assigned, and, after an emergency psychiatric consultation, which the new law guardian insisted on, Eldridge was hastily sent to Bellevue Hospital. He stayed there for three months, and then he was transferred to the Psychiatric Institute, where he remained for six months. Finally, after a great deal of telephoning by the Legal Aid people, Eldridge was accepted by the Manhattan Children's Psychiatric Center—a year after the original request for admission.

THE task of placing hard-to-place children often falls to someone in Special Services for Children, a division of the Department of Social Services. Unfortunately, since probation officers and half a dozen non-court-related agencies are simultaneously looking for places for children, Special Services often has as hard a time as anyone else in finding them. Until recently, while placement was "being explored," children were often detained at the Spofford Juvenile Center, a "secure" facility at 1221 Spofford Avenue, in the Hunt's Point section of the South Bronx. Nowadays, because federal law stipulates that PINS should not be in secure detention, they are sent to Spofford only when they have run away from non-secure institutions and no other place will take them, and several weeks ago only one PINS child was there. Many such detention centers that still accept PINS exist in other states, however (for example, the Cook County Temporary Detention Center, in Chicago, and the Dallas County Juvenile Detention Home, in Dallas), and many of the places that children can now legally be sent to are, though smaller, not dissimilar.

I visited Spofford after the law had been passed but before it was being enforced. It is a large, white brick building, eight stories high, that occupies four and a half acres behind high brick walls. Spofford Avenue, like all the streets nearby, is dilapidated and strewn with garbage. A hundred and sixty-five children, ranging in age from ten to sixteen, were at Spofford at the time of my visit. Most of them had been accused of or found guilty of committing crimes; PINS were in the minority. A guard led me to the executive director's office down long, spotless corridors that smelled of disinfectant. The director, Ronald Curylo, greeted me in the somewhat strained if friendly manner of someone who had too many times played host to visiting commissions. Mr. Curylo, who looks more like the head of a swinging ad agency than the director of a children's institution, has a handlebar mustache and was wearing a green flowered shirt and gray trousers. He told me that he had graduated from Pratt Institute in the early nineteen-sixties with a teaching license, had entered the Army, had worked as a social investigator for the Welfare Department, and had served as the superintendent of another detention center before he came to Spofford, in 1972. (He left last year.) He described Spofford's medical facilities, which are run by Montefiore Hospital, as "better than those of any other child-care institution in the country;" he spoke enthusiastically about special recreation programs that he had initiated and efforts that he and others had made to transform Spofford from a punitive into a rehabilitative institution. He said he knew I'd be impressed by the place—"It will blow your mind," he assured me. Mr. Curylo's enthusiasm was shared, I discovered,

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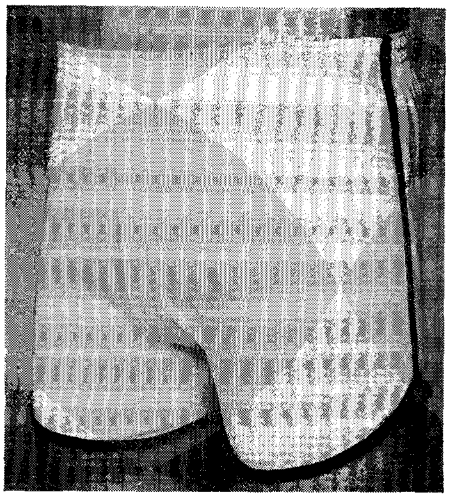

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by his three top assistants—a woman and two men, longtime veterans of the juvenile-corrections system—who escorted me around the building and pointed out the gymnasium, the cafeteria, the children's sleeping rooms (they can be locked at night and have glass viewing slots in the doors), and the staff offices. Mr. Curylo's enthusiasm was not shared, I learned, by all the lower-echelon staff members, several of whom told me in confidence that they felt that too many children were remaining at Spofford indefinitely, or that staff morale was low, or that there was great bitterness among the blacks, because most of the high-echelon jobs were held by whites, or that there was neither enough on-the-job training for those who felt they needed it nor enough opportunity for advancement for those with good qualifications. "Too many people are here for the same reason I am—because they couldn't get a job anywhere else," a weary-looking youngish man with a short beard told me. "And the kids know it. There are a lot of people here, man, who don't give a damn about kids."

To be sure, a number of the depressing visible aspects of Spofford—the grimness, the regimentation, the cold, colorless halls—are typical of all large institutions, and Spofford is certainly a more humane place than it was ten years ago, when children were sometimes whipped on the hands and wrists with key chains, placed in solitary confinement for indeterminate periods, and frequently held for six months to a year. Still, like most people with a stake in the social-service system, Mr. Curylo and his colleagues seem to suffer from a strange kind of self-hypnosis. Someone who was unaware of Spofford's real function might well conclude from listening to Mr. Curylo that it was an exclusive boarding school. The handbook offered to children detained at Spofford ("Why Are We Here?" "How We Make Pleasant Days") has a similar Rebecca-of-Sunnybrook-Farm tone. It gives one no idea that Spofford is actually a place where at the end of every corridor there is a heavy metal door that has to be unlocked by one of the assistant supervisors, who wear heavy keys at their belts; where the toilets have no seats; where all the mirrors are made of metal and reflect a blurred, distorted image; where the classrooms are scenes of deafening chaos (it is one of the greater ironies of the PINS statute that children being punished for not attending school so frequently get

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sent to places where schoolroom facilities are either nonexistent or inadequate); and where the faces of the children who trot from planned activity to planned activity (from 6:30 A.M. to 9:00 P.M.) in long lines, prison-style, suggest nothing but anger, sadness, or cynical endurance.

Among the many new non-secure detention centers for PINS that the Human Resources Administration has opened since the time of my visit to Spofford is the Ashford Group Residence for Girls, on New Lots Avenue, in Brooklyn. Ashford, which has space for fourteen girls, is brighter, cozier, and a lot pleasanter in every respect than Spofford. However, its exits are locked, and, though it is technically a non-secure facility, no girl is permitted to leave the building unless she is accompanied by a staff member, a parent, or a guardian. In New York City, the great majority of PINS awaiting long-term placement are sent to shelters run by various voluntary agencies. Though many of these are a vast improvement over Spofford, some seem as bad or worse. One shelter I visited—St. Barnabas House, which is on Mulberry Street and is run by the Episcopal Mission Society—had dirty, peeling walls, broken furniture, and the atmosphere of a sinking ship. One social worker I spoke to at Family Court told me that every PINS child she'd ever sent to St. Barnabas had run away. The staff seemed hardworking and dedicated but overwhelmed by a shortage of funds and by the hopelessness of having to cope with a constantly shifting population of brutalized and often brutal adolescents. St. Barnabas was built as a shelter for small children, but in the last few years has been run for older adolescents only. Now, about a quarter of the staff members are holdovers from its nursery and preadolescent incarnation. Supposedly, the younger, more recently hired staff members are better equipped to deal with the problems of older children, but when I was there I saw only room after room of surly or apathetic boys and girls in their teens and exasperated-looking staff members of all ages.

MOST PINS who are placed away from their homes by the courts end up in one or another of the seventy-nine New York State and New York City voluntary child-care agencies, which in recent years have become almost as controversial as the PINS statute itself. New York's system of private voluntary agencies, organized along religious lines but receiving public finan-

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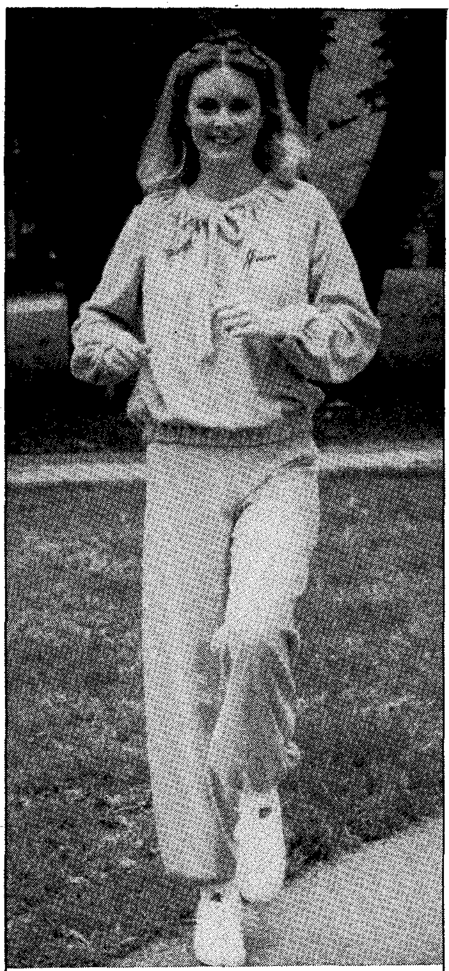

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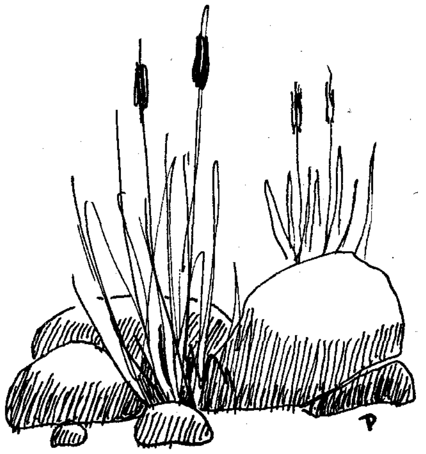
cial support, dates from 1817, when the New York State Legislature first appropriated funds for a Catholic orphan asylum. In 1875, the Legislature passed a law known as the Children's Law, which said that all children were to be removed from the public almshouses, as the dim, pestilential public poorhouses were called, and placed at public expense in private homes or in institutions run by people of their own faith. From these beginnings grew the current tentacular child-care system of New York State. Today, according to the New York State Constitution, the New York Family Court Act, and the Social Services Law, a child placed somewhere away from his home must be placed in accordance with his parents' religious faith, "where practicable." Though a 1971 amendment to the Social Services Law made it possible for parents to request an out-of-religion placement if it was "in the best interest" of a child, the emphasis on religious matching persists, and most voluntary agencies still give priority to children of their own faith.

Ninety per cent of all New York City juvenile public charges are served by the voluntary agencies. Three-fourths of those children are placed with foster families or in group homes in the five boroughs and nearby suburbs, and these are reimbursed by the agencies; the remaining quarter live in facilities of various sizes which are run directly by the agencies. Many of these facilities are large, campus-like institutions situated on the outskirts of the city, in the suburbs, and upstate—far, in the nineteenth-century tradition, from the inner city and its "atmosphere of moral impurity," as one of the early reformers put it. In recent years, the "urban group home"—a small, usually single-family residence for anywhere from seven to twelve children, who attend local schools and move about fairly freely—has gained favor in the child-care community. This sort of arrangement has been found particularly useful for PINS and other adolescents who have problems adjusting to the adult world—problems that, in the opinion of many people, are only compounded in large institutions cut off from that world. Theoretically, no one opposes the urban homes; in reality, however, most communities fight furiously against the establishment of group homes in their neighborhoods, and relatively few exist. The voluntary agencies receive amounts ranging from thirteen dollars a day per child (for foster boarding-home care) to as much as fifty-five or sixty dollars a day (for campus-type institutional care); the expense is shared by the city, the state, and the federal government. Most of the agencies belong to one of four parent organizations: twenty belong to Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York; nine belong to Catholic Charities of the Diocese of Brooklyn; twenty-two belong to the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies; and six belong to the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. A few agencies belong to none of these groups, and a few agencies that belong to them say they are nonsectarian. Together, they receive about two hundred million dollars annually in public funds.

In a series of articles published in May of 1975, the *News* depicted the agencies as a pride of bloodthirsty fat cats enriching themselves on the suffering of the poor, exploiting the alleged infrequency with which the city audits their books, and hoarding their excess money to enrich their already swollen stock portfolios. The articles had headlines like "Agencies Bullish on Holdings, Bearish on Kids" and "City Losing Fortune on Child Care," and illustrations that looked as though they had come from "Oliver Twist." (One actually depicted a tiny waif holding an empty bowl up to a grossly overweight man who was seated on a throne and casually stirring an enormous bowl of porridge.) In reality, most voluntary agencies have a deficit every year; ten to twenty per cent of their costs are not subsidized, and they constantly have trouble making up the difference; they are audited annually by independent certified auditors (though these audits only establish that the agencies' books balance, and the city audits that check on how the agencies spend the money they receive are indeed infrequent); and they are staffed for the most part by hardworking, decent people, who sincerely try to help the thousands of difficult, unhappy, angry children entrusted to



their care. On the other hand, the question of the voluntary agencies' accountability (or lack of it) goes far deeper than the *News* articles suggested.

In May of 1973, the New York Civil Liberties Union and the New York City Legal Aid Society filed a class-action suit in the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York on behalf of Shirley Wilder and five other black Protestant children, who were said to represent ten thousand black Protestant children. The defendants named were Judge Florence Kelley, administrative judge of the New York City Family Court; Jule Sugarman, who was then the head of the city's Human Resources Administration; the heads of the child-care agencies under him; and all the heads of the voluntary agencies that had contracts with the city. The suit is known as Wilder v. Sugarman. The suit alleged, among other things, that public financing of agencies organized along religious lines, which deny children of a particular race or religion equal access to services, violates the First Amendment's prohibition against state establishment of religion and the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee of the right to due process and to equal protection of the law. Whereas Catholic and Jewish children are rarely turned away from the Catholic and Jewish agencies, which have the better services, a large percentage of black Protestant children are turned away regularly, the suit said, so that they end up instead in "warehouse-like" institutions or in inadequate treatment programs. The city and state, which subsidize about ninety per cent of the agencies' costs, were charged with unconstitutional establishment of and "impermissible entanglement with" religion. The suit charged that the referral system of the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant agencies is discriminatory. It alleged that the central referral units of these agencies "automatically give preference to a child of the agency's religion" and that they "will only refer an out-of-religion child to a participating agency if there is no child of the agency's religion who needs the space." These practices not only deprive black Protestant children of space, the N.Y.C.L.U. and the Legal Aid Society maintained, but are in large part responsible for the delays that keep children—and particularly the sorts of children who fall under the PINS jurisdiction—in temporary shelters for long periods.

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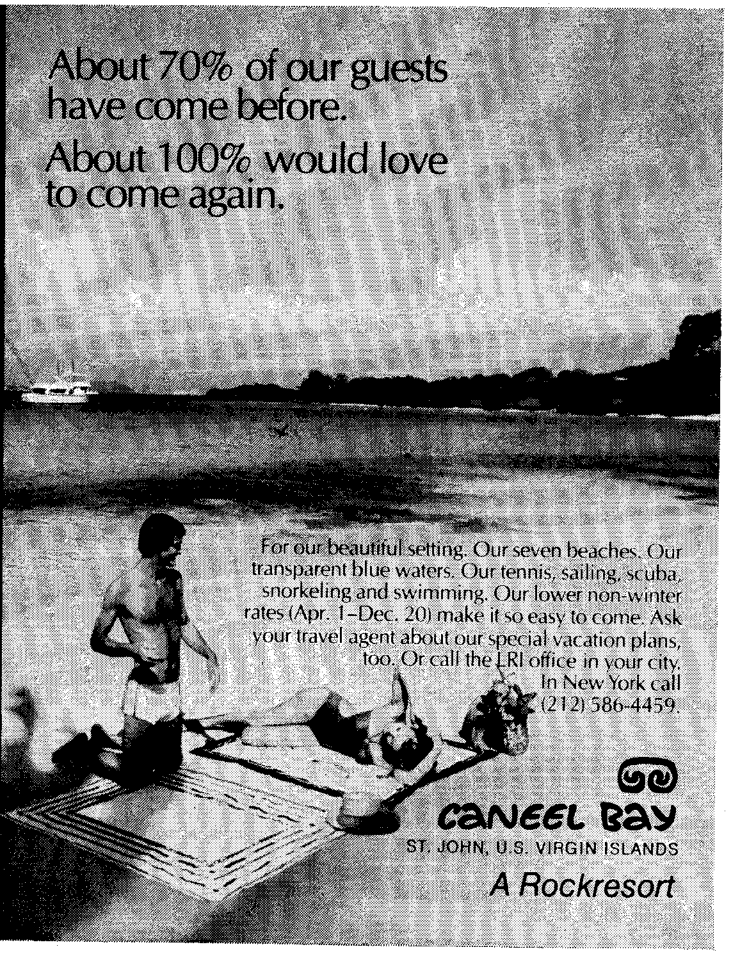

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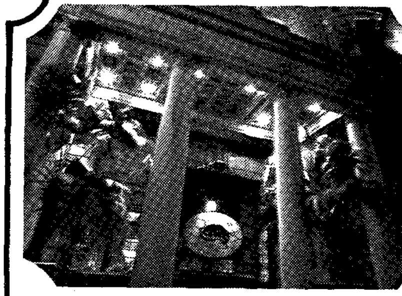
Sugarman case was withdrawn from the court. Meanwhile, in March a new case raising the same issues had been filed by the N.Y.C.L.U. alone. In the long time that Wilder-Sugarman had been pending before the court, one of the judges in the case had gone on to another job, another had gone into semi-retirement, and a third had suggested (for complicated procedural reasons, unrelated to the substance of the case) that the N.Y.C.L.U. and the Legal Aid Society file again with other plaintiffs. This the N.Y.C.L.U. did. The new class-action suit, Parker v. Bernstein (Barry Parker is a black child "of no religion" who is alleged by the suit to have been denied proper treatment by the agencies; Blanche Bernstein is the present head of the city's Human Resources Administration), makes substantially the same legal claims as the old suit but does not name the Protestant welfare agencies among the defendants, and focusses somewhat more specifically on charges of racial discrimination. Marcia Robinson Lowry, the N.Y.C.L.U. lawyer in charge of the Parker-Bernstein case (she was co-counsel in the Wilder-Sugarman case), is convinced, after five years of gathering data on the subject, that the voluntary agencies do discriminate against black children, and that most of the so-called better treatment centers, such as the Hawthorne Cedar Knolls School, in Westchester, which is run by the Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services, and seventy per cent of whose charges are white, reject too many Barry Parkers out of hand.

The voluntary agencies defend themselves by saying that in recent years they have made great efforts to accept out-of-religion children. Their critics say that these efforts were prompted by the Wilder-Sugarman suit. The agencies deny this vigorously, and maintain that their policies changed to meet the needs of children. The Catholic agencies are said to have increased their out-of-faith placement by more than twelve hundred per cent since 1960, and Jewish agencies by almost nine hundred per cent. According to a survey done some time ago, the agencies say, sixty-three agencies named in the Wilder-Sugarman suit "indicate a nonsectarian intake policy," and five, though they give priority to children of their own faith, "admit others to a varying degree." They point to a number of universally admired places—such as the Euphrasian Residence, Covenant House, Geller House, Thorpe House, and the Pleasantville Cottage School—that have been created to serve the needs of "hard-to-place" or "difficult" children, and they deny that they have any bias against blacks. They assert that an enormous increase in the number of older adolescent black and other minority children in need of care in recent years (between 1960 and 1977 it rose from 5,585 to 13,151 and that number is expected to greatly increase in the next decade) is a fact of life but not one of their making. People who are really concerned about the welfare of troubled children should be trying to find ways for public *and* private institutions to expand their services, the agencies insist, instead of attacking the private sector. They simply don't have the programs or the qualifications, they say, to deal with many children who have "very serious personality, psychiatric, and social problems"—the majority of whom happen to be black.

To a certain extent, this argument is valid: some voluntary agencies are staffed by older people who are ill-equipped to deal with today's inner-city children; and some of the agencies' programs are geared to younger children. Nevertheless, critics of the voluntary agencies say, the question that remains unanswered is, Are the agencies there to serve the needs of children or their own needs? Until several years ago, they point out, agencies had no contract of any kind with the city or the state (it may or may not be relevant that the combined boards of directors of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish voluntary agencies represent one of the most influential political groups in the state and were, for all practical purposes, accountable to no one). Several years ago, Barbara Blum, a strong-willed, innovative woman who was then head of Special Services for Children in New York City, managed to work out a basic contract with representatives of the agencies, though it was an extremely limited one. The contract did change one important procedure that the agencies had previously insisted upon—the requirement that children apply to one agency at a time, which had caused many children, especially PINS, to languish for months in detention centers while one agency after another decided to reject them. Many children still get stuck in temporary shelters for long periods, but the contract stipulates that applications for hard-to-place children must be made simultaneously. Carol Parry, a succes-



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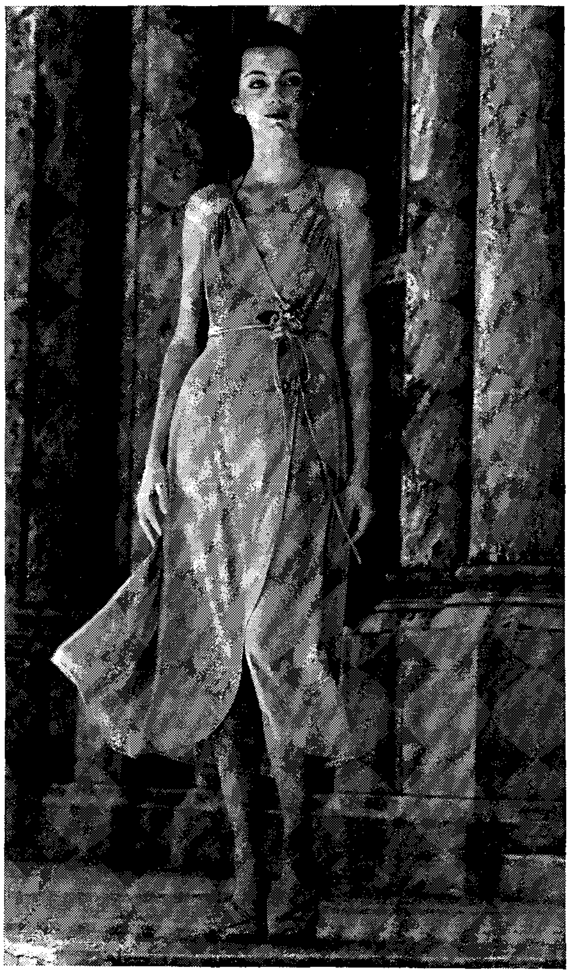
sor to Mrs. Blum, made further strides in strengthening the contract, especially in limiting the time that agencies have in which to accept or reject children, but it is still far from adequate.

THE Wiltwyck School is among the private agencies that accept children who would probably be rejected by many agencies as "too difficult" or "too emotionally disturbed." The school, which was founded in 1937 by Eleanor Roosevelt and Justine Wise Polier, a Family Court judge, as a place of refuge for black Protestant boys, used to be in Esopus, New York; today, its main campus, of sixteen buildings, is in Yorktown, and it runs three community-based non-residential service centers in New York City. Wiltwyck would still be in Esopus if the town of Yorktown had had its way. "It took three hard years and a lawsuit to get the good citizens of Yorktown to allow us to build the new school," the executive director of the school, T. George Silcott, who is a cheerful, bearded man, told me when I visited Yorktown. "What they didn't know, of course, is that we, too, wish that we didn't have to be here. We'd much prefer to have all our children stay in the communities that they're going to have to return to. Wiltwyck has been putting a lot of its energy and resources into developing community-based programs in the last several years. I've been here since 1969, and though we all put a great deal of work into helping the kids, it becomes clear to anyone who does what we do that the help we give was needed *years* ago. And not just with kids, either, but with their families. That's why we have offices in central Harlem, Bed-Stuy, and the South Bronx, and why we have an outpatient clinic, a housing clinic, a food co-op, and special educational, vocational, recreational, and counselling services and after-school centers *in the neighborhoods* of the people who need them. All our services are family-oriented. That's where the trouble begins, and that's where we try to give the help that's needed, *whatever* it is. Often it's parents who we do the most work with. Ideally, there should be no Wiltwycks."

I asked Mr. Silcott—himself the father of seven, who smiled down on us from photographs on the walls of his office—whether family-oriented programs were the rule or the exception in the child-care system.

"Unfortunately, the exception," he said. "While there is interest expressed in developing services for the whole



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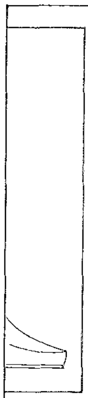

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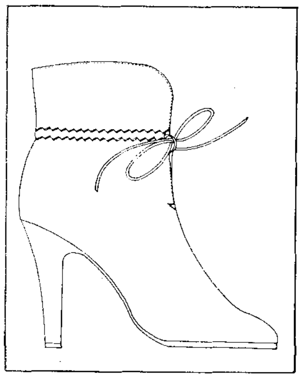

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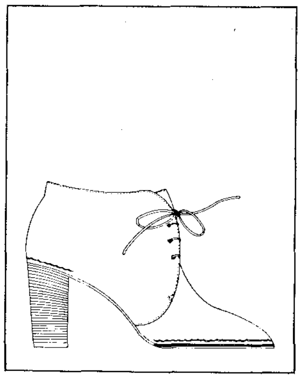

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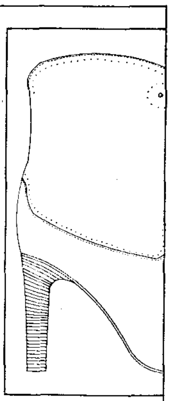

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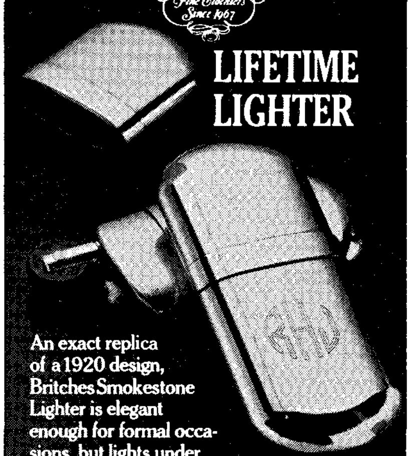

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family in the child-welfare system, the entire welfare system is designed to pull children out of their homes. It works in a vacuum. What we try for, and what is lacking in general for the poor, is a place that people can easily turn to for help. In our neighborhood centers, we try to restore that tender balance between parents and children that so often gets skewed when there are just too many, many problems burdening a family. Most of the time, these kids just fall through the cracks in the health, social-service, and education systems and into the court. Their parents have learned that the whole welfare system is a runaround and the only way they're going to get help with their kids is to take them to court; in other words, they can't help them unless they reject them. I think the situation is very much like the one that existed for those mothers in Vietnam who brought their children to the orphanages. Those women didn't do that because they didn't love their children, or because they were heartless; they did it because they hoped that their children would get fed and clothed and removed from an intolerable day-to-day existence if they gave them away."

When Mr. Silcott left to attend a meeting, I joined Dr. Joel Katz, a benign, impish-looking man who has been Wiltwyck's director of psychiatric services since 1971, and who was taking a contingent of visiting doctors, psychologists, and social workers from Cumberland Hospital, a city hospital in Brooklyn, on a tour of the school's classrooms. The tour impressed the hospital visitors, because everywhere we went children who, Dr. Katz told us, had been declared "uncontrollable" by the courts and "unteachable" by the schools were looking fairly absorbed in what they were doing. As we left the last classroom, one of the visitors asked Dr. Katz whether Wiltwyck had to rely on drugs a lot, as many other institutions did. "As a matter of fact, we don't," he said. "People around here used to assume that hyperactive and violent children *had* to be given some kind of drug. But there were many members of the staff who objected to the use of drugs, on the ground that their long-term effects on children were unknown, that the side effects of some were potentially dangerous, and that anything fostering drug use in a population where drug abuse is a major problem was absurd. People also felt that since the efficacy of some drugs has never been proved, black children were being used as guinea pigs. So we tried—experimentally, at first—to take

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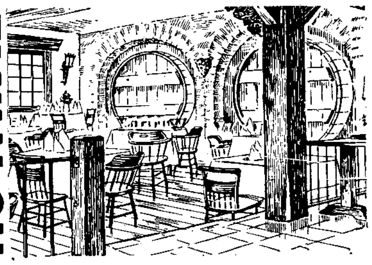

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a few kids off the drugs; many of them were on Thorazine. To our surprise, absolutely *nothing* happened. People were afraid that the kids would go crazy, or become uncontrollable or depressed, but it didn't happen, so one day I just discontinued all medication, and that remains our policy today."

The Cumberland Hospital group exchanged meaningful looks. One man in a short-sleeved plaid shirt said, "We envy you. I wish we could do the same. We get kids sent to us all the time from the schools, and the principal or teacher will call up the hospital and say, 'This is really a disruptive kid, and if you don't medicate him with Thorazine or something, we're just going to throw him out.' We hate like hell to do it, but they *do* throw them out if we don't medicate them, and we just don't like to have that on our heads. Though God knows how much good school is doing those kids when they're zonked out on Thorazine."

The group continued its discussion outside one of six red brick buildings that serve as the boys' dormitories, and I rejoined Mr. Silcott, who was waving to me from the entrance of the old-fashioned clapboard administration building across the way. Several small boys and an older one were with him. The small boys were giggling at the older one, who danced around Silcott and feinted boxing jabs in his general direction. "Well, see you later, boys," he said, giving the older boy a friendly cuff and the young ones affectionate pats on the shoulder as we headed back to his office. Since several people at the Family Court had told me that they thought Wiltwyck's neighborhood services kept a lot of potential PINS out of the courts, I asked Mr. Silcott how he felt about the PINS statute. He frowned, then sighed. "Of *course* the law is a bad one," he said. "But it only reflects our society's thinking about the poor. Things are not getting better in the ghettos, they're getting worse, and these are the kids that are showing the true results of 'benign neglect.' I used to vent a lot of anger on the voluntary agencies for not trying hard enough to help the really troubled kids. They have a stranglehold on the city, of course, since they take from eighty to ninety per cent of the kids. The city has to move very carefully around them, because it has so few resources of its own. But even if the voluntary agencies were perfect they couldn't cope with the problem. What is really needed is a strong public agency that you could hold accountable for serving the public, and that's

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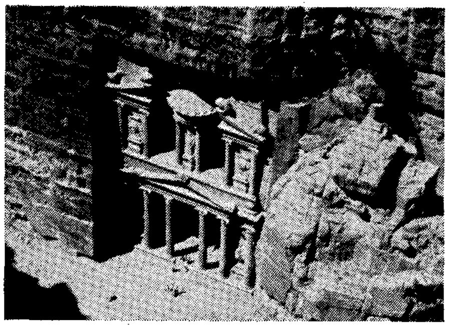

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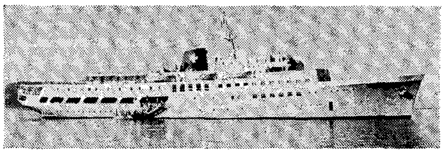

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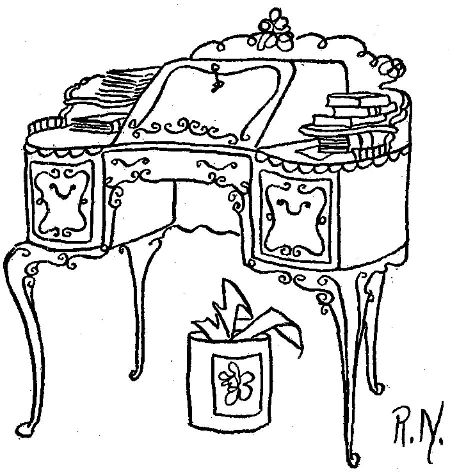
the last thing in the world the Legislature is interested in. Kids have no lobby. There's no reason for legislatures to provide preventive services for children. It's a lot easier to lock the kids up later or put them in state hospitals; then your constituents feel safe. And let's not fool ourselves—one of the most serious problems, if not *the* most serious problem, that these kids' families have is, in plain language, the absence of money. People talk in all kinds of elaborate ways about the roots of social problems, but, whatever these children's problems are, they are exacerbated a thousandfold by poverty." Mr. Silcott pointed out that the farther away a child went from his home, the more money the state seemed to be willing to spend on him. Welfare mothers in New York City, he said, receive around two hundred and fifteen dollars a month for three children, foster parents in the New York metropolitan area receive two hundred and eighteen dollars per adolescent child, and large institutions receive between twenty and twenty-seven thousand dollars per child annually. "I've always wondered just what would happen if all that money were just given to a family to spend on their daily needs," Mr. Silcott said. "The assumption of most people, of course, would be that it would all disappear in a flurry of buying—color TVs and flashy clothes. But that kind of wild buying that the poor do is done only because they know that the money is not going to last very long. As a matter of fact, I'd be willing to use this agency to do a study of what would happen to a family that was simply given an average middle-class income and a little management help. Of course, chances of getting a grant for that kind of study are, to say the least, remote."

WHEN the New York State Family Court Act was originally written, it stated specifically that PINS, with their special problems, should not be placed in state training schools. Typically, however, the State Legislature failed to authorize funds for new facilities, so within four months—the time it took to discover that the voluntary sector, despite its avowed flexibility, was not going to take on all PINS—the Legislature reversed itself and declared that, "temporarily," PINS could still be sent to the training schools. Three years later, the use of the schools was authorized permanently. Hardly anyone approved of this move, but it had become clear that there had to be some place that could be *ordered* to accept PINS, since most of the voluntary agencies' reasons for rejecting children—"too low an I.Q.," "too disturbed," "too acting out," "too old," "too low a reading level to fit into the existing school program"—exactly described the problems of the majority of PINS. For that reason, there were actually more PINS than delinquents in the state training schools in some years—not only in New York but in many other states as well.

Another reform that was aimed at providing better care for PINS and that backfired came about on July 3, 1973, when the New York State Court of Appeals ruled ("In the Matter of Ellery C.") that children found to be "children in need of supervision should not be placed in institutions in which juvenile delinquents are confined." The court pointed out that the original Family Court Act authorized the "supervision, treatment or confinement" of delinquents but only the "supervision and treatment" of PINS, so it was unfair to "confine" PINS. Since the court didn't say exactly what constituted appropriate treatment, however, the question left unanswered was (and is), What is treatment and what is confinement? After the Court of Appeals decision, the Legislature once again failed to appropriate any funds for new facilities.

Of a total of seven training schools that were once scattered across the state, there were until a few years ago four that held PINS. Two of those, Highland and Tryon, had both boys and girls (Highland now houses a small center for children with learning disabilities, and Tryon now houses delinquent boys and girls); one, Brookwood, served both delinquents and PINS, of both sexes, with a partition down the middle of the building making a nodding gesture toward the law by separating the two groups (it is now a center for delinquent boys); and one,



Hudson, which was closed in September of 1975, was for girls only.

The story of Hudson's demise is one that is worth telling, because the "treatment" it provided for PINS is typical of what they are still receiving at other state training schools across the country. Like most training schools—indeed, like most private child-care institutions—the Hudson school (officially, the New York State Training School for Girls) was built in a beautiful, bucolic setting, "away from evil associations and temptations," amidst "the pure, sweet air of the meadows." There were twenty-five red brick buildings (only about half had actually been in use in recent years, because the others were too expensive to heat), all nestled in the center of what used to be a private estate in the hills of the upper Hudson Valley, at Hudson, New York. Visitors saw smooth lawns, clipped hedges, and, regardless of the season or the time of day, no sign of life anywhere; Hudson could easily have been mistaken for a state mental hospital. Five of the buildings were called "cottages," despite the fact that they were fairly large, two-story buildings (the designation was another inheritance from the nineteenth century). One of them, Cottage E, was a "secure cottage," and was used, according to the administration, "for those residents who are in need of a short-term, highly structured environment." Civil-rights lawyers, among others, maintained that "secure cottage" was really just another term for solitary confinement, and that shockingly casual and arbitrary decisions led to a girl's being transferred to E. There were so many protests against some of the school's practices in Cottage E—such as the unchecked use of "quieting" drugs, or having the girls down on their knees with old rags every morning to scrub the floors, and giving them nothing else to do all day—that Hudson finally developed a "program" for Cottage E. At the time I visited Hudson, several months before it closed, the down-on-the-knees scrubbing had stopped (the girls had been given mops), but the eight or nine girls confined to the cottage at the time were just sitting around their rooms doing nothing. A crowded schedule of activities that were theoretically taking place was pinned to the corridor wall. Like all the other cottages, Cottage E was a cheerless, sparsely furnished, impersonal-looking building. It was a far cry from the warm, cozily furnished setting that Bruno Bettelheim, among others, says is essential for helping trou-

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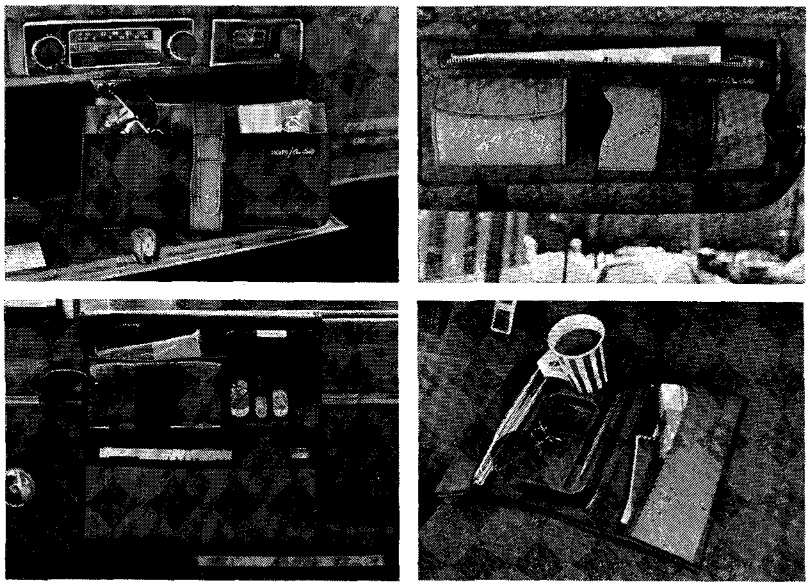

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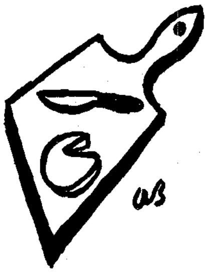
bled children—and certainly a far cry from the nineteenth-century idea of an institutional cottage, which, according to G. E. Howe, who was superintendent of the Connecticut State Reform School during the eighteen-eighties, should be a place "furnished with all the necessaries and comforts of a well ordered home," headed by a married couple who "hold the relation of father and mother toward the youth of the household," and administered "under the humanizing spirit and genius of the family."



The acting superintendent at Hudson when it closed was George Dolecal, who is now the director of the Joseph G. Oliverio Youth Camp at Great Valley, a camp for boys (eighteen per cent of whom are PINS) in upstate New York. If Mr. Dolecal were to appear in a movie, it would be a prison movie and he would play the warden. Dolecal keeps a cigar clamped between his teeth, has short, muscular arms, and regards the world balefully from beneath dark, bushy brows and a close-clipped haircut. Those who know him well say that he's a lot less grim than he looks, but then he'd almost have to be. As it happened, he told me, he had come to Hudson more or less by default. "I'd bought a farm in Dutchess County, and, since I already had an M.S. in education and in agriculture, I got a job teaching," he explained. "Then I met the man who used to head Hudson, and he told me I could earn more money here, so I went and got a degree in psychology—which you need to advance in this system—and joined the staff. I didn't like it here at first, because it was, well, all girls, but I've gotten used to that by now, and I think we're doing a damn good job, too. You know, these kids have pretty poor self-images; our job is to see that they get better ones."

There were eighty-two girls at Hudson when I visited it; they were all between thirteen and seventeen, and fifty-two of them were black.

I asked Mr. Dolecal how long the girls usually stayed.

"The average term is ten months, although some girls stay longer," he said. "We certainly don't send a girl back if we don't think she's ready. But ten months is about how long it usually takes for a girl to make progress."

When a PINS arrived at Hudson, I learned, she was given yet another battery of tests. She was tested academically, tested medically, and, once again, tested psychologically, by both a psychologist and a psychiatrist, who made follow-up suggestions on her case—suggestions that, according to several staff members, were universally ignored. After the girls left Hudson, the Division for Youth's after-care unit was supposed to follow their cases—a job that was hard, if not impossible, to do, since most of the girls tried to disappear as fast as they could. The average case load of an after-care worker was sixty girls.

Each cottage was a self-contained unit. The girls slept in it, ate in it, and attended school in it. Although the doors of the cottages were unlocked, the girls hardly ever got to leave them; even on the sunny, fragrant early-summer days of my visit there, I could see no girls walking or playing outdoors at any time of day.

I asked Mr. Dolecal when the girls got to leave the cottages.

"For recreation," he answered. "And once a week they go to town with an adult escort—unless, of course, they've done something to merit that privilege's being taken away."

I asked whether the girls didn't find the lack of freedom constraining.

"No, they don't. Why should they? We provide everything for them here. Besides, they'd only get into trouble on their own."

"What about the runaway problem at the school?"

"Practically negligible. There used to be an epidemic of runaways here, but not recently. Last month, we had about four, but you expect that. I attribute the decrease to the success of our Cottage E program. We don't keep runaways there longer than necessary, but, you know, girls are more self-destructive than boys in an institutional atmosphere. Boys may fight a lot and complain about things, but girls are more inward. They're more apt to hurt themselves if you give them too much freedom."

Mr. Dolecal went on to say that, in his opinion, the distinction between a PINS and a delinquent was meaningless. Almost all the girls at Hudson had "probably committed crimes," he thought, and had simply been lucky enough not to get caught or to have a judge who was fooled by the fact they "acted like little angels" in court. (Many people share Mr. Dolecal's impression that PINS are actually delinquents whose lawyers have plea-bargained them down to the less punitive category. Actually, very few children become PINS this way, and when they

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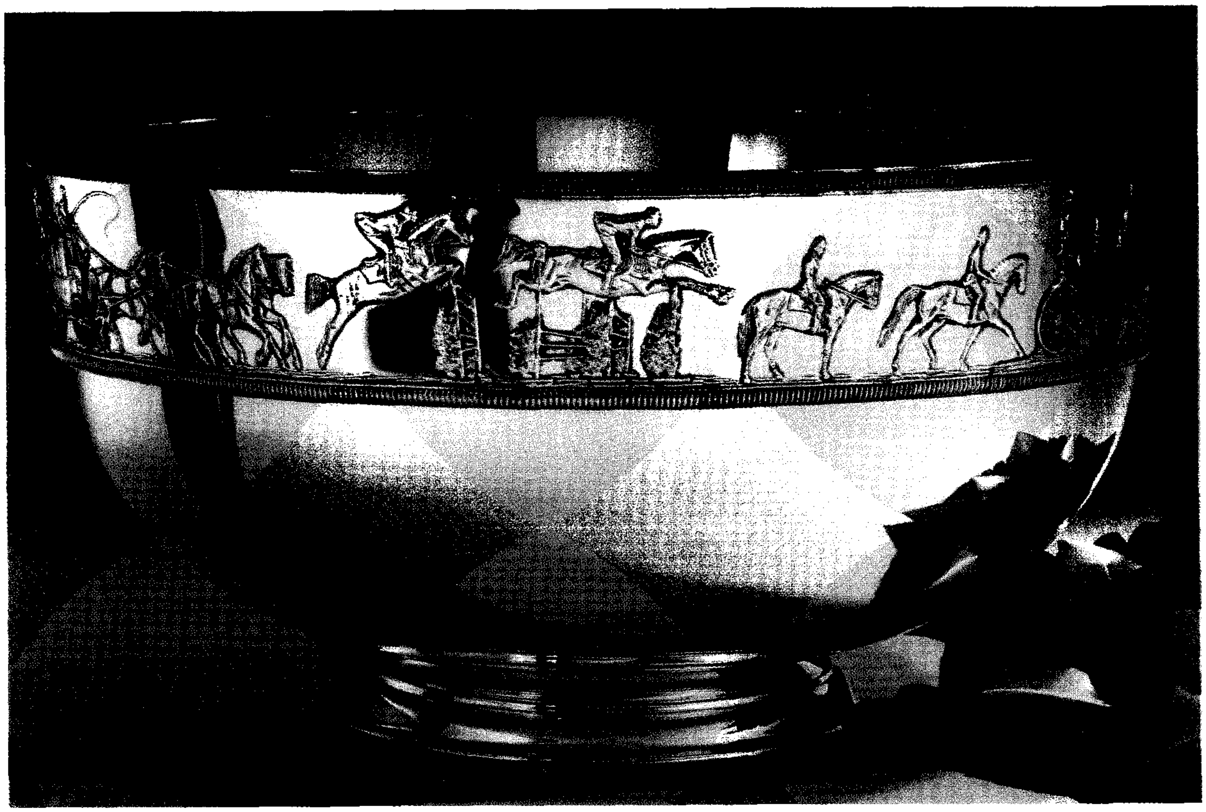

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do it is usually because there isn't enough hard evidence to make a delinquency charge stick.) A lot of the girls had been involved in prostitution, he said, and had been too busy making money to go to school. "That's why we have to work so hard to improve their self-image," he added.

The decision to close Hudson was made in 1970. During that year's slashing of the juvenile-corrections-system budget, which led to the transfer of the training schools from the state Department of Social Services to the smaller Division for Youth, the state decided that Hudson cost too much to run. The decision was a purely fiscal one. Nobody at Hudson was consulted; nobody was asked whether the decision would be good or bad for the girls. It was simply announced that the school would close "before April, 1976." At the time of my visit, no one at the school, including George Dolecal, could say exactly when the closing was going to be, and no one knew where either the staff or the girls might be sent in the months to come.

In early July of 1975, many of the people who worked at Hudson still entertained the hope that the school would remain open. Letters were constantly being sent to Governor Hugh Carey and to Lieutenant Governor Mary Anne Krupsak, petitions asking for public support were circulated in town, and at one point a rally in support of the school (or, anyway, of the jobs it provided) was held. Staff members who didn't have tenure, and tenured staff members with families, who knew they would be asked to move to other institutions several hundred miles away if Hudson closed, were openly upset and angry with their somewhat faceless superiors at the Division for Youth. Most of the girls were more cynical about the matter. One sloe-eyed sixteen-year-old black girl, seated cross-legged on a narrow plastic chair in the "recreation" room of her cottage, said, "Well, you know, Hudson takes anything that walks, so nobody's gonna trouble their ass much over what happens to us."

A few members of the staff spoke enthusiastically about "the work Hudson is doing to help the girls," and some seemed genuinely attached to them. On the whole, however, the school oozed a strong feeling of demoralization. The girls looked and acted bored. They were pitifully eager for detailed news about what was happening in the outside world; they roamed around the drab recreation rooms like caged animals; and they mimicked the social-science jargon of the staff in a hollow, halfhearted way. A girl with long blond hair who took me on a tour of her cottage and seemed especially eager to please told me that she "really enjoyed" the group-therapy sessions and learning that "you have to get along with your peers no matter what," but, she added, she "wished that they weren't every day" and that they were shorter. When she had first come to Hudson, she said, she had "messed up a lot and cried a lot of the time." She had also run away several times. In a deadpan voice, she volunteered the information that her brother had killed her father, a policeman, when her father had tried to physically attack her, and that her mother had blamed her father's death on her and didn't want her around anymore. "But you learn that everybody's got troubles, and, uh, you have to face the world in a mature way." The expression on the girl's face as she said this was a curious mixture of "Haven't I learned my lessons well?" and "Do you honestly believe that?"

Compulsory group therapy was at the heart of the Hudson "program" for PINS. Groups of about twelve girls (there were up to twenty-five girls in each cottage) met every day except Saturday and Sunday for an hour-and-a-half session. Everybody had to go: shy girls, terrified girls, functionally retarded girls, and girls who were in deep depression. One group was organized along fairly tight "behavior-modification" lines; that is, each girl would be given certain aims, and every week she would discuss her progress with the others. A group that I sat in on was more loosely organized than that, although one of the ten girls on hand, a dim and frightened-looking twelve-year-old, who wore her hair in a lank ponytail, had just "graduated" from the other sort of group. The girl had a set of cards with her that had been given to her by someone in authority, and she read the messages on them aloud to the group in a low, halting voice. There were about eight cards, with messages like "I do not accept feedback from others" and "I am not very helpful to my peers." The group leader, a plump black woman, had a sternly matter-of-fact manner. She said encouraging things to the card reader, but she sounded bored. Most

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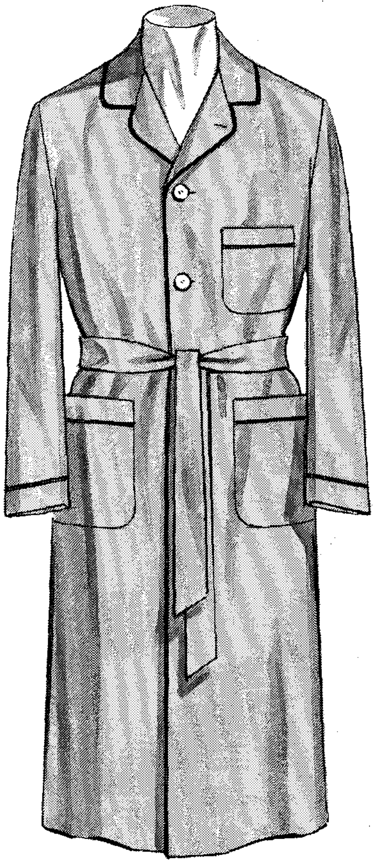

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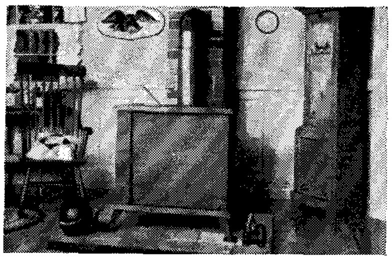

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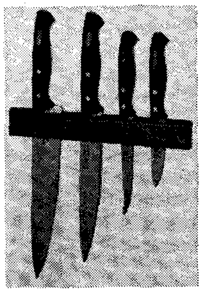

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of the other girls seemed exceptionally quick and intelligent. Having heard so much about PINS' learning disabilities and their supposed slowness, I was unprepared for what I was seeing. The meeting seemed to bore them, too. They were fidgety, especially after the first hour. From time to time, they exchanged mocking glances or rolled their eyes to express comic disbelief, but mostly they just stared at the floor. Like every other room in the building, the group meeting room was stark. Its furnishings consisted of a TV set, plastic chairs, and two small metal tables. The girls combatted the grayness of the place by decorating themselves like Christmas trees. Gaily colored dime-store rings shone on every finger; bead necklaces hung from almost every neck; and metal Afro combs, glass cornrow beads, and ankle bracelets glimmered in the afternoon sun falling through the window. One coolly sophisticated-looking sixteen-year-old, who had a giant copper-colored Afro and was dressed in a pink T-shirt, denim shorts, and red-and-green running shoes, more or less dominated the conversation. The others—especially the younger girls—would look at her whenever they spoke. The adult leader spent a lot of time trying to convince the girl that she did not coöperate enough with "staff" or appreciate the hard work "staff" was doing. The other girls took her side against the adult leader, and there was much argument, which never really got resolved, over whether or not various people had unnecessarily frowned at, glared at, or spoken sharply to the girl over the past week. Several silent girls were upbraided rather sharply for not participating in the discussion.

After the session was over and the group leader had left the room, the girls suddenly became animated. Conversation flowed easily, several girls sat down to watch TV, several began to dance together, and a couple of them left to go to their rooms. Some girls were holding hands. Homosexuality—or "the racket," as the girls called it—was a fact of life at Hudson, but one that was denied by the administration. Such denials notwithstanding, homosexuality was discussed regularly (and discouraged) at group meetings. Dances with boys (from other institutions) were held off and on, for one cottage at a time, but boys were certainly not a part of the girls' everyday life, and it was an open secret that some of the girls turned to each other for the affection they weren't getting from anyone else. (A somewhat different

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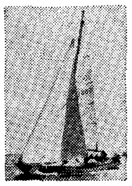

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problem at Hudson was homosexual bullying of some of the smaller, weaker residents by bigger, stronger, more aggressive ones.) Enlightened institutions have learned that they must approach homosexuality with tremendous tact, of course, but—according to Sylvia Honig, a social worker at the school from 1971 until it closed—tact was in short supply at Hudson. In 1975, when several state committees were looking into complaints against the school, Miss Honig told the State Legislature, "Girls suspected of homosexuality were treated derisively at group meetings, and ridiculed. And . . . the girls were encouraged to talk about other girls' homosexual activity."

Some weeks before Hudson closed, I talked with Miss Honig, a dark-haired, strong-looking woman in her early forties. She showed me a thick folder of memorandums of protest she had written to the school and to administrators at the Division for Youth over the years. "The people who lead those group meetings are doing the work of therapists, of course, but most of them have almost no training," she said. "They were here before anyone ever heard of group therapy for kids, and they'll probably be around when the next fashion in therapy emerges. Unfortunately, they equate control and compliance with successful treatment. No psychologist or psychiatrist believes that any therapy can work unless it's voluntary, but here, of course, everything about the groups is coercive. If the kids don't talk enough, they lose their twelve-hour free-time period on Saturday and their weekend shopping privileges in town. If they get angry or upset, then their report says 'Not helpful to peers' or 'Can't accept criticism.' I've never seen any follow-up to the psychiatrists' reports, and the one psychologist on hand is never invited to attend the weekly supervisory-staff meetings."

During her time on the staff, Miss Honig lodged several serious complaints with her superiors about how the girls were being treated at Hudson. Finally, after a long period of having her letters and personal entreaties ignored both by the administration at Hudson and by officials at the Division for Youth, she took her complaints to Albany. She told several legislative committees that were looking into Hudson's operations that though the school received about twenty thousand dollars a year for each girl, the food the girls received was substandard—that there was "barely enough meat to go around" and there were rarely

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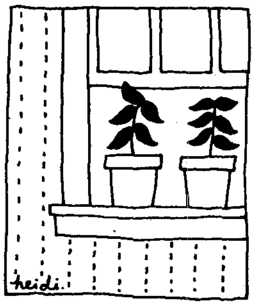
any fresh fruits or vegetables on the tables. She also told the legislators that the medical care the girls were given was inadequate; that "large amounts of medication are dispensed daily in a careless way that presents a grave danger;" that even the seriously disturbed girls received no real psychiatric therapy; that many staff members, including the superintendent, frequently "used vile, obscene language to the girls, cursing, belittling, and threatening them;" and that, in general, most of the girls "deteriorate while they are in the school."



Hudson reacted to the news of Miss Honig's testimony before the Legislature by denying her allegations. (Mr. Dolecal gave contradictory answers to reporters inquiring about the incidence of homosexuality at the school, telling one newspaper reporter that there wasn't any and another that there was homosexuality but the staff didn't know what to do about it) and declaring that she was a disgruntled employee who had recently been denied a promotion. Later, this view of the episode was echoed by spokesmen for the Division for Youth. It is quite true that Miss Honig, who was one of two members of the staff with a master's degree in social work (she had graduated at the top of her class at the State University at Albany), had been passed over for promotion on several occasions, although her professional credentials, her tenure (not only had she been at Hudson since 1971 but she had also worked there for a number of years in the sixties), and her popularity with the girls might seem to have qualified her for the positions in question. Not unreasonably, she felt that her non-promotions were in some way related to her outspokenness about the school. A short time after Miss Honig testified before the Legislature, the New York State Board of Social Welfare, which had been investigating her earlier charges, issued a report that was not released to the public and was seen by few people outside the state agencies involved. The committee confirmed almost all of her allegations.

In mid-July of 1975, although rumors of Hudson's closing were still in the air, the administration didn't yet have any definite word about a date; in fact, since the courts were still sending girls to the school, everybody assumed that it might stay open after all. The truth was that the courts themselves had no idea when the school was going to close. So when Mr. Dolecal was suddenly called on August 8th by someone from Governor Carey's office and told that the school was to be shut down in a month, the situation instantly, and predictably, became chaotic. An unexpected fillip was added to the message by the news that the Division for Youth had decided not only to close Hudson but to eliminate a hundred beds from the rest of the system. Since Hudson's capacity was for a hundred girls, this meant, in effect, that the girls at Hudson had nowhere to go.

Mr. Dolecal's administrative assistant, Karen De Peyster, said later, "The last weeks were utterly hopeless. It was a mess. The first written word of Hudson's closing came on the eighteenth of August, and by the twenty-second the last girl was gone, even though the official closing date wasn't until September 10th." Another staff member said, "The most disturbed girls were sent to Brookwood, a few miles away, whether or not a lockup institution like Brookwood was suitable; a few were sent hundreds of miles away to Highland and Tryon, and a handful were sent to a group residence on Long Island. Up to that time, the group residence had been for delinquent girls, by the way, but since we weren't allowed to commingle the two groups, they removed *those* girls and sent *them* to Brookwood, too. I'm told that the Long Island girls rioted when they heard that they had to move. Even with all that juggling, seventy per cent of our girls were simply told that they were being 'sent home to the community.' It didn't matter whether that was a good idea or a bad one for a particular girl, or what the courts had ordered, or what the girl's wishes were. If there was *anyone* who would take them, they were sent home. They were treated like pieces of luggage." Hudson is now being used as a state prison.

Today, PINS and delinquents are regularly sent to some of the same institutions, public or private. Some people in the social-welfare system think that this is a step forward. (Need, not deed, should determine the sort of place a child is treated in, they say.) Others, including most of the people who work in the L.E.A.A.'s Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention, think that it is a step backward. (They say that if status offenders aren't criminals they shouldn't be treated like criminals, no matter how benevolent that "treatment" is.) The original L.E.A.A. guidelines stated that any institution with a delinquent population of more than fifty per cent was considered a correctional or detention facility and was not an appropriate place for status offenders. However, so many states, including New York, objected to this guideline, and said that they either couldn't or wouldn't comply with it, that in July the L.E.A.A. finally decided to drop it as a requirement for all small facilities and all medium-sized community-based facilities, Ellery C. notwithstanding.

THOSE who oppose court jurisdiction over PINS sometimes cite a report by a California legislative committee on institutions which concluded, "No one can prove that truants who become wards of the court end up better educated than those who do not. No one can show that promiscuous teen-agers who are institutionalized have fewer illegitimate children than those who are not. Nor can anyone show that runaways who become wards of the court end up leading better-adjusted lives than those who do not. Finally, no one can prove that unruly, disobedient minors who come under court supervision end up in prison less often than those who do not."

Judge David L. Bazelon, of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, who favors the abolition of the court's jurisdiction over PINS, made the same point in a speech at the New York University law school several years ago. "Let's be candid," he said. "We don't have the slightest notion of what really works, except in the most common-sense way. How do we 'treat' our own children? We feed them, comfort them, play with them . . . lecture them, swat them once in a while, and, most of all, warm them with our love and pride. Not many of us subject them to repeated batteries of tests and interviews, isolate them for weeks for misbehavior, make them account for every five minutes of their time, deny them privacy, censor their mail, and refuse them all contact with the opposite sex. Yet in most systems this passes for treatment." Judge Bazelon, who has served on the Joint Commission on the Mental Health of Children and on the Advisory Committee on Child Development of the National Academy of Sciences, believes not only that there are insufficient resources available to help PINS by means of institutions—especially in this era of

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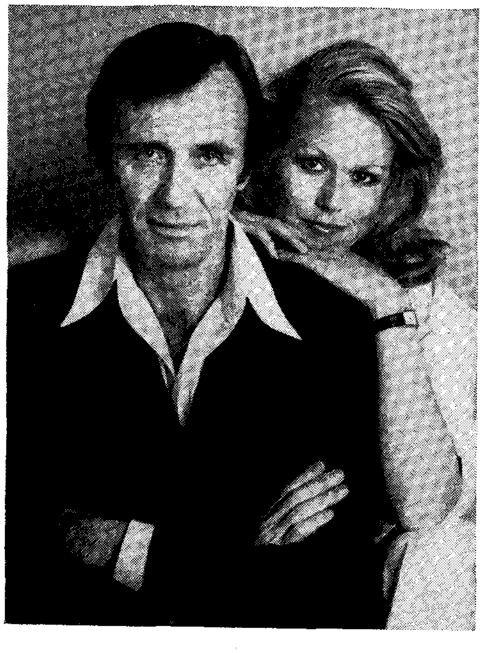

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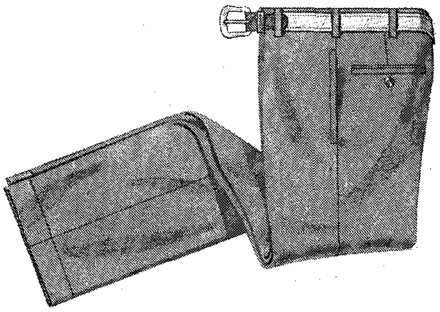

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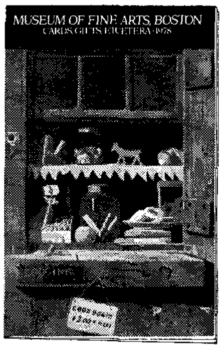

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budget cutting—but that the whole concept is misguided. "Even if you had one psychiatrist for each PINS child, it still wouldn't work," Judge Bazelon, a kindly-looking man in his late sixties, said to me one day in his chambers in Washington. "Those children are in the same position as the ones the ghetto doctors treat for rat bites and then send back to rat-infested neighborhoods. By tradition, this country waits for bad situations to develop and then we rush in with emergency measures to patch things up. The reason we are seeing more and more PINS is that we have recently decided that it's all right to pay less and less attention to the lowest strata of society. Everyone knows that the parents of children below the poverty mark have less time and energy for their families—they're struggling too hard just to survive. A frantic and frightened mother is not the best mother. A desperate, unemployed father is not the best father—he may not even want to stay around to be reminded of his failure. And what parent who isn't able to put good food on the table can give a child the sense of self-esteem that's needed for any kind of normal development? Our first priority in distributing justice to children ought to be in raising their standard of living, even if it means distributing income to their families."

Many people argue that even if the courts serve as little more than a dumping ground, it is necessary for them to be available to the families of the poor; they believe that if the courts weren't there, no one would attempt to help the few children who *are* helped by the current system. They assert that our society has never particularly prided itself on making sure that people at the bottom of the social scale live decently. One of those who take this view is Justine Wise Polier, who was a Family Court judge for thirty-eight years before her retirement, in 1973. "There has yet to be one concrete plan offered by those who would end the PINS jurisdiction, and I don't for one moment believe that the Legislature is going to provide adequate money for out-of-court preventive services," Judge Polier said to me in an interview some time ago. "The more important question is not What is the court doing that is wrong?—the answer to that, of course, is A great deal—but How can the services that are now available be intelligently, effectively improved to help the children who need them? The terrible lack of available means to help children certainly calls into question every disposition that a Family Court

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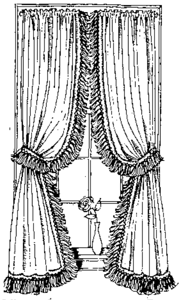

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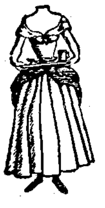

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judge makes, but simply releasing a child in need of help to his community because of a lack of appropriate services would be an abdication of responsibility both to the child and to society."

It is undeniably true that the refuges currently provided for mentally ill or retarded or neglected children, some of whom come to be called PINS, are useful and necessary, and that the courts do steer some children toward them. But what of the children who fail to get proper care just *because* they are PINS? What of the merely troublesome or normally rebellious adolescent children who don't need "treatment"? The idea that simply by putting away the angry, difficult children of the poor we are going to make either their problems or the source of the problems disappear is surely self-deluding, as are the short-term "behavior-modification" programs or the powerful "behavior-modification" tranquillizers that so many institutions use in order to make their job seem easier than it really is. (It has been estimated that one-half the population of juvenile institutions is on one kind of drug or another.)

As Judge Bazelon pointed out to me, the Supreme Court ruled in 1975 that a mentally ill adult could not be held by an institution against his will if the institution was not actually offering useful treatment, if he was not dangerous to himself or others, or if he was capable of living in the community with the help of friends or relatives. "Shouldn't the children who are labelled Persons in Need of Supervision have a similar right to beneficial treatment if they are going to be deprived of their liberty?" Judge Bazelon said. "And a similar right to liberty if they are not being demonstrably helped, or if they are not dangerous to themselves or others?"

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And watch the sun break between factory
Smokestacks. It is cold;
Only the birds and diesels are starting
To sound. When we are alone
In this equation of pleasure and light,
The day waking, I remember more
Plainly those nights you left a husband,
And I a son. Still, as the clouds
Search their aqua and gray
Skies, I want only to watch you leaning
Back in the cane chair, the Navajo
Blanket slipping, the red falls
Of your hair rocking as you keep time
To the machinery gears, buses
Braking to a slide, a shudder of trains.
If I remember you framed by an
Open window, considering the coleus
You've drawn; or, with your four or five
Beliefs, stubborn and angry, shoving
Me out the door of the Chevy; or, if some
Day or night
You take that suitcase packed under
The bed and leave once again, I will look
Back across this room, as I look now, to you
Holding a thin flame to the furnace,
The gasp of the heat rising as you rise,
To these mornings, islands—
The balance of the promise with what lasts.

—DAVID ST. JOHN

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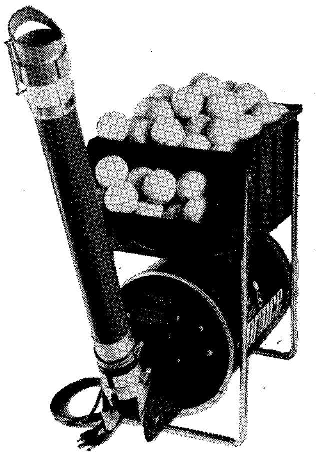

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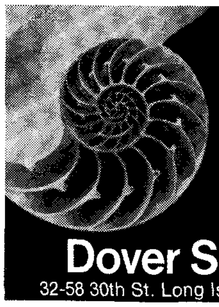

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THE RACE TRACK

Alydar's Going Strong

Calumet Farm's Alydar is as hot as a firecracker. He recently won the Arlington Classic at Chicago's Arlington Park by thirteen lengths, and at Saratoga last Saturday he beat a field of older horses—including J. O. Tobin, who finished sixth—in the $83,700 Whitney Stakes, at nine furlongs. It was a thrilling race to watch, with Alydar coming through a narrow opening between Buckaroo and the rail at the stretch turn, and putting on an impressive burst of speed to win by ten lengths. Buckaroo was second, and Father Hogan was a head farther back for the show. The time was 1:47⅖—just two ticks off the track mark for the race and the distance. A most impressive prep for the Travers Stakes, on August 19th. Most of the crowd of 31,034 that was present would agree with Velasquez, Alydar's jockey, who said after the race, "You have to admit he's a great horse." In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if Alydar was favored in the Travers over Affirmed, who beat him for the Triple Crown.

These are the days when people who have ever watched the morning workouts from the clubhouse veranda, or wandered through the century-old stables and training track of Horse Haven, or eaten breakfast at a racetrack kitchen, turn their thoughts to Saratoga in August. And 21,228, the largest opening-day crowd anyone remembers, came to the lovely old elm-shaded racecourse on Union Avenue to watch the start of twenty-four days of racing at the Springs. The weather was perfect, and all nine races were lively and formful. Joseph M. Roebling's Palm Hut, a daughter of Jungle Savage out of Rainwater, by Rainy Lake, won the Schuylerville Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at six furlongs, which has replaced the Flash Stakes as the opening day's featured event. Palm Hut, who had won the Fashion Stakes at Belmont, sped home a comfortable four lengths ahead of Lady Thouron's Hermanville in the lively time of 1:10⅖. She paid $3.40.

Two days later, fifteen of the better three-year-old fillies came out for the Test Stakes, at seven furlongs, which is a prep for the Alabama Stakes later in the meeting. It was run in two divi-

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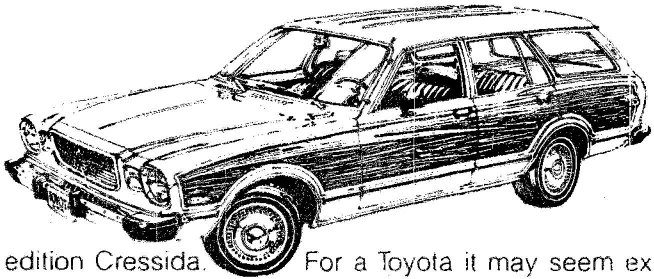

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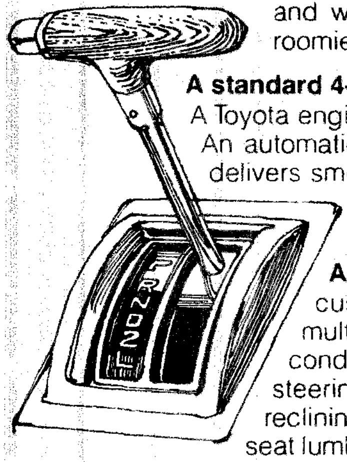

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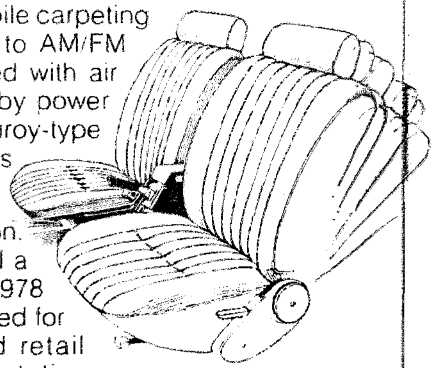

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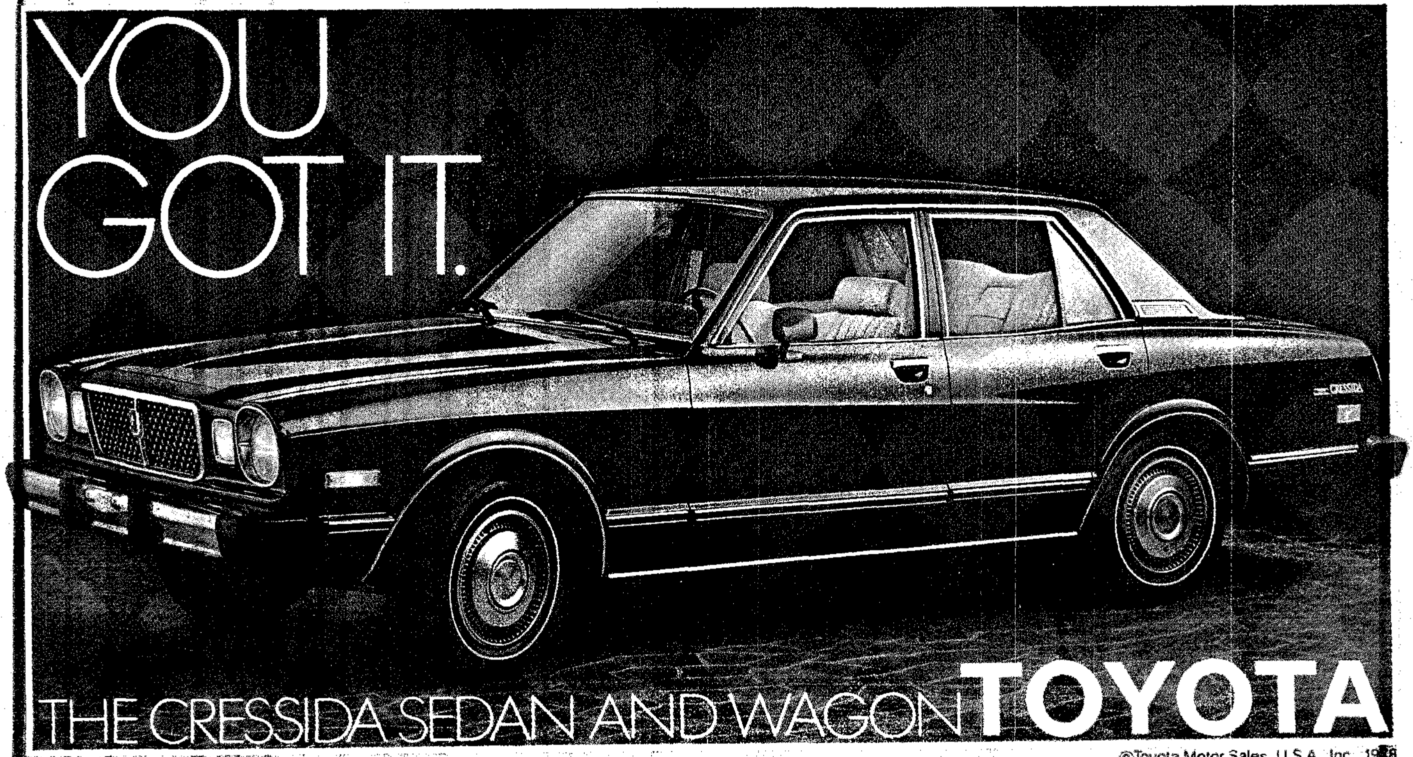

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sions, and in the first, White Star Line won from Silken Delight (isn't that a lovely name for a filly!), with Zerelda third and the favorite, Tempest Queen, fourth. The second division went to Tingle Stone, who gave her backers some extra excitement, for she reared and went into the air at the break, losing a lot of ground before she settled down to run. She passed the post a neck ahead of Mucchina, with Summer Fling third. Eximious, the favorite, could finish no better than fifth.

AT Monmouth Park last Saturday, the Dogwood Stable's Delta Flag, a last-minute entry, who left the post at 17–1, pulled an upset by winning the $100,000 Monmouth Invitational Handicap, for three-year-olds, by three-quarters of a length from Dave's Friend, the favorite. Special Honor was third. The weather was rainy and the track sloppy. A crowd of 19,157 was on hand to watch the muddy proceedings, and the time for the nine furlongs was 1:53⅕. After the race, Larry Jennings, Delta Flag's trainer, said that his colt might take aim at Affirmed and Alydar in the Travers. "He's a big, well-bred horse," said Jennings. Well, he's by Hoist the Flag out of Double Delta, by Delta Judge. We'll see.

—AUDAX MINOR

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Took a bit of doing, eh, Granny?

•

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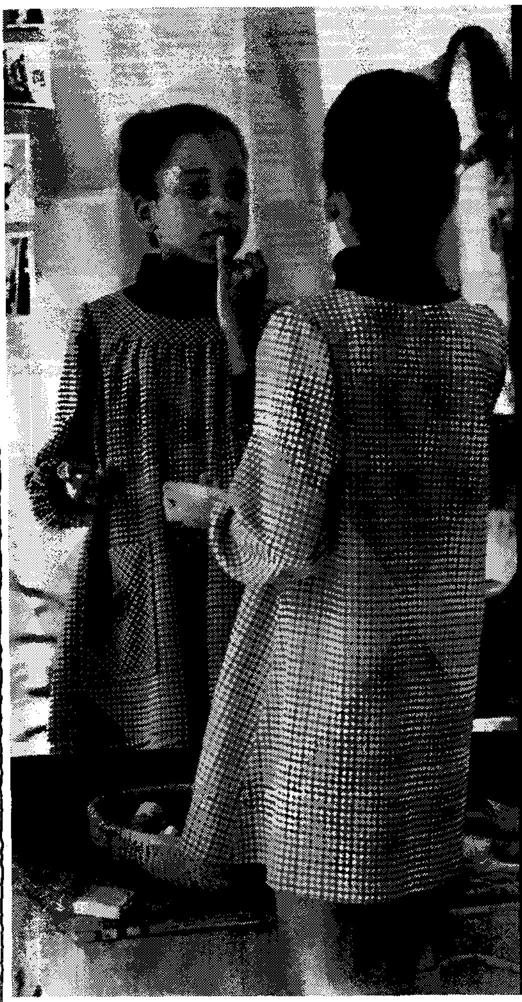
We're busy anyway.



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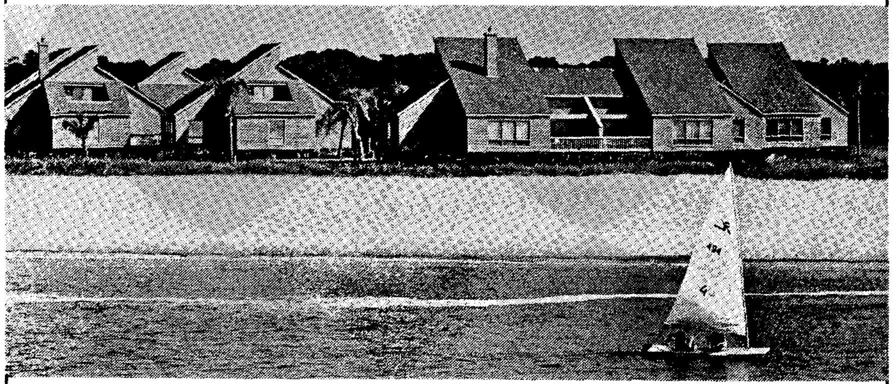

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BOOKS

Tote That Quill

FOR people who can't bear to throw away old magazines, "200 Years of American Illustration" (Random House; $39.95) might save some attic space. It is more than four hundred pages thick, and contains over eight hundred pictures by over five hundred artists. The oldest illustration reproduced is a copper engraving of the Boston Massacre by Paul Revere in 1776, and the year 1976 is represented by, among other images, a record-jacket portrait of Albert King by Milton Glaser, an alphabet in transparent dyes by Jözef Sumichrast, a fabric sculpture of Bella Abzug by Judith Jampel, a *New Yorker* cover by Lou Myers (of Uncle Sam), a *Newsweek* cover (of Patty Hearst) by Burton Silverman, a gruesome sci-fi monster attacking some wonderfully bulbous and naked earthlings by Boris W. Vallejo, and more than one brave Bicentennial poster. This richness of material, unfortunately, is tossed at the reader not much better organized than the print inside a spitball. The book has a preface by Mary Black, a foreword (spelled "forward") by Norman Rockwell, an introduction by Bob Crozier, and a short history of American illustration by Henry C. Pitz; and none of them quite prepare us for the abundant hodgepodge that follows, or quite spell out the curious criteria for this collection of illustrations. They are *not* illustrations: in the main, they are original works by illustrators, many of them never accepted for reproduction or intended to illustrate anything but the artist's wish to make his mark. A number of them are frankly billed as "self-promotion pieces." An exhibit of these works was assembled by the Society of Illustrators and put on at the New-York Historical Society late in 1976. The process, as described in Mr. Crozier's introduction, sounds strenuous but not systematic. "All of us who have worked on this undertaking are painfully aware that there are important omissions that might have been filled had time permitted. . . . There are also important sources known to us but neglected: most notably, the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institution, the Delaware Art Museum, the Brandywine Museum and many of the large and small museums, universities and publishing houses in the United States which house collections of illustrators' works." Well, who was *not* neglected? The Society of Illustrators' own collection, and those of a number of handy New York and Connecticut institutions, and those of some private collectors, including a husband and wife, Beverly and Ray Sacks, who are identified with each credit as "The Art Couple." In the later sections, more than half the items are lent by the artists themselves. Now, while a great many works of interest and beauty are inevitably included in such a collection, it is far from a history of American illustration. The introduction mentions nine thousand items considered: a modest amount in a field so vast. Most important, an exhibit of original, as opposed to reproduced, pictures, however nicely it hangs in a museum, quite loses its point in a book where *all* the pictures are necessarily reproduced. An ideal omnibus of illustration—and I shall nominate, for purposes of invidious comparison, another recent omnibus, "America's Great Illustrators," by Susan E. Meyer, as practically ideal—would seek out the illustrations in the magazines, books, and calendars where they appeared, and reproduce the best as best it can, reëngraving for especially brilliant effect some of those originals that survive.

"200 Years of American Illustration" has more than its share of technical slips and editorial carelessness. No editor, by the way, is identified. Mr. Pitz's forty-five pages of text are erratically illustrated by the accompanying plates, and eighteen lines of one column are nonsensically displaced. A lot of the plates are not dated, and, of those that are, one in the "1800's" section is dated 1906, one in the "1900's" is dated 1899, and one in the "1970's" is dated 1968. On at least three occasions, plates are scrambled; most dramatically, a scene of two old ladies sewing is titled "*When her leg was shattered by a bullet, she loaded the rifles,*" while a vigorous depiction of a shoot-out opposite passes as "*Family Circle.*" The book was printed in Italy, and that may account for these confusions, though an Italian printer might have been thought to be especially sensitive to the difference between a priest and a Mercedes, which are also transposed. The reproduction, it should be said, seems excellent where

the makeup does not call for an undue reduction in size, as it often does. This reader found a magnifying glass a necessary adjunct to conscientious perusal and, perhaps coincidentally, during this period applied to his oculist for a stronger prescription. The book is not easy on the eyes. Too many insipid, scratchy illustrations are crowded in, including three by Mr. Pitz. Because of the peculiar logic of the original exhibition's organization, which excluded those whose "originals were not readily available to us when our material was gathered," the nineteenth century is apportioned a mere thirty pages and the recent decades are overrepresented. The selections cavalierly range from cartoons on one side to easel paintings on the other. Even within the great latitude allowable to taste in a world as wide as popular illustration, certain slights and imbalances can be felt. Why only three gray little sketches by Austin Briggs when such relatively unadventurous and unpainterly laborers for the slicks as Jon Whitcomb and Al Parker are generously represented? Why devote color plates to Russell Patterson and Harry Beckhoff when the man they imitated, the short-lived genius Ralph Barton, appears through one sharply reduced, though delectable, book illustration? And haven't we all seen better black-and-white work by Rockwell Kent and Winslow Homer than appears in "200 Years of American Illustration"? And where, oh, where is an index? "America's Great Illustrators" has a fine one, although its artists are fewer and coherently grouped. In "200 Years," the artists are scattered by the winds of layout through the chronological sections; a short biography of each is given at the back of the volume, but no cross-reference is supplied to the plates of their graphic work in this volume, or to mention of their names in Mr. Pitz's brief history of American illustration.

Henry C. Pitz died a week after the exhibition opened at the New-York Historical Society, and had he lived he might have improved his account and better coördinated it with the plates that follow. Though clearly a lover of his subject, and full of information (Philadelphia in 1776 was the second-biggest English-speaking city in the world, we learn), he too often contents himself with mere lists of names, and Time-Marches-On portentousness: "The years immediately following Appomattox were touchy, troubled years and naturally the illustration world reflected the times." Or, of pen drawing: "The first of our ancestors who

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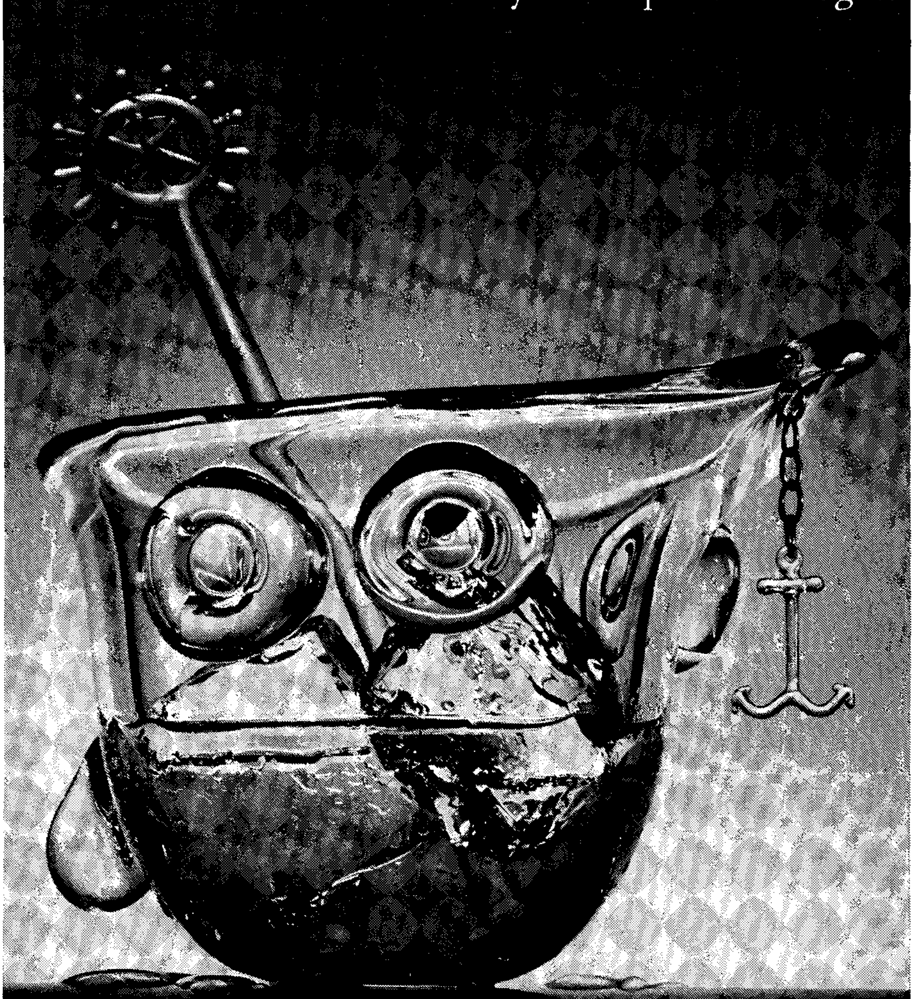

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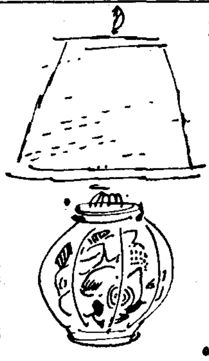

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climbed down from his tree, picked up a broken twig, dipped it in berry juice and made some marks on a smooth rock, started the whole thing." Not much of a writer, he scratches his head and muses aloud: "Let us have a few things to say about the illustrator of historical themes, who must catch the flavor and fact of a given time, place and event." His ruminations lack the sociological thrust that even the definition of the word "illustration" needs. It is an illustrator, Norman Rockwell, who supplies what theoretical discriminations the book contains, and with an admirable pithiness:

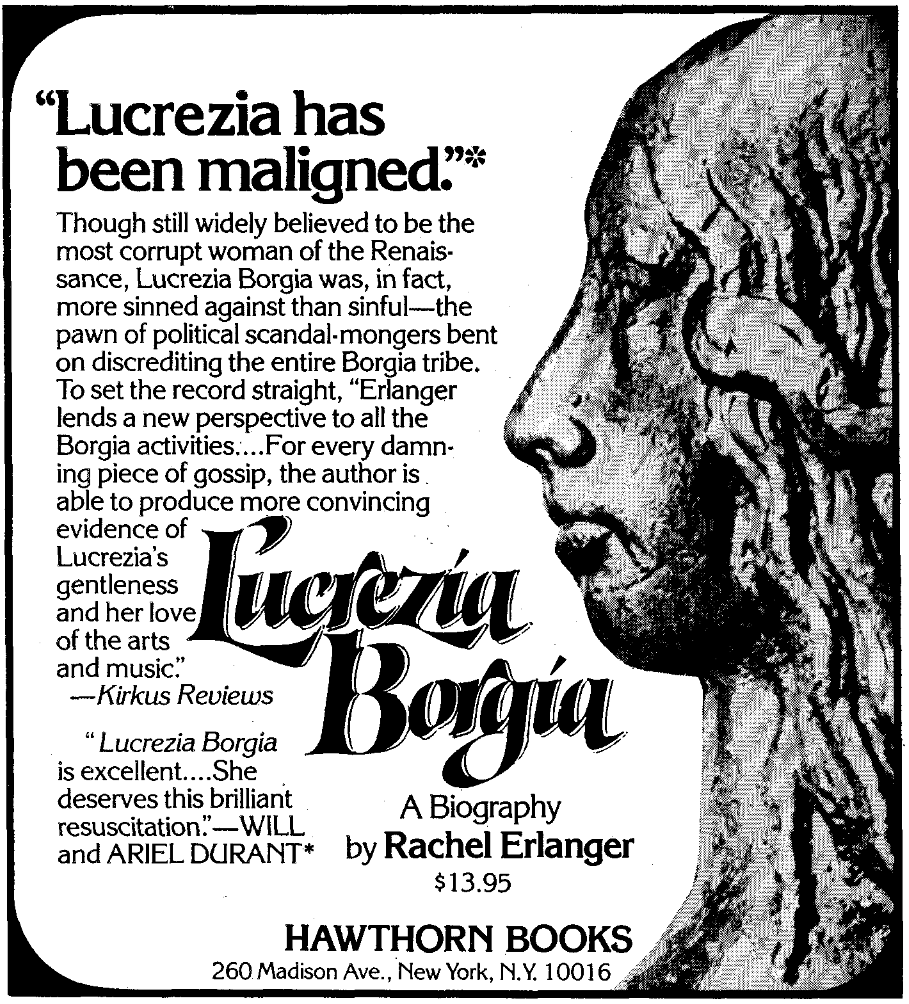
> The illustrator has, unlike the painter, a primary interest in telling a story. If he does not do that, he fails.... That is the final value of the illustration: it enables the viewer to see in concrete terms what he has only vaguely felt or guessed before.

Illustrators, he goes on to say, "have been willing to work hard at the innumerable details which make up any successful illustration: background, people, facial expressions, 'props,' lighting and many more. But the total effect of their picture is to make anyone who sees it say, 'Yes, it is true.' "

This effect, of truth obtained through the accumulation of recognizable detail (as opposed to the truth of private vision and persuasive obsession), remains a hallmark of the art. Winslow Homer on the Civil War battlefields and George Catlin among the vanishing Indians were pictorial reporters sending back proto-photographs to be engraved laboriously on boxwood. Howard Pyle and N. C. Wyeth brought their dispatches from the past; their reconstructions of old costumes, weapons, and means of conveyance set the high informational standard with which motion pictures were to educate, subliminally, the history-dazzled audiences of costume epics. Popular illustration, like the movies, was simultaneously a great softener and a great clarifier of experience. Even such a superbly stylized representation as Coles Phillips' 1921 watercolor of a maid in black uniform merged with her black background as she stoops to peer into a keyhole tells us all about the overlapped lace of her uniform and the faceted structure of a glass doorknob. The illustrator, against the seductive modern tug of the minimal, tries to give a little extra; in an oil like Mead Schaeffer's "Interrogating the Prisoner" (for *McCall's*, 1926), the face of every soldier is worth looking at. No one, of course, more lavishly crowded his illustrations with well-observed detail than Rockwell himself. "200 Years of American Illustration" contains the 1958 *Saturday Evening Post* cover wherein the gentle comedy of the shrivelled, hard-bitten jockey being weighed by a fat official is almost eclipsed by the porcelain-and-iron vividness of the scale itself. The jockey's spattered boots also have a fascinated intensity. Rockwell began to be himself from the feet up; his shoes have whole lives in them. One must turn to "America's Great Illustrators" to see how he evolved from a young imitator of J. C. Leyendecker, even to the showily parallel brushstrokes (*Post* cover, 1919), into a hyper-realist whose barbershop interior (*Post* cover, 1950) yields nothing in skill and reflective interplay to a Richard Estes. It differs from an Estes in the coziness of the details Rockwell has chosen to illuminate, and in its central cozy implication that at the back of every small-town barbershop lurks a bunch of music-loving old men; but the barber chair, the reflected light on the stovepipe, the crack in the corner of the big window the viewer is looking through—this is amazing painting. Now that the great family slicks have folded, realistic illustration survives in *Field & Stream* and *Sports Afield*, whose hunter-readers are still alert to natural appearances, and, surrealistically, in *Playboy* and *Oui*, where sinister waxen images consort with the sharp photographic focus on the flesh. And perhaps some nostalgia for literalism is expressed in the newly fashionable mode of fabric sculpture, which painstakingly scissors, pieces, and pokes into being illustrations as rich and nappy as Pyle's and as broadly luminous as Maxfield Parrish's.

There is no such thing as a merely realistic art, of course. The need to arrest, to symbolize, has pulled the illustrator toward abstraction and simplification. Parrish, Leyendecker, and Edward Penfield were masters of the poster style, suited not only for covers but for advertisements. Leyendecker, indeed, was most himself in his glorifications of the male on behalf of Arrow shirts, and his Wilson-era Chesterfield ads projected images powerful enough to be recently revived for a contemporary campaign. Penfield echoed Japanese design even in his signature but had, like Winslow Homer, an instinctive American dignity: the beautiful economy and balance of machines made out of wood. However, leafing through the many pages of "200 Years," one is struck repeatedly by a baroque dash, an insistent tendency, almost like a wind blowing through, toward the imbalanced and the vertiginous. The blank spaces that many illustrations must leave for overlaid lettering contribute; but the wish to capture horses at full gallop, or a bobcat in the middle of his leap, or an airplane at dizzying tilt, seems aesthetically intrinsic, as if the illustrator, tied to representation while easel painting exploded into Fauvism, Cubism, and total abstraction, were straining at his leash. N. C. Wyeth, the least contented of the great illustrators, the most openly envious of the easel painters, anticipates, in his sweeping spaces if not in his histrionic gestures, the art of his son Andrew; but the lineal descendant of the older Wyeth's precipitous blues and blue-greens is the smooth purple sky posed like a backdrop behind Jon Whitcomb's "Dancing Couple," for *Redbook.* The tawny ochre desert stretches of Remington return as the widths of orange fabric in a girl's apartment as stylized by Al Parker for *McCall's*, illustrating (if we read her quizzical gaze aright) her loneliness, the need of all this orange space for a man, as emphasized by her asymmetric and huddled position within it. Strenuous romance, in fifty years of American illustration, has become glossy romance. Recorders of vanishing realities like Remington, fresh illuminators of old myths like Pyle and Parrish, and acute if uncritical social observers like Gibson and Rockwell give way to glib traders in received ideas. Any visitor to Russia who ventures (usually to his Westernized guide's embarrassment) into a place, such as the modern rooms of the Tretyakov Art Gallery, in Moscow, where examples of "Socialist realism" are hung, cannot but greet with the joy of recognition the very style of American magazine illustration in its prime. The same finesseful painterliness lavished upon inanimate objects (bicycles, tractors), the same stagy tableaux, the same mannequin faces, the same hollow glamour. Socialist realism glamorizes the proletariat and the Revolution as advertising art does the bourgeoisie and consumerism. But then what art, including the revered statuary of Greece, has not been to some extent glamorizing? Roman portrait busts, Goya, Hieronymus Bosch, and certain Dutch landscapists—examples are not easy to come by. The case against illustration was put as strongly as it could be by N. C. Wyeth:

> The underlying quality of every great work is truth, and the magazines of today, with their commercial spirit, their limitations of picture production, and their price limitations make it impossible



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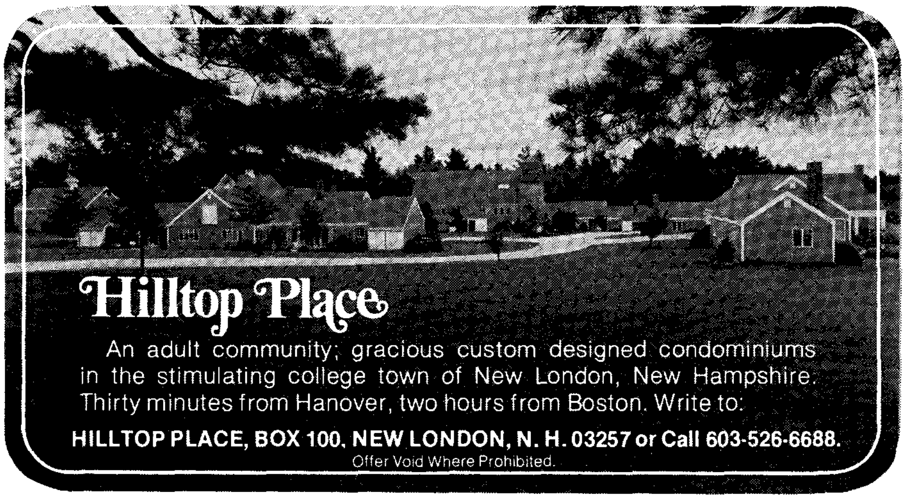

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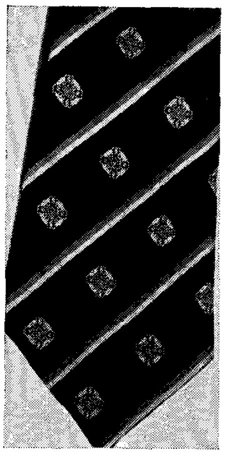

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for a man to paint pictures for them. The same love, the same enthusiasm that goes to make illustration goes to make painting—the one is born into the world under limitations that choke and distort and soon die—the other is born full and free as the air; if it ripens it will stand as a perfect expression of those loves and will last forever.

One wonders if Wyeth would find today's lucrative, centralized, campy, dealer-dominated art world still conducive to love and freedom. When has art not had patrons, market requirements, limitations? The Sistine Chapel, after all, is a set of illustrations. And in an unplanned way the illustrations rather haphazardly gathered here, by containing in their impure admixture so much of the commercial hopes, standardized nostalgia, common dreams, and passing chic of the last two hundred years, have a resonance not present in the high art of the Republic. Bend low, for example, over the exquisite little pen-and-ink drawing Steven Kidd did for the Sunday *News* in 1936. The black air is thick with oblong snowflakes; the young gallant, in full Knickerbocker regalia, lifts his cane with a swirl of his cape to urge forward the young maiden who in perfect profile dances through the snow in ballet slippers. Her feet will soon be soaked and cold, this baroque moment of perfect melodramatic swirl will have vanished like the snow itself; but in the meantime we are there, not as witnesses but as participants, entering in as children enter in, with our wishes, wishing that the world be so harmlessly energetic, so simultaneously dashing and sheltering, so Christmassy and clean, so black and white.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CHESAPEAKE, by James A. Michener (Random House; $12.95). James Michener has once again welded fiction to fact and his chosen locale to world history. This time, the subject is Maryland's Chesapeake Bay area and four centuries of persecuted fugitives—Indians, English settlers, Africans, and modern Americans—who come there and change things, mostly for the worse. Mr. Michener assumes that the reader knows nothing about anything, and his discussions of everything—from local flora, fauna, and lore to the rudiments of European history—are condescendingly patient. His characters are like the mannequins in museum dioramas—they serve to illustrate a point, not to animate a story. One can forgive a historian for setting forth his facts ungarnished and a novelist for waxing poetic; Mr. Michener avoids these extremes and takes the broad middle way that is paved with clichés. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

THE YUGOSLAVS, by Dusko Doder (Random House; $10). A comprehensive appraisal of the nonesuch state ("*two* alphabets, *three* religions, *four* languages, *five* nationalities, and *six* constituent republics") created and held together by the wiles of the now venerable Marshal Tito. Mr. Doder has every qualification for the job: he was born in Yugoslavia (in 1937), he came to the United States just after the Second World War, he is an experienced journalist, he spent three years (1973-76) in Yugoslavia as correspondent for the Washington *Post*, and he is fluent in Serbo-Croatian. He looks with halfhearted admiration at Tito (the "first Communist king") and his gimcrack but temporarily successful attempt to merge Socialism, authoritarianism, and consumerism; he examines the phenomenon of a million Yugoslavs (the "seventh republic") working in Western Europe; he describes the tightrope Soviet-Yugoslav relationship ("cordial and insincere"); he notes the gradual Westernization of most of the nation ("in 1940 the number-one killer . . . was tuberculosis . . . in 1976 it was heart disease"); he recalls a dozen conversations with the durable outcast Milovan Djilas; he makes a few gingerly forecasts for the future. The result is an enthralling, an honest, and an illuminating book. A map would have been useful.

THE LIFE, MANNERS, AND TRAVELS OF FANNY TROLLOPE, by Johanna Johnston (Hawthorn; $10.95). Writing of his mother, Frances Milton Trollope, who died in 1863, Anthony Trollope said that she had "continued writing up to 1856, when she was seventy-six years old, and had at that time produced 114 volumes, of which the first was not written till she was fifty." He added, "Her career offers great encouragement to those who have not begun early in life, but are still ambitious to do something before they depart hence." Fanny Trollope's impelling motive in starting her career, however, was the necessity of making ends meet: six minor children, debts, a husband who was a dud at all practical matters, and a country estate that gobbled up every scrap of income. She sought to remedy all this in the late eighteen-twenties by going off to America; somehow, she felt, she would find fortune in the New World. Out of this trip was born "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," which blistered, with malice and wit, the citizens of the brand-new republic, and became a best-seller in England and on the Continent. It launched Fanny on a career as a novelist and travel writer that took her all over Europe and made her many friends—Prince Metternich, General Lafayette, Mme. Récamier, Charles Dickens, and the artists and writers of the English colony in Florence, where she ended her days as mistress of the luxuriously furnished Villino Trollope. The author treats this engaging woman affectionately and, fittingly, in the slightly mocking tone that Fanny used in writing of the world around her.

PHILIP MIRONOV AND THE RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR, by Sergei Starikov and Roy Medvedev, translated from the Russian by Guy Daniels (Knopf; $15). Mironov, born in 1872 and assassinated in 1921, was a Don Cossack officer who was dismissed from the Russian Army in 1906 for having supported the Revolution of 1905. Recalled when the First World War broke out, he distinguished himself for valor, rose to lieutenant-colonel, and was convalescing at home from wounds when the first of the two Russian Revolutions of 1917 broke out. Mironov gradually moved to the Bolshevik side, and organized and commanded Red Cossack units in the civil war. No matter how brilliantly he performed—in the fall of 1920, he decisively defeated Baron Wrangel's White Army in the Ukraine—Mironov was always in hot water with Bolshevik politicos, who distrusted Cossacks of whatever political color and instituted a reign of terror in the Cossack lands. In the end, Mironov was arrested by the Cheka and shot in the back while walking in a prison yard. Soviet historians ever after referred to him as a traitor, but no one destroyed the original archives, and the facts in them permitted Mironov's posthumous exoneration in 1960. The same papers permitted the authors—Mr. Starikov, who died last year, knew Miro-

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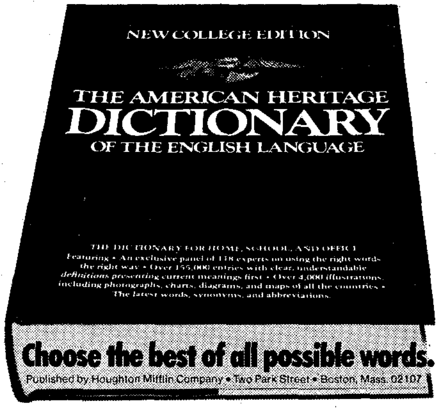
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nov, and Mr. Medvedev is a Marxist dissident who lives in Moscow—to write this biography, a tale as heroic and horrifying as the "Red Cavalry" stories of Isaac Babel.

WILLIAM BLAKE, by Morton D. Paley (Phaidon; $19.95). The best thing that can be said about this picture book is that it reproduces Blake's watercolors, prints, and drawings in a large format—something that is rarely done and that makes it easier to think about Blake as a painter rather than as an illustrator. The level of the reproductions, though, is only adequate, and (especially in the color plates) Blake's most distinctive qualities—his cold, metallic light and the too crisp edge of his forms—are a bit lost. As for the lengthy introduction, it will prove hard going, if not bewildering, for people who aren't intimate with Blake's complex themes. The author, a noted Blake scholar, has brought together a lot of information, but his description and analysis of Blake's art are more literary than visual, and his prose has the careful, neutral, gray tone of an encyclopedia entry. The one lively chapter is on Blake's writing on art and his famous running argument with the formalist ideas of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

•

On August 2, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Krendel, Cornell avenue, climbed the forbidding slopes of Mt. Lafayette in the White Mountains to spend the night in Greenleaf Hut where their daughter Jenny is a hutperson with the AMC. The hut is close to a dystrophic pond whose boggy skirts are thick with carnivorous plants. Varying hares constantly circle the hut at night. The next morning Jenny joined her parents in the ascent of Mt. Lafayette. Carrion-seeking ravens circled and swooped over the little party. Jenny led the group across the ridge to the Fallen Hikers trail where they made a record descent.—*The Swarthmorean.*

With a hutperson, you don't drag your heels, ravens or no ravens.

•

CORRECTION

In a story about Rep. H. Thomas Colo on July 12, Rep. Thomas F. Fallon (D-Clinton) was erroneously identified as the legislator who had given Colo a can of bug spray "to get rid of gnats" after Colo had bought him a bar of soap "to wash out his mouth." The legislator actually involved in the exchange was Rep. John F. Farland (D-Southbridge). Fallon, a 20-year veteran of the House, played no part in the incident. The error occurred because Farland's name, pronounced with a New England accent, sounds like Fallon's.—*Boston Globe.*

Noted.

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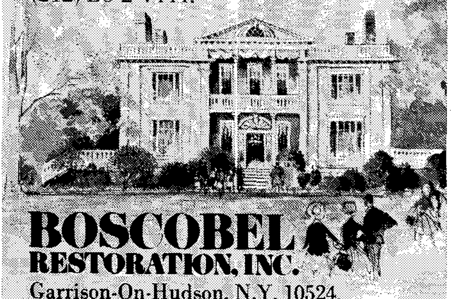

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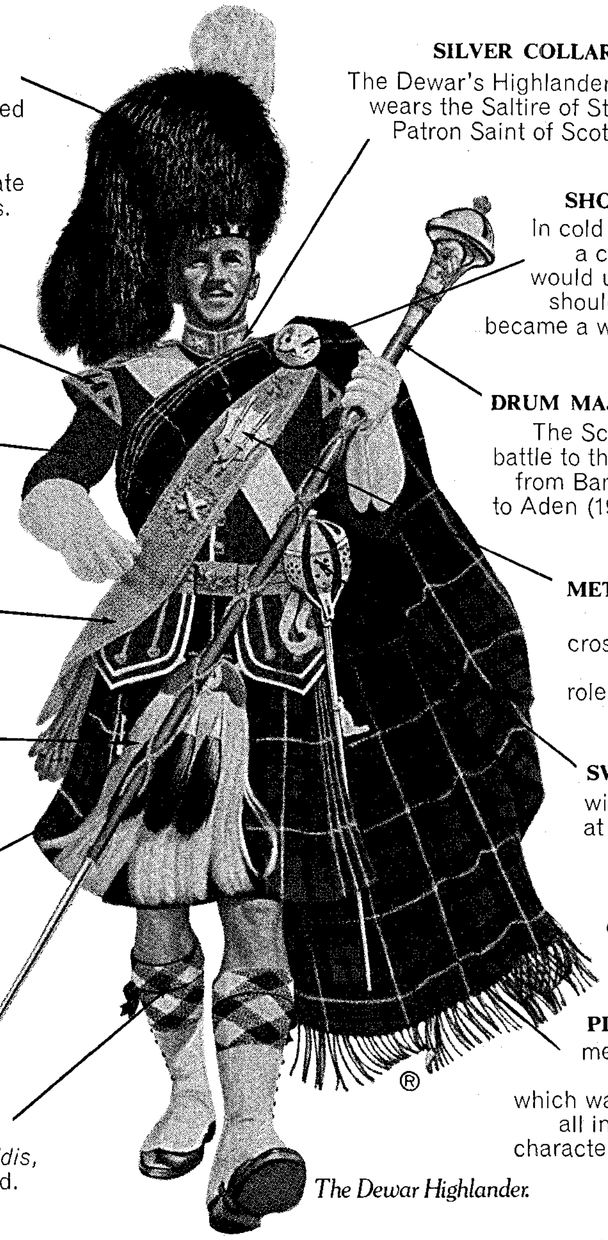

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Gaelic name, *caddis,* meaning striped.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

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with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg,* (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

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means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

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